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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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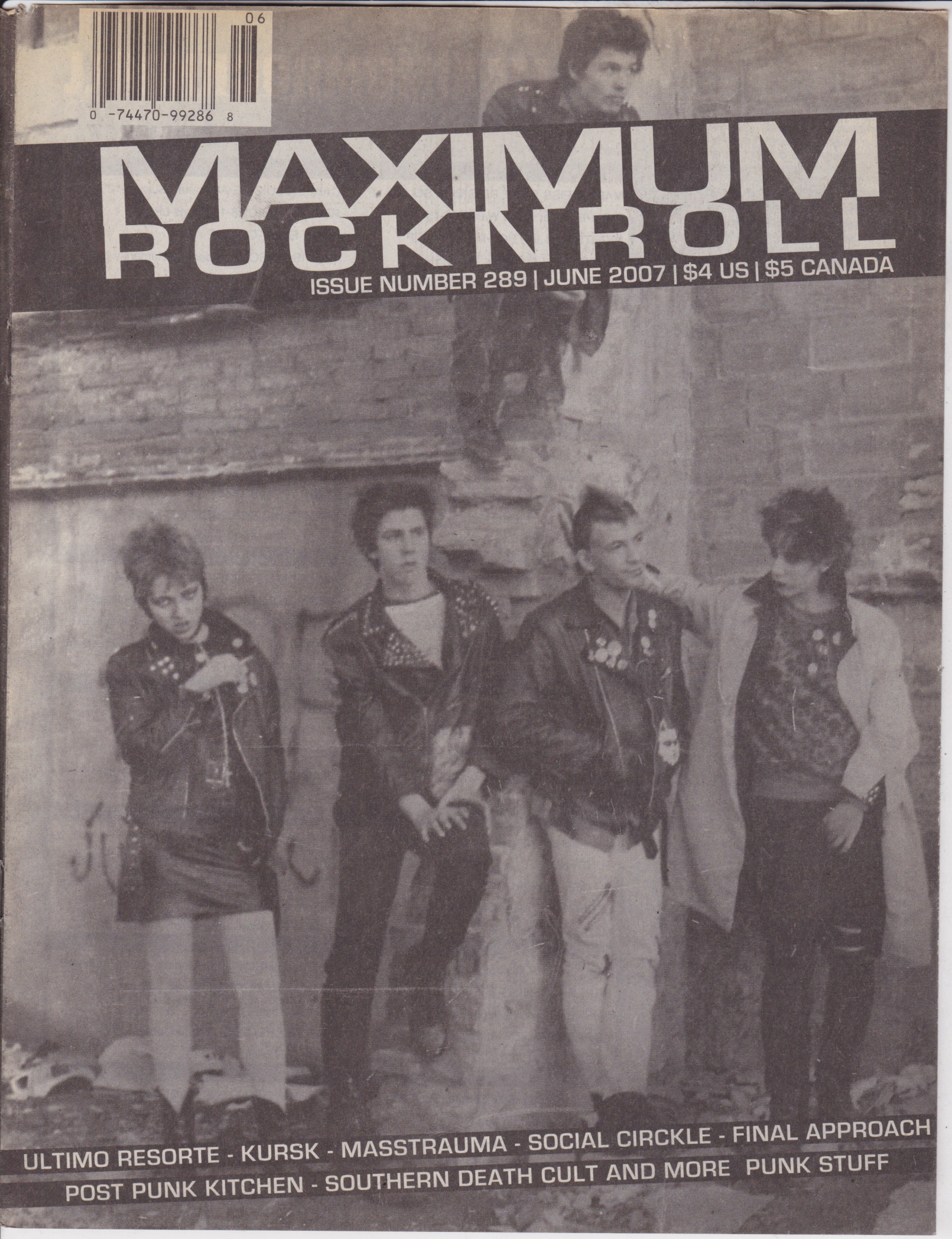

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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SUBSCRIPTIONS & single issues (postpaid prices):

- **US Rate: $4 each for current issue.** ($3 for back issues.) **6 issue sub for $24. 12 issue sub for $38.** In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $26.60 for 6 months, or $42.60 for 12 months (tax).
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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-215, 218-227, 229-288
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
- THE PETS-Let's Go/I Want Fun-45
- NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE-My Reality-EP
- LOSER LIFE-I Want The World-EP
- INTELLECTUALS-Invisible is the Best-LP
- CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"
- REPERCUSSIONS-11 Songs-LP
- KNIFE FIGHT-Crisis-LP
- TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity-LP
- FELT UPS-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE PETS-Let's Go/I Want Fun-45
- HUMAN EYE-Dinosaur Bones-EP
- CPC GANGBANGS/THE CONFUSERS-split EP
- THE BLACKS-Shattered-LP
- MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
- ROT SHIT-The Worst Kids Ever!!!-EP
- V/A-We Love The Blowtops-2xEP
- BOYS CLUB-45
- BOSTON CHINKS-Coltrane-EP
- BLACK LIPS/DEMON'S CLAWS-45

ROB COONS

- TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity-LP
- LÄRM-both EPs
- NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE-My Reality-EP
- KATIE KATTY-Monster Cat Creep Show-EP
- CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"
- SEVERE-Snitch Slaughter-EP
- SITUATIONS-Pressure Is A Pleasure-LP
- OPERATION S - both EPs
- KVOTERINGEN/PISSCHRIST-split EP
- INTELLECTUALS-Invisible is the Best-LP

PAUL CURRAN

- SEMI-FOUR-Borning & Endless-CD
- THE FALL-Reformation-CD
- THE PETS-Let's Go/I Want Fun-45
- THE ERGS!-Upstairs/Downstairs-LP
- KAKKA-HÄTA 77-both EPs/PLAN R-Not a Waste-EP
- MODERN MACHINES-The Right Girl-45
- STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Deathcults-EP
- OLD GROWTH/SCIENCE OF YARBA-split EP
- GEISHA GIRLS-In the Monotone/Last Touch-45
- RED HERRING / LI'L RUNT-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- BOSTON CHINKS-Coltrane-EP
- CCSS-Punkcore/Punkwhore$-EP
- THE COPYRIGHTS-Make Sound-CD
- THE ERGS!-Upstairs/Downstairs-LP
- GEISHA GIRLS-In the Monotone/Last Touch-45
- MODERN MACHINES-The Right Girl-45
- OPERATION S - both EPs & live
- OSCARS-Jump for Joy-EP
- MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
- TILTWHEEL-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- K.I.T.-Broken Voyage-CD / CAREER SUICIDE-12"
- SURRENDER-Last White Flag-EP
- NO AGE-Get Hurt-12"
- LOSER LIFE-I Want The World-EP
- MARGARET THRASHER-Does It Matter?-EP
- OPERATION S-Fermeture Definitive-EP
- MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
- HUMAN EYE-Dinosaur Bones-EP
- LÄRM-Nothing is Hard...-EP
- LÄRM-No One Can Be That Dumb-EP

CHRIS HUBBARD

- TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity-LP
- REPERCUSSIONS-11 Songs-LP
- SURRENDER-Last White Flag-EP
- CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"
- STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Deathcults-EP
- GEISHA GIRLS-In the Monotone/Last Touch-45
- KAKKA-HÄTA 77-Kakkahata Tappaa-EP
- KNIFE FIGHT-Crisis-LP
- WE THE PEOPLE-Time to Operate-EP
- THE PETS-live

KENNY KAOS

- THE DICTATORS-16 Forever/Stay With Me-45
- OSCARS-Jump for Joy-EP
- THE ANGEL SLUTS/THE SIX STRING JETS-split EP
- BOSTON CHINKS-Coltrane-EP
- THE PETS-Let's Go/I Want Fun-45
- MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
- BOYS CLUB-Girls of Today/Are You Gonna-45
- BLACK TIME/THE HUSBANDS-split 7"
- APE CITY R&B-Twee Stuk Punkrots-EP
- THE UNLOVEABLES-Anywhere/Ramona-45

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Send all material for review to:
PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146, USA.
Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases.

CAROLYN KEDDY

BOSTON CHINKS-EP / OSCARS-EP	SITUATIONS-Pressure Is A Pleasure-LP
OPERATION S-both EPs & live / THE BLACKS-LP	THE VIKINGS-I Need Your Lovin'/Such a Love-45
THE PETS-45 / APE CITY R&B-EP	THE DIRTBOMBS-Oh Katrina/Candyass-45
BLACK TIME/THE HUSBANDS-split 7"	THE SONICS-Busy Body!!! Live in Tacoma...LP/CD
SUDDEN WALKS-My Nerves Are Fuckin Shot-EP	BLACKTIME-live

WILL KINSER

CCSS-Punkcore/Punkwhore$-EP	TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity...-LP
NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE-My Reality-EP	KVOTERINGEN/PISSCHRÏST-split EP
LIBERTY-The People Who Care Are Angry-LP	KATIE KATTY-Monster Cat Creep Show-EP
CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"	SURRENDER-EP / PERSONKRETS 3:1-LP
DRONGOS FOR EUROPE-Death's a Career-LP	BEHIND ENEMY LINES-live

RAY LUJAN

STOLEN BIKES RIDE FASTER-CD	THE LEIF ERICSSON-CD
TAXI-Yu Talk Tu Mach-CD / THE PETS-45	THE ERGS!-Upstairs/Downstairs-LP
THE COPYRIGHTS-Make Sound-CD	THE UNLOVEABLES-45 / MODERN MACHINES-45
GUNS ON THE RUN-For Glory-CD	THE ERGS!-Books About Miles Davis-EP
WHAT REMAINS-Destroy All Monsters-LP	FADES-CD / DISCHARGE-reissue CDs

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

LOSER LIFE-EP/ GEISHA GIRLS-45	OPERATION S-both EPs / MARGARET THRASHER-EP
SURRENDER-Last White Flag-EP	MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND-LP
LÄRM-Nothing is Hard...-EP	FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN-CD / TALK IS POISON-LP
LÄRM-No One Can Be That Dumb-EP	MODERN MACHINES-The Right Girl-45
HARPOON GUNS-Cannibal Eyes-EP	*Ack Ack Ack #1*-zine

JUSTIN BRIGGS

REPERCUSSIONS-11 Songs-LP	LOSER LIFE-I Want The World-EP
KNIFE FIGHT-Crisis-LP	TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity...-LP
STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Deathcults-EP	KVOTERINGEN/PISSCHRÏST-split EP
CIVIC PROGRESS-demo / TYSEGAL-demo	SURRENDER-Last White Flag-EP
SACRED SHOCK-demo / RONGO DELLA FORCA-demo	CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"

BRUCE ROEHRS

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Deathcults-EP	DISCO ASSAULT-Crank Up the Amps-CD
DEATH WITH A DAGGER/KYLMÄ SOTA-split EP	NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE-My Reality-EP
DEADFALL-Mass Destruction-CD & live	ACROSTIX-(A Chain Of) Hatred-12"
KVOTERINGEN/PISSCHRÏST-split EP	WARTORN-Salvation-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-12"
PERSONKRETS 3:1-The Glorious Dead-LP	MARGARET THRASHER-EP / SOCIAL DISTORTION-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

CAREER SUICIDE-Attempted Suicide-12"	NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE-My Reality-EP
DEATH WITH A DAGGER/KYLMÄ SOTA-split EP	KVOTERINGEN/PISSCHRÏST-split EP
HARPOON GUNS-Cannibal Eyes-EP	REPERCUSSIONS-11 Songs-LP
KNIFE FIGHT-Crisis-LP	STRAIGHTJACKET NATION-Deathcults-EP
LOSER LIFE-I Want The World-EP	TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity...-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

A Network of Friends #3	*Razorcake #37*
Free Society #18	*Treble High Talent Low #2*
Give Me Back #51	*Turning the Tide vol. 20 #10*
Last Hours #15	*Whate Do We Do When? #3*
Loserdom #15	*Xerography Debt #21*

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Ariel Awesome	Michelle Barnhardt
Nicole Beyries	Julia Booze
Justin Briggs	Tim Brooks
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Ariel Celeste	Rob Coons
Talya Cooper	Carl Cordova
Craigums	Paul Curran
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Robert Eggplant	Jonathan Floyd
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Jane Ghotlos	Bob Goldie
Vernon Hadley	Damian Harris
Cassie Harwood	Spencer Horne
Ben Howell	Mike Howes
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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers,, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swingers, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality."

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

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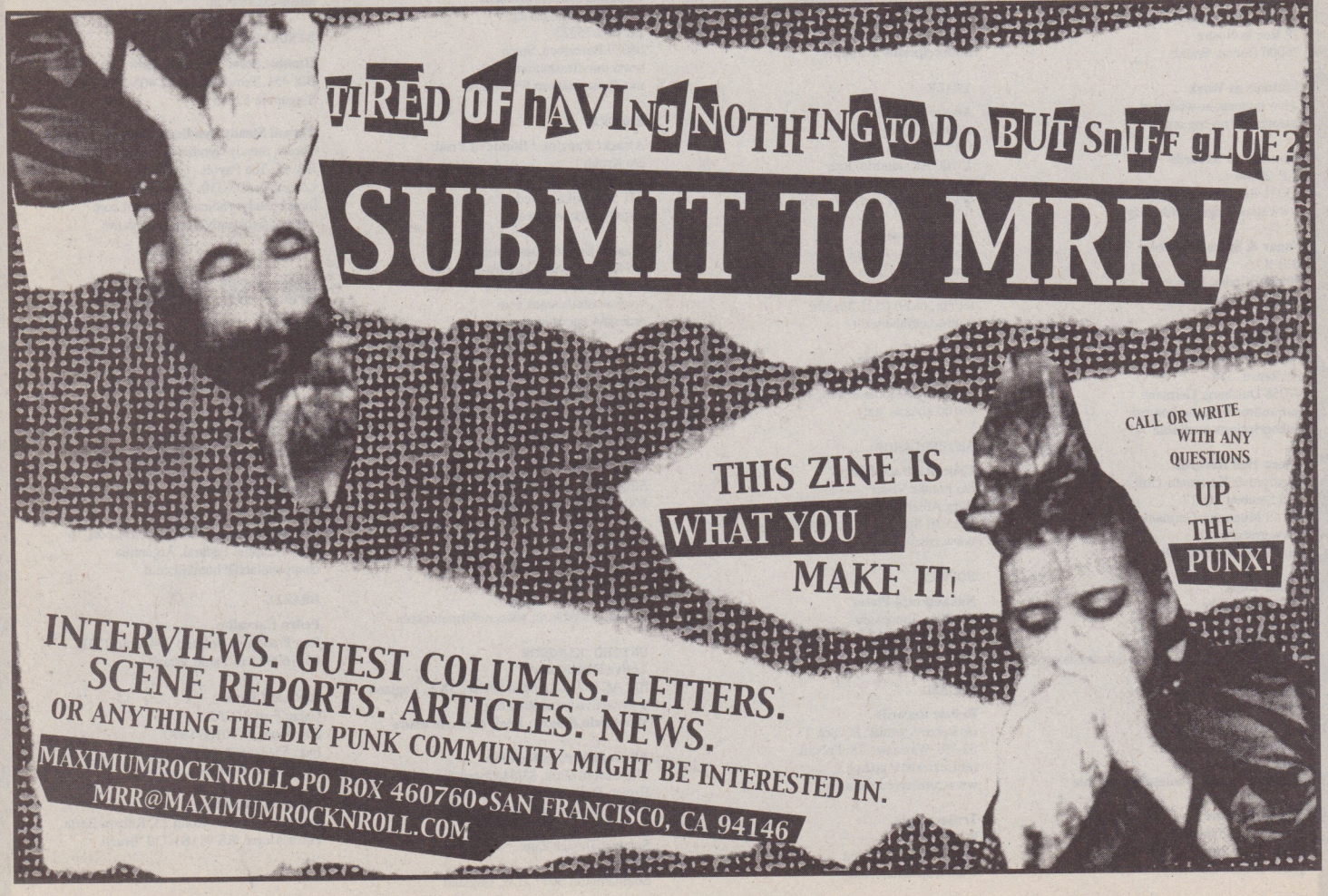

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Immigrant punks! Punk immigrants! (current and former, from all countries)—
Let your voices be heard! We need your stories, interviews, ideas, photos, art, song lyrics, etc. Send them all in by June 15th 2007 to migrapunk@gmail.com or get in touch with your questions. Check out: www.myspace.com/migrapunk

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Hi there—
I just wanted to write to say how sad I am that Golnar has left *MRR*. I don't really know what the actual duties of the coordinator are, but I'm sure they're pretty substantial and unheralded by the majority of the zine-reading populace, so I want to just say "thanks" to Golnar for all her hard work. I really looked forward to reading her column every month, and especially to listening to the radio show (err, podcast) where she and Layla would supply some of the best banter and eclectic music choices I've heard in a while. I got turned onto many awesome bands through her column and sets on the radio show (most of whom I have to settle for in cheezy digital format, as my record bin foraging skills are pretty weak), and I really appreciated the kind of iconoclastic approach that she and Layla brought to the show...I have a tendency to get some serious musical tunnel vision, and it's awesome to remember that bands like the Raincoats and Peligro Social are part of one big extended family. Awesome job. And while I'm at it, awesome job to everyone that makes the zine happen every month.
Thanks!
—Anthony

MRR and Readers—
June marks the seventh year that our friend and comrade, Jeffrey "Free" Luers has been imprisoned and held captive by the state. Sentenced to an outrageous 22 years and 8 months for burning three Sport Utility Vehicles (SUVs) at Romania Chevrolet in Eugene, Jeff has continued to be active in prison and fight back with his words and inspiration. Although Jeff recently won his appeal and is expecting a reduced sentence, this case is not over:

"I have spoken with my attorney and there are still many battles ahead. Hard choices will have to be made. I am by no means close to walking out of prison, just one step closer. This is a victory, and while my own personal struggle is making headway others are just beginning."

We encourage people to organize events for Jeff and other political prisoners, uniting struggles for human, earth, and animal liberation. In Jeff's own words:

"This June 9, show your solidarity with me, and all those who have struggled, past and present, to make this world a better place. Struggle with us. Hold demonstrations or gatherings at federal buildings or US embassies and demand change. It doesn't matter what cause or issue you fight for—we are all connected. What does matter is that we stand united and make our voices heard."

For more information on how to get involved, contact Jeff's support network at PO Box 3, Eugene, Oregon 97440 USA. Email freefreenow@mutualaid.org and visit www.freefreenow.org Donations for Jeff's re-sentencing attorney are urgently needed, please help via www.freefreenow.org/donate.html
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Contact:
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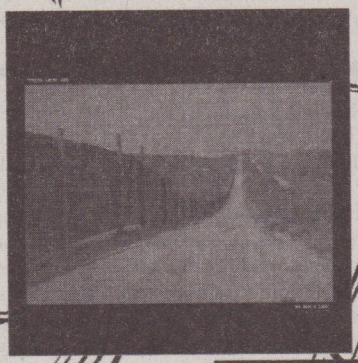

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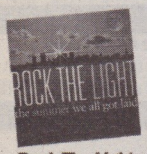

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COLUMNS

I arrived back in New York City—in front of ABC No Rio to be exact—four days ago, sweaty and tired after a tour in a van with eleven (!) other women[1], feeling instantly bittersweet about the whole thing, what with so many beginnings and endings so mixed up with each other right at that moment. Tour was a good and necessary buffer between my life up to two weeks ago and what's happening now—which admittedly involves a lot of unpacked boxes, no permanent address, and unemployment for the foreseeable future—because it gave me room to start thinking about Life After MRR, and to start saying, "I have no idea!" when people asked me what was going on at the magazine.[2] The twelve of us weren't together for too long—the tour started in Chicago and lasted for just over a week, my first official week as a former resident of San Francisco—but it was enough time to manage to be asked again and again by people we met along the way: isn't it hard to travel with so many women? As if the complication was our gender (hysterical and unpredictable, right?) rather than the simple fact of being a bunch of people piled up on top of each other in a '73 van. I knew going in that that so many women on tour with one another was uncommon within the punk scene, not to mention beyond it, but I was still surprised at the unabashed wonder that we were met with—even from fellow women in the scene—when we told them we were all getting along, and really well at that.

One particularly memorable, albeit awkward back-and-forth was with a friend of one of our many gracious hosts, who told us a story about traveling abroad with a number of female friends only to have their relationships deteriorate until they crashed and burned completely. "Guys are just more easy-going," she said by way of explanation, as she tried to goad us into admitting that we were having a tough time with one another on the road; all she got was some raised eyebrows with that one. We had similar conversations based on lazy assumptions in every single city we traveled to. "Haven't you degenerated into catty infighting and bitter acrimony yet?" Well, no.

I wonder where this instinct to mistrust our ability to treat each other with dignity or kindness comes from. In other words, why is it *more* intuitive rather than less to assume that women should get along better with men than with one another? Or be happier not going anywhere at all than striking out on their own, together? The constant and obvious implication is that girls are just too needy and high-maintenance, especially on the road, where we are less comfortable, presumably, than are the boys. When I was an alienated teenager looking for signs of life I could relate to, the most readily available counterculture told me that cool boys travel (see *On the Road)* and cool girls die (see *The Bell Jar).*[3] Now, neither book really stands the test of time if you ask me (what's that famous Truman Capote quote about Jack Kerouac? Something like, "That's not writing, it's typing"…), but the image of intrepid, sun-soaked (white) boys striking out across big old America still reigns supreme in the tedious repetition of our rebel imagination. Hell, the punk scene fucking thrives on that shit. That's part of why I liked the idea of traveling with a bunch of (mostly not white) girls in the first place, because after wondering where they've been my whole life, I don't want to wait for those novels to be written anymore. Now, I know better than to write too much about tour—that is punk zine banality in its quintessence—but Layla's column about the lack of girl anti-heroes got me thinking and tour got me really feeling that at this point, it's time to just fashion ourselves as DIY heroes, to be our own foundation, to finally take our own advice, to rip it up and start again.

Again, War

In the 1980s, the Reagan Administration engaged in circuitous, covert, deadly, and extremely illegal proxy war with Nicaragua. (Remember Iran-Contra? Ronald Reagan didn't!)[4] Even today, there are many details of this encounter that are murky to the average American citizen, who either doesn't know or doesn't care to know about what their government has perpetrated on citizens all over the world for countless decades. In a twist of cruel irony, since 2005, the US has engaged in a similar war with Iran, via militant (Islamist) Pakistani fighters in a group called Jundullah, even as our own military fights hopeless, deranged wars both to the immediate east of Iran (in Afghanistan) and to the immediate West (in Iraq). Don't believe me? ABC-fucking-news reported on it and the news barely caused a ripple. Wanna know more? Read a newspaper instead of a message board for a change.

Some new (and new to me) stuff that blew my mind this month/you should check out: Surrender – *Last White Flag* EP, Repercussions – 12", *Iran: A People Interrupted* by Hamid Dabashi, Sin Orden – live in Chicago, Dead Moon – *Unknown Passage* DVD. Did I mention the Sex Vid – *Tania* EP already?

(Thank you: Angel, Aubrey, Daisy, Lupe, Mariam, Mayra, Megan, Nicole, Trash, Vanessa, Veronica.)

Write to me: golnar@maximumrocknroll.com

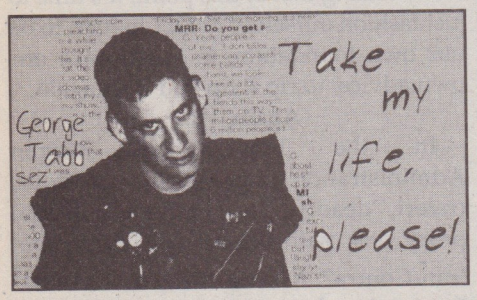
[1] I was on a tour of the Midwest and East Coast with Condenada from Chicago,

Bruise Violet from LA, and three other roadies, friends, and well-wishers.

2 My blissful ignorance was feigned. I felt more like an anxious, overprotective mom, calling Chris and Martin a handful of times to remind them about whatever random magazine related thing had popped into my mind, only to catch them three steps ahead of me at every turn, probably rolling their eyes at me and making jokes about it afterwards.

3 If you haven't already, do check out Layla's column about girl icons and (anti)heroes from a few months ago. That shit should be required reading.

4 Yes he did.



"Your dog is a racist," says this woman on the street near my stepdad's place. "He hates black people!"

"He's not racist," I begin to explain over my little dog's barks when he starts in on a Chinese food delivery guy on his bicycle.

"And he hates Asians too," she adds, pissed off.

"It not about race or anything," I explain, "it's got to do with things that move faster than him, or those who have strange brain waves. Or those who are just *different*."

"Well since I'm *strolling* here," explains the angry lady, "and I'm not different, he must think I'm crazy."

"I didn't say that," I explain, letting her say everything that needs to be said.

"Look," I yell, "he's equal opportunity. He hates everyone, OK?"

This does not make the woman happy, and suddenly, she's kicking at my little ten-pound Yorkshire Terrorist.

"Cut that out," I yell at the canine hater as I pick up my best friend, "and let me tell you a story that happened years ago!"

"This better be good," says the mean woman, who I suddenly realize stinks of booze.

"It is," I tell her and the rest of the bottle of booze in her stomach, "because hate is blind."

*

"What?" I ask P.J., my seven-pound Yorkshire terrier, as we stand on 23rd Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

P.J. just whines again.

"You want to get down?" I ask my fluffy-faced friend, as he squirms around in my arms, swimming nowhere in the air.

P.J. growls.

"If I put you down," I tell my dog, "no bark. Do you understand? No bark. And no chasing people."

P.J. looks me in the eyes, then licks his lips.

I take this as an "I understand," so I put him down.

And he acts fine.

For about five seconds.

Then it happens again.

An old blind man approaches us as we stand near a fire hydrant, waiting for Future Ex-Wife. She's upstairs in some building doing whatever.

As the guy gets closer, P.J. starts to bark like crazy. The blind guy, hearing this, tries to veer away from P.J.'s voice, and bumps into other pedestrians. I guess, for all he knows, P.J. could be a hundred pound pitbull. Well, a hundred pound pitbull with a high-pitched park. Maybe some other pitbull or Rotweiler bit his balls off.

Anyway, P.J. barks like crazy, even over my pleas of "No bark!"

Then he goes for the stick.

The white stick.

With the red tip.

P.J. grabs ahold of the blind man's cane and starts tugging on it.

"Oh my God," shrieks the blind old dude.

"P.J.," I yell, "drop the toy. It's not yours."

"Toy?" the guy with the dark sunglasses yells at me. "Toy? That's my cane, goddamnit!"

"Sorry," I say, as I try to pry my little dog's jaws off the old man's seeing utensil.

But P.J. won't let go. In fact, he just pulls on the cane, harder.

"Get that damn dog off of me," warns the blind guy, "or I'll mace him."

Mace?

"Um," I say to the old man, "I wouldn't do that. He's a seventy-five pound German Shepherd with very sharp teeth."

The guy then yells for me to please get my dog off his cane, which I eventually do. As the blind man walks away, I tell him that I am very sorry about my dog's behavior.

"Fuck you," he says.

Not more than two minutes later a blind couple comes strolling up the sidewalk. They both have canes, and are tapping their way along. P.J., hearing and seeing them, begins to bark. I pick him up and tell him he's bad, and "No bark."

Of course, that means nothing to my little pal, who yelps his head off.

As the blind couple passes us, I hear the woman make some comment about how non-seeing eye dogs are useless.

So I put P.J. down.

And of course he runs up behind the duo, barking bloody murder.

The couple rush forward, almost running into a mailbox, and I smile to myself.

Five minutes later, and Future Ex-Wife is still upstairs doing whatever it is she's doing. Most likely yapping with her friends about the latest fashions, or spending money we didn't have.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes a huge black St. Bernard. And attached to that dog is a blind person. About fifty or so, with a very kind face.

"Charlie," says the blind woman to her St. Bernard, "where are you taking me?"

Charlie doesn't answer, because, well, he's a dog. He just pulls her over toward P.J. and me.

"Charlie," yells the woman, "No! You are pulling me toward the street!"

Charlie the big black St. Bernard ignores her and pulls himself over to P.J. so he can sniff his butt.

"Bad dog!" yells the blind lady, as she can clearly hear P.J.'s harness and tags jingling as the dogs exchange whiffs.

"Sorry," I say to the blind lady, "my dog just wants to be friendly."

"Well, Charlie isn't trained to be friendly," the woman yells in a stern voice.

I pick up P.J. and again apologize.

The woman tells me that my dog and I are a menace to the neighborhood, and then takes off.

Not more than one minute later a young blind guy comes walking toward us with his seeing-eye dog. A retriever, I'd guess.

Of course, the dog gets one look at P.J.,

and suddenly he's heading for us at full force.

I'm not quick enough to pick up P.J., who I had put down again, and the next thing I know the dogs are at it, sniffing one another's butts.

"Bad Sassy," the young guy yells at his dog, "bad!"

I tell the guy that P.J. is just a friendly dog, and wants to say hello to everyone.

He tells me that on this block is housing for blind people like himself, and perhaps P.J. and I should hang out somewhere else.

I tell him that's a good idea, and as soon as my Future Ex-Wife shows up, I'm leaving.

He's nice enough to let Sassy sniff at P.J. a bit more, and then they take off.

"Nice guy," I mumble to myself.

Five minutes later and I really begin to hate fashion. And blind people.

Three more of them come tapping by, and although I hold P.J. so he can't bite their canes, he barks like crazy, and they curse me and my Yorkie out.

Finally, it seems quiet, so I put P.J. down again. No blind people in sight.

But I should have thought about approaching wheelchairs.

And the people in them.

Too late.

The next thing I knew he is on some woman's lap, snarling, and she is screaming.

Finally, my Future Ex-Wife comes out of the building and asks how our wait for her on 23rd Street was.

"Typical," was my answer.

"That's nice," she says, and with that, we make our way home.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com

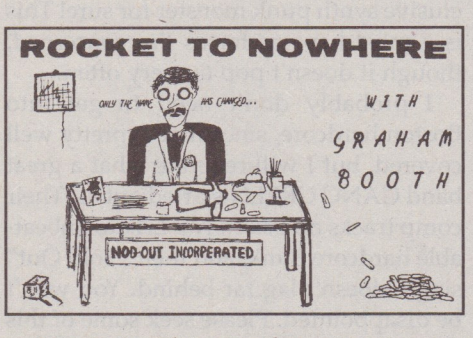
2. Did I mention The Bullys' "BQE Express" rocks? Oops, sorry. How about the new Potato Famine demo from my pal Devin? With songs like "Killer In The White House" and "Cunt Rock," how can you go wrong? Punk Rock!

3. Jeff Magnum of The Dead Boys gave me the new Cyclones CD, called *We're Livin' Like Weasels!* He says it's the best CD of this century. And they even play "I Need Lunch" on it. And it's very rockin. Even if Jeff *did* play on it. As did my friend Walt Stack from The Bullys. Small fucking world.

3. Yo, Scum Rock! 1988, boyee!

4. Got the new one from Iggy Pop, and some recent one from The New York Dolls. Whatever. *Burnout: Dominator* for The PlayStation Portable is a lot more fun. As is *The Medal Of Honor* PS2 collection for the Playstation 2 from EA. Or *Lunar Knights* for The Nintendo DS by Konami, which rules. Then there's some band called The Poison Arrows' new CD, which fails in comparison to *Full Auto 2: Battlefields* for the PlayStation Portable. But *Dominator* is better. For a racing and killing game, that is. Unlike that thing I got from Danzig...which, while I enjoy classical music, does not evoke feelings like rage from *Gears Of War* for The Xbox 360, and feelings of fun from games like the latest *Dragon Ball Z* game for the Wii.

5. About the Wii from Nintendo—you have to use your wrist a lot to play the thing. It makes masturbation more difficult, as it wears you out. So I'm just warning you.



Hey kids. This month I am up to my ears in REAL KIDS! Somehow I stumbled upon the absolute motherlode of REAL KIDS gear on eBay a couple weeks back and it finally arrived in the mail. I'm not even sure how I found it in the first place...it was mis-listed in the CD category. So when I first spotted this massive box lot..."15 pounds of photos, papers, records (no REAL KIDS)..." I was totally floored...and puzzled.

Three days in, a BUY IT NOW price at $56 sounded like a screaming bargain to me, just for the massive pile of photos in the picture. But somehow there were no takers. Hmmm, maybe there was something I wasn't seeing? I've been trying to cut back on my record spending lately (no, really!) so despite my initial instinct to click "BUY IT NOW" I talked myself out of it and waited the whole three days for it to end. Good thing too, since I ended up being the only bidder at $32.23! That would make postage more than the contents of the box.

I didn't really know what to expect, so I was quite amazed to tear open the box and find the second UNNATURAL AXE 7", "They Saved Hitler's Brain" right on top. That was definitely the highlight for records, but further down I hit more paydirt with some original '70s Boston REAL KIDS flyers, including one billed as THE KIDS (their original name circa mid-70s), a poster for THE RAT, and one for a DMZ / REAL KIDS Valentine's party gig. The highlight came in the form of photos, though, and there was a good thick stack of '70s (Red Star album-era) 8x10s, plus lots of junk from the post-REAL KIDS outfit TAXI BOYS. God knows where it all came from!

I dunno about you guys, but THE REAL KIDS are definitely one of my fave proto/first wave '70s punk bands. Hailing from Boston, they were one of the original Boston Rock groups along with JONATHAN RICHMAN/MODERN LOVERS, DMZ and NERVOUS EATERS, dating back to the early/mid '70s. I can't tell you what it was like to see those bands, as I wasn't even born when they got started, but I will tell you how great their records are.

My first introduction to the early Boston scene was the MODERN LOVERS self-titled LP on (Beserkely) released in 1976 (first pressings have "home of the hits" printed on Black/Blue labels). Heavily studied in the VELVET UNDERGROUND school, the band added a distinctive nostalgic rock 'n' roll sound to the somewhat drony repetitive New York City arthouse vibe. Throw in a heavy dose of Jonathan Richman's wide-eyed earnest wit, and—god, this sounds like rock critic hell! But believe me, that first MODERN LOVERS album is much more than the sum of its parts...a great punk party album if there ever was one! Unfortunately Jonathan Richman never comes close to approaching the greatness of this first album, so, unless you're into the roots rock thing, you should probably steer clear of most of his later material.

I first heard THE REAL KIDS along with DMZ on the relatively gettable *Live at the Rat* double-LP compilation. Also released in 1976, by The Rat, Boston's foremost "punk," er, underground rock club, this compilation featured tracks from most of the bigger '70s Boston Rock bands. I never could really get with all of the bands, but DMZ and THE REAL KIDS immediately spoke me. They're live recordings, so it's lo-fi and primitive

sounding to say the least. For me, it just adds to the charm of the plodding dumb punk: I've always thought this is what rock 'n' roll should sound like. Four songs on two LPs, you ask? Totally worth it!

From there, DMZ released a great 7" EP on Bomp, and the REAL KIDS released their self-titled album on the New York-based Red Star label. The REAL KIDS album took a little getting used to, since it has more pro-sounding production, but once I got used to the sound, it really grew on me. This is a great high-energy rock 'n' roll album. With most of the first-wave bands, I tend to like the longer driving songs, so "Reggae Reggae" has always been my favorite, but it's hard to compete with rockin' punky hits like "Do the Boob" or "She's Alright."

Right between those two releases, THE REAL KIDS released what is probably their rarest record...their first single "All Kindsa Girls" b/w "Common at Noon" was originally only released on the small French Sponge label in 1977, with its first US issued five years later in 1982. In fact, THE REAL KIDS' main fan base may have been in France rather than Boston, as they released a series of French-only albums on the (New Rose) label during throughout the early '80s. Those albums aren't particularly rare, however, it has always been difficult to find them outside of France, so you might try a French record store / website if you're jonesin' for a REAL KIDS fix.

In case you're over the proto punk sound, Boston does have a small cache of '70s punk monsters. It's hard to pick a favorite, since it would be hard to break the tie, but this month I'm going to go with the NERVOUS EATERS "Just Head" b/w "Get Stuffed" 7" on Rat. The original picture sleeve is exceptionally rare, and I have only seen it for sale a handful of times. Thankfully, the Spanish Penniman label reissued this monstrous single on vinyl a few years back, so it should still be gettable. This is a two-sided punk rock classic. You might also seek out their first "Loretta" single, more proto-punky sounding...you might even score an original for $30 or less.

The other contender for me is the original UNNATURAL AXE "They Saved Hitler's Brain" four song 7" EP on Varulven. All four songs are great demented teen punk, with the most fucked up fuzz guitar and demonic vocals on the three, plus the more low-key earnest "Summer-time." Having just recalled the hilarious "new wave sunglasses" cover photo, I am officially changing my vote. UNNATURAL AXE hands down!

The other obvious '70s Boston punk choice would be LA PESTE and their unforgettable punk anthem "Better Off Dead." One spin and you will never forget it! They released a full-length album of unreleased material on Matador in the 90's, which should be relatively easy to track down, though I still haven't heard it. The original single should be obtainable for $20 to $30, and even with ringwear on the cover, the song is well worth the investment. One other major personal fave from the Boston area, though it seems all but forgotten among collectors these days, is the MOLLS "White Stains" 7" as featured on *Killed By Death* #5. An elusive synth punk monster for sure! This is a must have as far as I'm concerned, though it doesn't pop up very often.

I probably don't need to get into Boston hardcore, since that is pretty well covered, but I will reiterate what a great band GANG GREEN started out as. Their comp tracks on *Boston Not LA* are unbeatable hardcore punk, and their "Sold Out" single doesn't lag far behind. You won't be disappointed. Please seek some of this stuff out—you won't know what you're missing out on until you hear it!

Let's face it—the vast majority of punk music and culture is derivative. There are few bands that try to do something really different musically or message-wise. Not every band has to be totally original, nor would I want it this way, but it's something that has been on my mind for a while. When a style of music, whether it's D-beat, 80's USHC, or vegan sXe becomes so established in its norms that the message, music, dress, and so forth is predictable, it always makes me wonder how heartfelt it is. Taking something lock and stock and churning it out again can be a true tribute to bands that influenced you—or it can be empty, vacuous, trendy bullshit.

People are into purchasing an identity, particularly young people looking for meaning. Again, this isn't wrong, but something to be aware of. Punk, like everything else in our capitalist society, is treated as a product and something to buy into, whether with dollars or mind. People are attracted to it for several reasons, of course, and the old "angry at the world and its bullshit" aspect is still a pretty good way of explaining the majority, despite how clichéd it sounds. Everybody has individual dispositions that would make them more or less apt to think critically about things rather than accepting them wholesale. I think we need to really be aware that people are much more into projecting an image of their choosing than really taking the message of punk/HC to heart and making it their own. The most creative, innovative people in the DIY punk scene are people who have really done this. Last time, I wrote about punk formats and how that intertwines with capitalism and consumerism. This time I am referring to a similar thing, but only the purchasing of a lifestyle or image.

On the topic of subgenres, there are some that I think are more annoying and crappy than others. This whole retro 80's USHC thing bores the piss out of me. The music is mediocre at best and the lyrics are fake, as a rule. The bands back then may have meant it, but I have a feeling most of the bands trying to copy it could give a shit. I don't want to hear another Negative Approach cover in my life. This revival crap is too much and this trend should have died four or five years ago when it was still mildly charming. This is just my opinion. The volume of records of this ilk has shocked and horrified me.

I can hear it now: *but Niiiick, you love D-beat, you hypocrite!*

Yer damn right, but the number of D-beat records that come out in a year, now when it is fairly popular, is probably a week's output of this retro '80s USHC crappola. The music of D-beat isn't original, and the lyrics are frequently limited to the Discharge Haiku. I do think the D-beat imagery, message, and music is more evocative and substantive than other subgenres and I do sense a lot more effort to blend it with other styles and be original.

There seems to be a slightly higher population of folks who have put effort in to making this style a little more inventive while still staying within the subgenre. Maybe the USHC thing tries to do the same. I really don't know 'cause I don't follow it that much, but to me, I just get the vibe that it's especially dry and derivative. Plus a lot of old USHC wasn't particularly political and more about personal stuff, which is fine but seems a bit self-indulgent to me. To each his own.

It does bother me that in some ways, the D-beat scene is becoming associated with the UK82 punk scene. This scene totally takes the cake for highest per capita number of friggin' idiots. I like a lot of that stuff too, but the whole scene it has spawned (in the US at least) always seems to involve a heavy dosage of drunken, violent, bigoted (sexist racist, homophobic) people. Yeah, OK, Discharge was a British band around at that time and were on Clay Records, but I wouldn't think people of the Oi/punk type would like them or D-beat as a genre (the political/crust scene it has been associated with). There have been a few D-beat bands recently with sexist, homophobic lyrics and statements in interviews and artwork that have surprised a lot of people, me included. But thinking about this further, I realize this mentality is based on people who are either from that UK82 style scene (where this seems more tolerated) who have somehow bought into the D-beat thing or just want to play "heavy" music and don't give a fuck about the politics (nihilistic type attitude). In one case I know the latter is the case and the others I don't know.

Nothing is exempt from prejudice and discrimination, and I certainly don't think my crust punk anarcho whatever brothers and sisters are. It's another lifestyle or image to be purchased like anything else in this society, as I said. It is particularly sad, though, when a group based theoretically on anticapitalism, antiauthoritarianism, and counterculture is also victim to this. I just hope we are as unwilling as possible and that we can try to promote awareness of this reality. I think we can really be the anti-commodity in this way with awareness. When people try to truncate some of the most important tenets of the DIY punk world ("package" though it may be to some) like anti-sexism, anti-homophobia, we shouldn't tolerate it. We run the risk of diluting ourselves and losing the vitality of our scene, which so many people fought to establish.

That's all for me this time. Next time I'll be covering some Filipino HC/punk and other goodies.

I am really interested in covering (reviewing, ranting, etc.) more bands, zines, distros, and projects from around the world in this column, besides my obligatory pontificating. I am trying to get in touch with some old friends from around the world and network with new ones so I can include more information in this column. It may take me a while, but I will get there. In the meantime, if anybody has stuff they would like to share and talk about with me, I'd be glad to hear from them. I am mainly looking at non-"western" worldwide HC, especially scenes that are underappreciated. Get in touch!

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[The following is Nick Mangel's previous column, mistakenly omitted from *MRR* #288!]

This time around I would like to throw my two cents in about an issue that I think is going to be of significant importance in the next decade or so of punk rock and underground music as a whole and that is the media on which we have our music released. Of course I realize that this is a well tread issue and in calling for a change in our attitudes towards the holy vinyl I am not the first nor the most coherent. I do feel there are some factors at work here that are not always brought up.

OK. Fucking vinyl. Most American, European, and Japanese punks love it and have a collection. Let's be realistic. We could throw into those areas the occasional end of South America (Brazil for instance), Australia, New Zealand, and maybe a few folks in Singapore and the very fortunate people in other parts of the world. This is mainly speaking the western world. The rest of the world, vinyl is not very common as a medium for punk. Cassettes or CDs are the rule and this has been the case for quite some time. Try finding a turntable in Indonesia for example. It isn't easy or cheap from what my friends tell me. Vinyl is too expensive, too much to order from western countries, and turntables are too hard to find (I have heard stories of punks finding vitrolas or old 1950s turntables to play vinyl in some of these places!). So the bottom line is cassettes and CDs are the medium in the worldwide punk scene.

People in the "West" forget this, or at least it seems they do when they whine about LPs costing more than eight bucks or 7"s more than three. Even when a record has full color packaging, color vinyl, inserts, posters and god knows what else. When I first got into punk it was a huge fucking deal if you asked for more than $3 for a 7", and I am glad to say that has changed somewhat and people are more willing to pay more and the distros are willing to charge more without feeling guilty. That being said though it hasn't changed enough: labels still barely skirt by with some records having luxurious packaging and shit, while trying to maintain still low prices still not too much over 1990 standards of pricing. The quality of punk records with their packaging being released now is way above and beyond 1990 records it seems to me. The sound quality issue is something else but I'll leave that to audiophiles. I am sure people see these beautiful records released by well established bands that sell quite a lot of records, and then want their band to do something analogous. The reality is that a lot of labels find it really hard to do this and stay in operation especially if the band is new or not that "big" yet. Even selling some LPs at 10 or 12 dollars or more sometimes can just barely offset expenses for the labels. Yet still people complain and say it isn't "punk" to do charge this much and such crap. Fine, then release a black vinyl LP with a paper sleeve and a Xerox cover and be done with it.

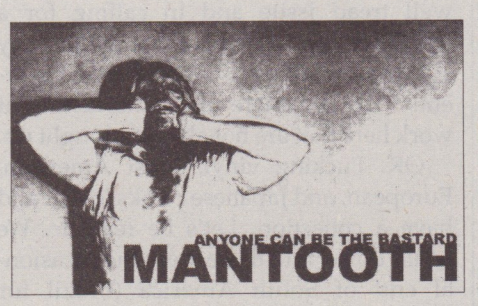
What's my point you ask? I'll tell ya. Vinyl is a luxury. It is a privilege to even be talking about this. So it costs you 13 bucks for the new Buttcrasher LP with full color gatefold, poster, and mucous vinyl. Boo-hoo. If you didn't have it your collection would be incomplete and you would be a total suckass. The label made 500 of them and the guy running it is barely keeping his new label alive and is getting a lot of shit for charging 13 bucks for the record and maybe will think twice about even continuing the label. No, I think we should learn to accept that vinyl is a luxury, especially those with extravagant packaging and so forth that are limited in pressing. We shouldn't be surprised that the price of vinyl is increasing and even (gasp) approaching or (horror) exceeding that of the dominant CD medium. Fact is CDs are far cheaper to pro-

duce of course even though many labels try to sell them at the same price as their LPs which are a problem too. We should stop expecting it to be easy and cheap for us to maintain a medium that is now a specialty, a novelty, and a luxury. So don't be surprised it costs a couple extra bucks if you really want to stick with vinyl releases.

Personally of course I love vinyl, and I have a collection to prove it. It's a special medium with a lot of soul and a lot of sentimental value to me. But at the same time, it's a luxury and privilege to even be picky about what medium you buy your music on when most of the punks in the world don't really have a choice about it. I am very fortunate to be able to choose and fortunate to be able to afford to buy vinyl or as much music as I do at all. At this point, a lot of music I first hear on Soulseek (online music sharing thing), if I really like something I buy it on vinyl if possible. If I really like it and it's only available on CD and I feel that it's worth it then I'll do that. That's my choice and my luxury to be able to do so. I might add I generally try to buy stuff to support bands I think are doing something cool and often ones from non-"Western" locales. I think the increasing utilization of services like Soulseek will allow people to feel more justified in their choices to put in for a well done vinyl release that costs a little bit more. At least I hope. I don't think vinyl will die out because we'll have to adjust to this reality which is plain for all to see. We really have to learn to examine our privileges and think about things in a critical way because I am personally embarrassed by some of the moaning that goes on. We're lucky to have what we do in the west and we need to learn to appreciate it and stop expecting our addiction to a specialty medium be handed to us cheaply in full color glossy splendor.

As an important other statement I'd like to make, that I have said before, in terms of a true punk rock medium, cassettes are it. It's the cheapest, easiest to copy, capable of some pretty cool packaging, small, easy to mail, and available just about everywhere. The soul that I talk about LPs having are definitely there in cassettes too. I feel a resurgence of punk rock tapes is necessary. You can release a tape with tons of music on it and a cool cover for relatively cheap, just about anywhere. And people can self-copy too and distribute on their own. I used to just print a ton of cool covers and send a master to whatever country and just say go for it: sell it cheap. That's the true DIY democratic ethic to me at work. It's pretty humbling that this is the standard in most of the world while we asswipes in the US are bickering over prices off 7"s limited to 300. I look at tapes I bought in the early 90s and realize that this medium has been a constant for a long time in punk throughout the world. Even in dictatorships or countries where free speech has been severely restricted punks have managed to network around with cassettes and pass them to each other. And for those of us who like the aesthetic of punk and metal media, like I said, pretty cool tape inserts and J-cards can be made full color, etc and the cassettes can be printed on! We need a resurgence of punk rock cassettes!!!

I have recently begun to recover from the move I mentioned last issue and am now organizing my music and shit so hopefully I can be better about covering the best in WWHC in upcoming issues. I would also like to again emphasize to bands or folks working on cool DIY shit worldwide to please get in touch and send me info on your projects, and I will include them here! Till next time! Contact: PO Box 18884 Oakland, CA 94619



I've resisted writing this column for a long time. I'm not talking about the normal procrastinating/forgetting-until-the-last-minute kind of resistance. The fact that I'm writing this approximately two days before it's due at the MRR temple has nothing to do with it. I have always fancied the following story as fit for some kind of more "serious" publication. I'll admit that I'm not exactly sure what that means. My brain has a curious way of talking myself out of things with half-justifications—"don't do it now because you can always…you know…yep." In a way it's kind of lazy procrastination. So maybe it *is* akin to the above-mentioned resistance.

About five years ago, several variables slid into alignment somewhat like a celestial eclipse. 1) I was home visiting my mother. 2) My mother was in the process of moving out of her house. 3) There was a dead dog buried in the back yard.

Let's start with the simplest. I was/am living in Pittsburgh. Sometimes one must visit their relatives several hundred miles away. I had taken a Greyhound. I don't remember the specifics of the ride, but I'm pretty sure it was hellish because, well, it was a Greyhound bus trip.

Number two is a little more complicated. My mom had lived in this house for about 25 years. She has this incredible ability to accumulate tons of *things*. I'd like to be more specific than just *things*, and I don't think it's just the impreciseness of memory, but if you took a look at all the *things* she has, there really are not discernable lines, colors, or shapes. Everything just kind of melds into each other and becomes this all encompassing being known as *things*. It's really quite amazing and I'm willing to bet she somehow broke several laws of physics cramming all those *things* inside that tiny home.

And of course she wants to take most of it with her, even though she managed to fill an entire extra large dumpster full of these *things*.

So mom and I are sitting in the kitchen, amongst lots of her *things* that are totally packed, halfway packed, or somehow unpacked. Boxes look like they've vomited up all kinds of *things* and passed out on themselves. This is when she asks me for a favor.

Let's switch scenes for a moment. At the bottom of our yard, in a shallow grave, our family dog "Digger" lay dead for about two or three years at this point. He was named as such because this is what he liked to do—dig. The yard was full of earthy divots from him excavating aimlessly for 18 years.

He was a small golden retriever with flaky, itchy skin. Two of his bottom teeth were crooked and perpetually stuck out the bottom of his lips. He kind of looked like a mutant, or some kind of court jester. More importantly, he was my mom's primary companion through some of the worst years of her life, years that I'm not about to transcribe in the pages of this rag. All you need to know is that when she lost her vision, Digger developed cataracts, so they spent most of their after-

noons walking together in a shared haze of indiscernible lines, colors, and shapes.

In short, the dog meant a lot to her and she had plenty of reason to be sentimental over it. So in the kitchen, mom explained to me that our vet offered to cremate Digger's remains so that she could take him with her when she moved. She would just have to get them somehow. That somehow came in the form of me.

So I pulled out a shovel from the garage and headed towards the edge of the yard where we buried him. On the way there, I got a little worried that I would somehow dig up the wrong bones and hand over the wrong remains. Growing up we had a lot of pets. Buried in that corner of the yard was a cat, a rabbit, a goose, several guinea pigs, turtles, blah, blah, blah, blah. I'd know when I found the skull with those crooked teeth and all, but how the hell could I tell the difference between a dog femur and a cat femur? Could she? Would it matter? While I agreed to dig up my dead dog, I didn't agree to take my good ol' time doing it. Even still, I was paranoid about it and concocted situations in which the vet would call up my mom and tell her something like, "Sue, it seems as though only half of those bones were that of Digger's, the rest were of Harold the guinea pig's hip, Junior the cat's leg, and Gravy the turtle's tail." Now, I'm sure that mom wouldn't have minded if she took them with her as well, but she still would have been upset if she somehow forgot her dog's third rib or something. Regardless, I wasn't about to painstakingly examine each individual bone, so I started digging without a second thought.

And since it was February, the sky started to piss rain and ice in my face while I tried to hack into the frozen ground.

I lost track of time, but I just kept digging. After about two feet into the ground, I think I forgot what I was doing out there. It wasn't until about four feet down that the rain and ice stopped. And it wasn't until five feet into the yard and I was hitting the water table with no bones in sight.

Though I did find several fiery red centipedes. It figures that I would since I have a debilitating fear of fucking centipedes. It's actually kind if hard to type this out just thinking about them. So that's enough about them.

I also found my long lost He-Man action figure "Moss Man." My dad must have run him over while he was mowing the lawn and was subsequently buried during one of the several animal funerals we had every week. Upon close inspection, it was discovered that those cheap bastards at Mattel just re-colored Beast Man and slapped a new name and price tag on him.

I found some torn pages of *Penthouse* magazine, but those were caught in some bushes several feet away, so I guess those don't count other than to further augment my fascination with the Woods Porn phenomenon.

So I plopped down in my grave, tired of looking for my dead dog, wondering where the hell his bones were, and if the sides of the hole would collapse suddenly, trapping me forever in some kind of phantom zone where rescuers would never be able to find my remains because they'd been transmogrified into centipedes, Moss/Beast Man, and soggy, abandoned porno. I sat there and let a sheet of ice form on the top of my head while I tried to have a serious conversation with myself as to what I had just tried to do. Staring at the opposite wall, I searched for some kind of meaning, some kind of metaphor, some kind of simile, some kind of shitty life lesson Kevin Arnold might hear at the end of "The Wonder Years." And as I write this, I find myself again at the bottom of that pit, reaching for some kind of weighty facts of existence and dead dogs to level my readers with, but I still can't find even one fragment of bone.

So I climbed out. Filled the hole. And to my mom, I offered nothing. So we left 39 Ruth Avenue with only lots of *things* of indiscernible lines, colors, and shapes.

Sometimes you just have to connect the dots. Newspaper stories that are seemingly about disparate topics have a way of fitting together if you ponder them for a while, and I've been making mental notes over the past few weeks about what I've been reading. In the process, I've definitely come to think of those stories being interrelated. The fact that the gap between the haves and have-nots continues to expand. The way the "haves" cloister themselves away from less-wealthy folks, both in the city and suburbs that haven't always been that exclusive or high-end. How so-called "rent to own" stores are expanding, since people can't buy these items up front due to poor credit and end up paying confiscatory interest rates. How they often want to emulate the excessive consumption of the more well-to-do.

A recent article in the *New York Times* by David Cay Johnston ("Rich Get Richer, Poor Get Poorer—Again," 4/1/07) says that, *"Income inequality grew significantly in 2005, with the top 1 percent of Americans—those with incomes that year of more than $348,000 receiving their largest share of national income since 1928" and also said, "The top 10 percent, roughly those earning more than $100,000, also reached a level of income share not seen since before the Depression… The new data also show that the top 300,000 Americans collectively enjoyed almost as much income as the bottom 150 million Americans. Per person, the top group received 440 times as much as the average person in the bottom half earned, nearly doubling the gap from 1980."*

The *Boston Globe* magazine section just had its "Real Estate Issue" and there were pieces about high-end condos in the city, about how they're becoming more commonplace. There's been a plethora of construction of these expensive units. Sometimes, when I'm coming into the city, I'll take an alternate route that takes me over the Gilmore Bridge from Boston's Charlestown neighborhood into Cambridge. There have been some high rises going up on either side of the bridge over the past few years. I'm looking at an ad for one, right now, for the Regatta Riverview Residences. The ad lists the amenities: shuttle service, valet parking, 24-hour concierge, private theater and a fitness center. The prices? A one bedroom goes for $380 to over $600K. If you want a two bedroom, it'll set you back $450K to $1 million. That's right—one fucking *million* dollars for what amounts to a two-bedroom apartment. If you want to see how the other half live, here's the site: www.regat taboston.com. For all that dough, they only give you one parking space. Although, if you're spending that

much, I imagine it wouldn't be too tough to afford a second one. I have to admit the view is pretty awesome. The ad appears adjacent to an article about the "Manhattanization of Boston," which discusses those sorts of residences.

Newer suburban developments are also playing up the luxury angle. Another *Globe* article, "Get A Life In Suburbia" (3/25/07) mentions such developments and not all of them are in fancy areas, either. Revere Beach, where the main attraction has been Kelly's Roast Beef, a legendary food emporium that has very hard-to-digest food. Sacrilege, but that's the truth. I used to like it but maybe my stomach can't tolerate it anymore, even with my acid reflux medication. In any case, some upscale high-rise developments have gone up there. Braintree, south of Boston, is a little more affluent and that article mentioned a new development called Flag Farmsa that, essentially, is going to be a gated community. The article talks about a *"50-acre site, bordered by wetlands,"* that will have *"a half-mile drive and a 'nice private feeling as you enter the property'"* according to development company employee Brandt Bowden. *"'Gated and secluded, so it has that 'I'm in my own little community' feeling.'"* That's not even one of the more lavish developments mentioned, but the gated/secluded/my-own-little-community thing stuck out. That really doesn't sound like a community to me. Not when it's cut off from the rest of the city.

Globe columnist Derrick Z. Jackson (one of the few truly progressive columnists for that paper) had an op-ed column on March 21 called "What American Sacrifice." Jackson wrote, *"Four years after the invasion of Iraq, Americans still behave as if there is no war at all. President Bush marked the Iraq anniversary by saying, 'It can be tempting to look at the challenges in Iraq and conclude our best option is to pack up and go home.' He warned, 'The terrorists could emerge from the chaos with a safe haven in Iraq.' The level to which Bush can say this without being impeached is directly related to the depths that Americans delude ourselves daily in supposed safe havens of monstrous SUVs, McMansions, 'man caves' and mega televisions."* He writes about how the US was already viewed as gluttonous by the rest of the world and how it's escalated—bigger homes, bigger vehicles, bigger TVs. Jackson concludes the column by writing, *"Bush says we cannot leave Iraq because terrorists will emerge from the chaos. He can only say this because Americans have yet to emerge from our caves of consumption."* It's funny (or maybe not)—I was in a shopping center parking lot in Salem the other day and I think my car was the only vehicle in the entire row that wasn't an SUV of one type or another. That's another type of gluttony—one reason why the US needs to control that part of the world—it's all about the oil, sucker. Not to mention that fact that those vehicles are contributing to the destruction of the environment. Oh wait—the Rethugs say that global warming isn't due to human factors.

By the way, what's a "man cave"? I just saw an article about that a few months ago. It's basically a place for the guys to get away from the wives or girlfriends. In the *Boston Globe* article "To The Man Cave," by Kate M. Jackson (2/4/07), a "man cave" is described as *"a designated area in a home for all things mannish—or, boyish, depending on your view. Mythologized in beer commercials broadcast during weekend football games, the man cave is a place where guys are free to smoke cigars, fart, yell at the TV, or indulge in other guy-like activities."* Former football player Tony Siragusa hosted a TV series about "caving" (what a stupid term) on a cable network and talked about how "The man cave is a true man's space." Good grief.

Even with this ugly American over-consumption, I do part company with Derrick Jackson in that I think some Americans *are* paying attention. The war in Iraq was the dominant issue in the recent elections and the switch to a Democratic majority in both the House and Senate indicate restlessness with that element of foreign policy. I wonder how much of a fight the Democrats are willing to put up. Still, even a few Republicans are starting to question Bush's obstinacy.

Earlier I mentioned the growing wealth gap, and that people on the lower end of the economic totem pole still want to emulate those consumption patterns and have to overpay to do it. Often, they can't purchase basic home furnishings outright due to economic circumstances. You've probably seen Rent-A-Center stores. These stores are usually located in economically depressed or blue-collar areas. Another chain, Aaron's, is planning to open 50 new stores in the Boston area. It makes me think that they're tapping into an expanding market of less-affluent people. Folks who may not be able to find work or get paid wages that don't allow them to live above the poverty level. So these stores prey on their misfortune with high interest rates and fees.

When I start seeing more of those stores or check-cashing stores and the like, I think it's symptomatic of how some people get left behind or can't keep up. They lease items with an option to buy and, since the stores charge extra fees, they end up paying much more than retail when they finally own the item. For example, according to another *Globe* article, *"At an Aaron's store in Dorchester, renting a 52-inch RCA high definition TV costs $99.99 a month: Rent it for 24 months, and you can own it for about $2,640 including taxes, services, and fees. You can buy a similar model at Wal-Mart for about $950."*

It's bad enough they have to pay that much, but it also makes me wonder why they'd need a 52-inch TV. It's sad that people, no matter their economic class, have been conditioned to think that way. Good old American excess, even if you can't afford it.

So, after fitting those puzzle pieces together or attempting to do it, here I sit in my *own* man cave with the computer, music collection, recliner, TV (a whopping 20 inches) and stereo. Ha! I just finished a strong glass of iced coffee that pulled me out of my mid-afternoon slump. The Destrucktions anthology is playing in the background (though it sure isn't background music!), reminding me of how awesome it was to trade tapes and records with my friend Viki Wickman from Finland in '84-'85 (if anyone knows whatever happened to that guy or how I could contact him, let me know). I just got out one of the tapes he made me and it has Destrucktions, Kaaos, Varaus and the Bastards. 90 minutes of mayhem. It wasn't just Viki I traded with, either. I'm wearing a Crude SS "Who'll Survive" t-shirt and it reminds me of how another pen-pal (Magnus Grehn, I think) sent me that amazing 7".

Time has passed, I live in a house and it's quite a bit different than when I had a one-room apartment. Still, I try not to let complacency set in. Certain things still set me off, still anger me. There's a sense of frustration, wondering how people could be so hateful. I see it, I hear it every day. Sometimes I call people on it, though I avoid getting into shouting matches. When one of those guys at the Lynn Y

whom I mentioned last month said, "she should get back in the closet and shut up," I tsk-tsk-ed him but I'm not even sure if he heard me. I only caught part of the conversation because the guy was nearby, riding the exercise bike while I was on the treadmill. He was talking loudly enough that I could hear it over the music coming through my headphones. I'm pretty sure he was talking about Rosie O'Donnell, who now appears on *The View* on ABC and has become a lightning rod of the right wing since she started on that program last fall. She's raised the possibility that 9/11 may have been an "inside job" perpetrated by the US government. Whenever people raise those questions, they're dismissed as moonbats or being part of the loony-toon, tin foil hat crowd. Because a lot of folks don't even want to consider the possibility that their government blatantly murdered 3,000 people.

But shut up and get back in the closet? While she's ostensibly just some media celebrity, I do like the fact that Rosie says things like "radical Christianity is just as dangerous as radical Islam." I like the fact that she's clearly an irritant to right-wingers.

I have to admit there's a small part of me that believes the 9/11-as-inside-job theory. I'm not a complete conspiracy nut or anything like that—but I do believe, for instance, that the assassinations of JFK, RFK and Martin Luther King probably had governmental complicity.

You know, the more I listen to certain people's conversations, the more I read message boards (way too much, I should add) and news items, the more it makes me happy that I'm involved in punk rock. As I've said countless times, it ain't utopia, but it's also been a part of my identity since I crossed from adolescence into adulthood. I've always embraced that against-the-grain outlook. At its best, it's a place where the freaks, weirdos, miscreants and other people who need a release from life's annoyances can gather. And hanging onto that attitude provides an unbroken link to how I felt when I was 23 or 24, living through the Reagan years, mad at the world. Mad at my own life. My own life isn't that bad these days. Maybe I've picked up a little bit of wisdom and the ability to put things in perspective (maybe!), but I'm still nettled by people's brazen ignorance and bigotry. I don't think that will ever change, unfortunately…

MUSIC REVIEWS:

AKIMBO – Harshing Your Mellow (Alternative Tentacles, CD)

Does anyone use that phrase anymore? Hell, does anyone use the term "mellow"? Ted "Right Wing Neanderthal Racist Scumbag" Nugent told his audience that anyone who wanted to get even a little bit mellow could get the fuck out of the venue. Whatever swill the Nuge is putting out these days, I'm sure it sounds positively tame next to Akimbo. Originally released in 2001 and back to shatter skulls. Abrasive, mind-jerking, jolting, lurching aggression. I mean, this is an attack. No other way to put it. Howling vocals, powerful guitar and bass licks and the drums bashing things around pretty well. Akimbo's music has a hardcore intensity but uses it as a base for something more expansive—and achieves that without any air of pretentiousness. Nor subtlety, either. None whatsoever. (PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94146, www.alternativetentacles.com)

ANNIHILATION TIME – Cosmic Uncon-sciousness EP (Tankcrimes, 7" EP)

A five-minute rock 'n' roll epic on the A-side ("Reality") and the flip has two older songs originally done with their first vocalist. The rock 'n' roll meets Flag/Bl'ast-ish tendencies remain in place, especially in the guitar riffs, and the sound is as fired-up as ever. In fact, these songs are better than just about anything on the band's second album. The very psychedelic artwork, by Marcello Crescnenzi, is an eye-catching visual complement to this decidedly non-psychedelic band. Unless you're talking about one bad motherfuckin' trip. (PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com)

BEAR PROOF SUIT – Science Is Dead (Criminal IQ, 7" EP)

Bear Proof Suit have one of my favorite song titles so far in this fairly young year—"Prosecutors Will Be Violated"—and it's not just about the title. Furious punk with a Scandi-core guitar signature on that song. There's a convincing aggressiveness throughout, especially for the title track. "Sans Equity" offers a tad more complexity and sneaks in a coda of Blue Oyster Cult's "Before The Kiss (A Redcap)" at the end. And it takes brass ones to cover the legendary Wipers and the band is up to the task with their version of "Up Front." (3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657, www.criminaliq.com).

ENCROACHED – Shoot The Icons (Shock To The System, 7" EP)

Off-the-rails hardcore by this Japanese band, and they have a sound that pays tribute to their forebears. Raw distorted production and an attack that merges howling vocals and a clamorous tandem of razor-sharp guitar, earth-moving bass and powerful drumming—all of it moving at high velocity. I have no idea what they mean by "I'll sabotage the surface relation" nor "Get chance to the rusts," but these songs make a direct connection and then some. (PO Box 300991, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, www.shocktothesystemrecords.com)

EVERYTHING FALLS APART – Escape (self-released, 7" EP)

Everything Falls Apart are from Buffalo and describe the city as "Frozen, rusted and dead." "Planning My Escape" is about how they can't wait to get out of there. The hardcore punk on this EP acts as an expression of their feelings of frustration and anger. Dang, that sounds pretentious so let's get down to the facts. Pat's ranting vocals are pissed-off and there's a good balance between thrashed-up songs and more medium-paced punk rock compositions. (www.everythingfallsapart.org)

FRUIT SALAD – Blood Power (Teenage Disco Bloodbath, 7" EP)

Thrash, grind and heaviness from this local (well, to Boston) band with the odd-ball moniker and on pretty green vinyl. A combination of serious and not-so-serious lyrics. "Natures Revenge Association" (aka "NRA") advises arming the animals…you know, protect the right to arm bears. I'm still more a fan of seeing grind bands live than on record but these guys have gotten better lately and this recording reflects it. Tight, aggressive playing. (www.tdbrecords.com)

HAPPY BASTARDS – Box Of Hard Knocks (Profane Existence, CD)

Strong punk that defies expectations. The first song, "Nacimento," is a quiet,

Zounds-like instrumental, a deceptive prelude to what follows. Rampaging punk tempered with melody and vocals that are sung, not growled or shouted. In all honesty, that was something of an acquired taste at first, but Christy Chatfield avoids excessive over-emoting. "Neither Here Nor There," coming in the middle of the album, is a knockout. It begins with the speedy attack and alters the speed to a medium tempo, with Christy's lead vocal complemented by a backing vocal carrying the melody. There's definitely a subtle UK anarcho feeling here, especially the more tuneful passages but it doesn't dissipate the impact at all. If anything, it enhances it. (PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

LEFTOVER CRACK/CITIZEN FISH – Deadline (Fat, CD)

They toured together, so here's a split CD (vinyl on Alternative Tentacles). Each band covers the other—plus LOC cover the Subhumans and Citizen Fish cover Choking Victim. Got it straight? LOC's songs here are a lot better than on their not-so-great second album. Tuneful punk along with ska and the guitar lines grab 'n' singe. Best of all, I can listen to the songs without being surrounded by their godawful fan base. I have to admit I'm a sucker for their sense of melody. As for the Fishies, they also tread the ska/punk line. I sometimes think the songs that have horns would be better without them but it doesn't sound like third-wave garbage, at least. What's interesting is the jaunty, upbeat feeling to the compositions even with the deadly serious subject matter. The best song is the urgent, driving punk of "Getting Used To It" that almost has a Rocket From The Crypt feeling to it. No real duds here. (PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690, www.fatwreck.com)

MIDNIGHT BOMBERS – Evil Streets (Wondertaker, CD)

The Bombers' vocalist Jerry is a native MassHole (i.e. he's from my neck of the woods), formerly with Bastard Squad. He relocated to the Bay Area some years back and now fronts this band, originally known as Deadfalls (not to be confused with Deadfall). They've released a 7" and I've got a demo CD-R, as well. Solid punk rock with a brashness and straight-ahead energy. But there's some snakiness in the guitar playing and other twists—such as the PIL-like dubbiness that starts "Satan's Children." The more interesting songs have those little wrinkles and it's all played at a fast pace. The lyrics expose a tortured psyche—introspective and troubled and it's echoed by the darker shadings in the music. (PO Box 470153, San Frnacisco, CA 94147-0153, www.wondertaker.com)

THE SHINING – The Word Is Fiction (Pick Up/multi-label, 7" EP)

The second off-the-rails ripper for The Shining. This disc is packaged in an elaborate gatefold sleeve and the music is just as striking. Hell, if it came in a plain white sleeve, I'd feel the same way. Fast, ferocious hardcore punk, a whiff of crossover and hitting all the right buttons. The tinny-to-loud transition to start "Koopziek" is followed by a high-powered rampage that doesn't let up. I could use even *more* hyperbole, like saying that smoke is coming from the needle but I think you get the idea. (Rogier Heumakers, Frederiksstraat 3, Hoog 1054 LA, 'Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS, rogierheumakers@hotmail.com)

TRANZMITORS – Teenage Tragedy/ Invisible Girl (Deranged, 7")

The latest in a string of singles and the A-side is driving pubby, piano-spiced punk and the flip taking a power pop/semi-glam direction, with nary a skinny tie in sight. Both songs have Thunders-without-the-sleaze guitar licks. The Tranzmitors seem to have multi-faceted pop instincts and I'm curious to hear their upcoming full-length. These two songs are good but don't completely blow me away. 1166 Chaster Road, Gibsons, BC, V0N 1V4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

TWENTYSEVENSHOTS – s/t (self-released, 7" EP)

Surging hardcore punk with rock 'n' roll and melodic touches. The lyrics are brooding, "heart on my sleeve," to quote the title of one of their songs and there are two vocalists/guitarists who take turns howling out those words. Dare I say there's emotional content in there? Umm... perhaps but before you run away with your hands over your ears, these guys sound pissed off and not the type of guys who are going to cry onto their keyboards while writing LiveJournal entries. Nope—I'd call this a good solid ear-whuppin'. (2704 Garfield Ave., Apt. 1, Minneapolis, MN 55408, twentysevenshots@hotmail.com)

VARIOUS – Planet Of Friends (Boycott The Fencewalkers Records, CD)

This is an international compilation put together by a gentleman from Russia named Vova, who plays in a few of the bands on this comp (Hoods Up 495, Frank Castle Gonna Break Your Neck and The Razor Bois). It's to benefit his friend Alem Assefa, a dark-skinned man of Ethiopian descent who was beaten into a coma by nazi scumbags in Moscow. Alem is disabled and the funds from this comp will go towards his medical treatment. The collection is haphazard and the sound quality is equally uneven. Gleaning the highlights: Learn's sweeping hardcore is well-executed. Common Enemy and the 4 Sivits' straight-ahead punk fare pretty well. Dean Dirg's brief garage punk blast is one of the best moments here. Black SS are raging, as always. Some other bands of note include ANS, Vitamin X and the Tangled Lines. Punk, hardcore, street punk, crust, even some hip hop from Hoods Up 495. Even if the lineup of bands here (27 of 'em) doesn't entice you, at least check out the webpage set up to help Alem—http://en.pomogi.org. (www.mys pace.com/pxoxfx)

WAR ALL THE TIME/WHOLE IN THE HEAD – Split (Crime Scene, 7" EP)

Two raging bands from the UK. Sned, one of the guys in War All The Time, sent a witty note that said "here's some more stuff from grizzled veterans" or something like that—it was in reference to my review of Violent Arrest. Anyway, I don't care if they're 20 or 50, all that matters is their songs rip hard in a Scandinavian-meets-late 80s UK hardcore vein. Whole In The Head, meanwhile, come on like early Agnostic Front for "The Boy Who Told Lies." Double-speed thrash and they also have some of the Scandi-core style, as well. Nuance, nuance, nuance. The first sentence I wrote actually sums it up the best. (Unit 3, Lodge Causeway Trading Est., Fishponds, Bristol BS16 UK, http://www.crimescenerecords.co.uk)

WITCHES WITH DICKS – Manual (Kiss Of Death, CD)

Maybe it's not fair to use the word

pop/punk since, these days, it's associated with twee, wimpy music. I had my fill of that stuff years ago. So I'm happy to write that WWD do the punk-with-melody thing right in the tradition of the early Lookout Records bands, along with a good helping of Dillinger Four. Words sung at the top of their lungs (not always on-key, either—a slight detriment), nothing held back and walloping their way through the catchy songs. "Your Job Does Not Rock Balls," repeated from their demo and split 7" with the Conversions (all the songs from those releases are on here, in fact), remains a song that sticks in your fucking head. "It's Not Me It's You" does the same thing, starting with a knock-out bass line over the rolling drums. Then there's the striking guitar melody during the bridge of "He Was Yelling At Me." Hell, I like this album enough to overlook the fact that they thank Green Day on the credits. (PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675, www.kissofdeathrecords.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903 suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com

Suburban Voice blog: http://subvox.blogspot.com.

When I was about ten or eleven my best mate Brendan and I stopped in to Newmains Police Station after school. It was the one and only time I was ever in there. Brendan and I had been mates since we were toddlers. It wasn't until we started school that we became aware that we were different from each other and we needed to be segregated from each other. He had to go to St. Brigid's, the Catholic school, while I got to attend Newmains Primary, the "non-denominational" (i.e. Proddy) school. When people think of Catholic/Protestant conflicts their first thought is naturally of the troubles in Northern Ireland, but I don't think most people are aware of how much of that has spilled over into the West of Scotland. It's obviously much less of a problem but the bitterness, prejudice, and hatred are all still very prevalent. Only in the last couple of years has Scotland started experimenting with integrated schools and so far it hasn't been going well, mainly because the Catholic pupils are still being taught separately—the kids only mingle in the playground—which only serves to emphasize the difference, if you ask me.

Anyway, that's a column for another time. Where was I? Oh aye, the police station. I'm not sure what my deep-seated reasons were for popping in, and I'm pretty sure Brendan was only going along with me, but I went in and asked the desk sergeant for information on becoming a policeman. Now (strange as it may seem), the police weren't exactly popular among the working-class communities of South Lanarkshire. Either you were on the wrong side of the law and wanted to avoid them at all costs, or you were angry because they seemed to be completely ineffective against the quality-of-life crimes that plagued the area: drugs, vandalism, muggings, hooliganism, burglary, etc. Maybe there was an element of rebellion against my surroundings: it was taken for granted that the "pigs" were the enemy (indeed my only close-up encounter with the police at that point had been a "Sweeney"-like raid on our council house, my mum standing by as a couple of detectives ransacked the house looking for evidence of wrongdoing on my Dad's part. Thinking about it now, I suspect this memory may have been embellished by years of watching TV cop shows).

Brendan and I came away from the station with packets of information and leaflets showing representatives of Strathclyde Police involved in various community policing activities—helping old ladies across the street, giving people directions, handing out sweets to kids. As a slightly built ten-year-old with a propensity for being bullied, I envisioned myself all grown up in that smart uniform, no longer taking any shit from anyone, commanding awe and respect as I went around making the community a safer place. It would be ages before I'd be old enough to apply. In the intervening years, of course, I became a punk rocker and the likelihood of me ever joining the boys in blue became a complete non-starter. Looking back, it seems ridiculous, but as someone who felt pushed around from an early age, it's probably natural that I was attracted to the idea of becoming one of the people who does the pushing.

To be honest, I'd almost completely forgotten that I even considered joining the police at one point in my young life. I was reminded of it this week. I was visited by a Sergeant from the Oakland Police Department, who was following up on an incident that happened next door to where I live. I was the first witness on the scene and he needed to check my statement. He was a nice bloke—probably six-foot-six, from Dublin (of course), and close to my age. We got talking about life as an immigrant to this country and I told him about my inability to find a fulfilling job. He suggested encouragingly that I apply to join the Oakland Police, as they are desperate for recruits. How could I tell him that there was no way I'd ever join the police, that it would go against everything I believe in and stand for? That although I believe there are people who enter police training with the best of intentions, I think they almost all come out institutionalized to be symbols of force and aggression whose main function in society is to keep the populace in line? Don't get me wrong, Oakland needs a lot of help, and much of it needs to come from the Police Department. But it's not going to be me. I just told him that I couldn't do it because I'd be too scared. Problem solved.

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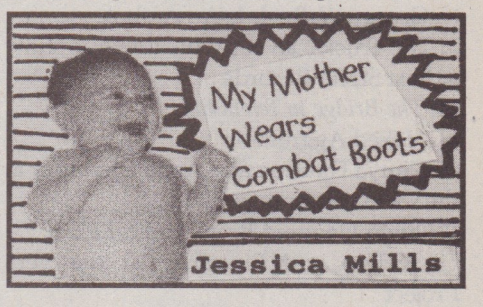


Seattle Show* Diary: A Matching Quiz

Living the last four years in hellish South Florida was strangulating with its strip malls, sprawling suburbs and consequently practically invisible punk scene. Seattle, where we've been living for the last seven months, by comparison, is a punk metropolis. There are so many

shows with local and touring bands, it's hard to keep up. Thanks to Benji and company at SeattleDIY.com and the flyers I see at Left Bank Books during my weekly volunteer shift, I've actually been able to dip my toes, on occasion, into the pools of punk swirling around me. To find out what "on occasion" really means, assemble the following bits and pieces to put the picture all together—it's a frustrating one to say the least, but also, at least, I've been able to tread a little, hanging out in the punk pool keeping my head above water instead of drowning in the Parenthood Ocean.

Directions: Match each letter to one of the numbered descriptions below. Send your completed quiz answers to yardwideyarns@hotmail.com. First person to get them all correct wins an autographed copy of George W. Bush Is An Asshole's limited edition, first pressing ultra rare colored vinyl 7". So be sure to include your mailing address!

A. KEXP 90.3FM, Saturday night's punk show from 9 p.m.-midnight, Sonic Reducer.
B. Sleater Kinney's last show in Portland
C. West Coast Tour with Citizen Fish, two and a half weeks of Cracktoberfest 2006.
D. Skarp at Camp Nowhere
E. Neurosis at El Corazon
F. New Year's Eve with the Melvins, downtown Seattle
G. Avail in Tacoma at Hell's Kitchen
H. Walls and Sex Vid at Camp Nowhere
I. Seattle Zine Symposium
J. Only Crime, Bill Stevenson's new band
K. George W. Bush Is An Asshole
L. The Trucks, an early in-store free show at East Street Records
M. *The Bridge to Terebithia*
N. Naked Aggression
O. Kimya Dawson and Angelo Spencer at the SS Marie Antionette
P. Onion Flavored Rings and Lil Runt
Q. Kylesa and Bloodhag at the Vera Project
R. Pig Heart Transplant at the SS Marie Antionette
S. East Coast Tour with Citizen Fish, Cracktoberfest 2007.
T. NW Pacific Zine Tour with Rad Dad and Kerbloom!
U. Sister Spit / Nervous Wreck
V. Jacinta Bunnell's coloring book and gender workshop
W. Mudhoney
X. Dead Moon
Y. Birthday Party for Professor Wicks
Z. Against Me! and Mastodon

1. This would be the first in a very long line of missed shows due to not being able to get a babysitter. It being a holiday and all makes finding a babysitter even harder. We'd called everyone, including E's uncle Ray. When we later learned that uncle Ray and family could have babysat after all because they wound up staying home doing nothing but thought it would be too late to call us, it hurt. A lot.
2. We counted down the days for this one. We brought the kids. A dance party with the both of them broke out in the kitchen. A banging loud piano recital in the living room. They got too tired to hang, so E took them home, just in time to miss the drunk meter getting turned up to 11 and the furniture wrestling match that resulted in smashed out windows.
3. Referring to the column I wrote for the April issue…April Fools! There is no such band.
4. I cried to miss this one. My friend Skateboard Amy showed up to babysit so E and I could go to the show. E came home late and totally stressed out. His brain was a wreck and couldn't take that the house was a wreck too. He de-stressed by scrubbing floors and sorting laundry. I waited patiently. But by the time he calmed his ass down, he'd lost his desire to go to the show. So Amy and I were gonna go. But then the baby, who'd already been asleep for a couple hours, woke up with a fever that came outta nowhere. I had to stay home and watch a bootleg copy of *Little Miss Sunshine* instead with the baby nursing on me the whole time.
5. I learned about this show after the fact from a nice emo boy at the Flying Apron bakery. It had happened two weekends before I moved to Seattle. I was glad I missed it. Even more glad that the band had broken up.
6. To celebrate the opening of the Zine Library at the Downtown Seattle Public Library, there was a one-day zine-making workshop, zinester panel discussion and open mic zine readings. I brought the kids. E followed the baby while she crawled all over the library. EJ stayed with me and was half proud, half embarrassed when I read aloud a story I'd written about her when she was a baby, the one where she almost ate a wiggling earthworm, picked up a fresh dog turd and puked all over Professor Wicks all in the same afternoon.
7. Getting out the door before the kids get to bed is nearly impossible. The show started early and I got there late. At least I got to see the last ten minutes because Nicole Georges is fucking hilarious. The main reason I wanted to go was to hook up with Cristy. I helped her carry her boxes of books out to the tour van and she gave me a copy of her new band's CD. It straight up rocks, like gravel.
8. Unable to swing another two and a half weeks, and with both kids with me this time instead of just the baby, I was only going to play the four Florida shows. Well, I was supposed to play four but only played three. The baby got sick after the Miami show. Her old pediatrician there couldn't squeeze us in and the local walk-in clinic had a two-hour wait. We drove to Daytona so my uncle the doctor could check her out and prescribe her some antibiotics. With the baby taken care of and handed off to my parents there in Daytona, EJ dropped off with her cousins in Orlando, I was still 40 miles from the show when Robert called to tell me that unless I was in the parking lot, I should just turn around and go back to my parents' house because the band was about to go on and I'd never make it in time. I followed his advice and got a good night's sleep with my sinus infection-fighting baby. The Jacksonville show was great because Professor Wicks showed up to hold the baby while I played. The Miami show was amazing because in the four years I'd lived there, had never seen that many punks in the same place at the same time. And the Gainesville show was the best because that's the home I miss the most and getting to gush all over Travis, Ryan, Rose, Karen, Wicks, Danarchy, Arne, Janna and Sarah kept me smiling for days. Oh, and since when did Gainesville get mohawks?
9. Holy shit! Imagine how happy I was to have just moved in to our new apartment, get the stereo hooked up and find this amazing community radio station? I ran out and got some beer and in living room downstairs, surrounded by stacks of unpacked boxes and everyone but me asleep upstairs, rocked out in the rocking chair to Gorilla Angreb. I'd learn later that Jensen (Iron Lung) was a guest DJ that night.
10. I wasn't too sad to miss this one.

Didn't make an effort arrange childcare with E or a babysitter. One of those shows that I would have gone to if I had nothing better to do. Looked to be a mostly dude-fest. Staying home was something better to do.

11. Dammit! Dammit! Dammit! Leaving the kids home with E, Skateboard Amy and I got there at 11 p.m. Walked up to the few punks outside and asked what time the show started. One smart ass snickered and said, "45 minutes." A second smart ass snickered, "As in it was over 45 minutes ago!" "Haw! Haw, haw," all the smart asses laughed. "Damn early shows! Where I'm from shows don't start until 11. I thought I'd actually be a little early!" Went to Shorty's to drink beer and play pinball instead. I heard the show was really good, too. Dammit!

12. Not yet used to the dark, cold, wet winter Seattle nights, I couldn't bear the thought of going out into it, even though I really, really wanted to see this band shred at a house show. I'd later regret it.

13. A date with EJ. This was the first time I'd been out to a movie with my big girl since the baby was born a year ago. I cried even though I'd read the book and already knew what to expect. EJ thinks I'm too sensitive.

14. Skateboard Amy was the babysitter on duty. E and I were actually out on a date. Ate dinner together at Thai Tim's and saw Seattle's only roach crawl down the wall next to where I was sitting, a foot away from the cook's huge, eyebrow-singeing gas stove. Went to drink some beers before the show. Two steps out of the bar, on our way to the show, Skateboard Amy calls totally frazzled. The baby had been crying for an hour and screaming for a half an hour more than that. We had to get home fast. When we got there, we found Skateboard Amy and a trying-to-sleep EJ more traumatized than the baby was.

15. This show is happening in a few weeks and is gonna be hugely weird! THEY are playing with THEM??? If we can get a babysitter that is…

16. Holy bleeding eardrums. They were so fucking loud; I was blown back against the wall. They were so fucking good, when I looked over at E, he was holding his head in his crooked arm, rocking the fuck out. His mom was in town from Montana for Thanksgiving and stayed home with the kids. When she called us at 1:30 am, we were just pulling in to our apartment complex. We could hear the baby crying in the background. Our ears rang for two days. Our smiles lasted a lot longer than that.

17. I had to miss this one because EJ's best friend and her mom needed to be picked up from the airport. They'd been in Syria for two and a half months and when the girls saw each other, they squealed and hugged for a really long time.

18. This one was on the calendar for over a month. I'd made plans for a couple friends and their kids to meet us there and everything. So when EJ got sick and we couldn't go, we were pretty damn disappointed. Especially since it's an all-girl band playing music EJ likes. I showed her a video of theirs on You Tube instead. Now, she really wants to see them live!

19. It's been probably seven years since I last saw this band play. Once upon a time, they had been my favorite. But I was just too damn tired to drive a half an hour by myself to see them. Once upon a time, I'd driven twelve hours to see them.

20. Three months after I moved up here to their neck of the woods, they up and retired the band after 20 years. Canceling all of their US tour dates, I'm disappointed to never see them live. But whatever their reason for calling it quits, I'm thankful for the music they made.

21. Missing them a few months beforehand because my parents had just arrived that same night after having driven 13 days from Florida, I was happy for another chance. Walking in the place, I knew I'd made the right decision to bring the baby with me. There were kids everywhere! It was a show for a 4-year-old's birthday party. Hell yeah! I even requested my favorite song and it was played! We hung out afterwards, our babies played together, and I hope to have an interview in this column with them sooner than later.

22. You already read all about it here a couple months back. Something along the lines of "the only shows I've been to in over a year are the ones I played and I had to bring the baby on the two and a half week tour with me, blah, blah, blah…"

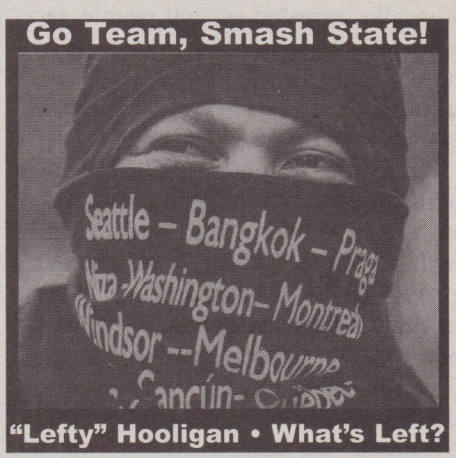
23. Fans of the *Girls Will Be Boys Will Be Girls* coloring book, we didn't want to miss this. OK, so gender as a socially constructed concept is a bit over EJ's 7-year-old head, but she "gets it" nonetheless. For example, she knows it's stupid for people to put bows on baby girl's heads just so people will know the baby is a girl. She was disappointed that she was the only kid there besides her baby sister. The rest were college students, all female, none of them mothers. We all made a few pages to contribute to a collaborative DIY coloring book & the organizer made Xerox copies for us all. Fun! We bought a thrifted shirt with "Stanley Stays at home on Superbowl Sunday and Sews Slacks" printed on it. And a thrifted hoodie with "No One Wants to Fight Patriarchy Alone. Make Friends." I wear the shirt. EJ wears the hoodie.

24. I am on my way to this show as soon as I finish typing this! Nothing will stop me! Not the all-afternoon constant writing interruptions that come with having a family. Not even the earache that had EJ screaming in pain 20 minutes ago. (She's since fallen asleep thanks to four drops of Rescue Remedy under her tongue.) The cans of Sparks I have stashed in the fridge await me…

25. Not too much effort was exerted to try to make this show. E's the one who really liked them years ago. I remember him blasting their records while dancing around the living room table with EJ in his arms when she was a baby. Now he could care less about seeing them live.

26. This was such a treat. They stayed with us for two nights. We went to both shows, all four of us. They had two kids with them on the tour – both of them 11-year-old girls. EJ wanted them to never leave. We played soccer and ate Mighty-O vegan donuts with them. They loved the baby. We loved them! It was hard not to jump in the van with them for the rest of the tour.

*Show = music, zine event or movie.



But to live outside the law, you must be honest.
—Bob Dylan,
"Absolutely Sweet Marie"

I recently viewed Josh Wolf's controversial, unedited video of an anti-G8

anarchist riot in San Francisco posted on his website. My first thought was, Josh spent 226 days in jail in civil contempt of a federal grand jury for this piece of crap? What a waste.

I'll briefly recap what this is all about, for those of you who have been living in a cave for the past couple of years.

In solidarity with worldwide protests against the G8 summit held in St. Petersburg, Russia, Anarchist Action called for an anti-G8 demonstration in San Francisco's Mission district on July 8, 2005. Around 200 anarchists, most of them wearing masks, started marching down both lanes of Mission Street from the 16th Street BART station a little before 9 pm. The SFPD responded with fully equipped riot police, fleets of cop cars and paddy wagons, and repeated announcements that the demo was illegal.

All hell broke loose when the cops attempted to force the demonstrators onto the sidewalks. The crowd, which had swelled to nearly 300, broke into smaller groups that ran in every direction. The anarchists dragged newspaper boxes into the street to block traffic, trashed the KFC, BofA, Wells Fargo, Skechers, Shoe Biz, and a Shell gas station, burned flags, set off smoke bombs and firecrackers, lit garbage cans on fire, and played cat-and-mouse with the cops by regrouping and splitting up in different parts of the Mission well into the night. In turn, the police confiscated the demo's sound equipment, made numerous attempts to force people onto the sidewalks, arrested several people, tackled, beat up and clubbed down several more people, fired teargas, and repeatedly drove their police cars at demonstrators and into the crowd.

During this melee, two significant incidents occurred. A demonstrator bashed a cop's head in with a skateboard, fracturing his skull. And, by accident or intent, a cop car was briefly set on fire. Or, at least, an attempt was made, which was all the excuse the Federal government needed. Called in when the SFPD contacted the Joint Terrorism Task Force and the FBI to investigate the assault on the cop, the Feds used the fact that the SFPD gets Federal funds to help pay for its vehicles to supercede the local DA's Office and empanel a Federal grand jury to investigate the attempted arson, thus federalizing the case. This being the proverbial elephant's nose in the tent, it was assumed that the grand jury would go on to investigate who might have perpetrated the assault on a police officer, and who might have instigated the riot.

Josh Wolf attended the anti-G8 demo both as an anarchist and a frequent local IndyMedia news contributor. Needless to say, he knew many of the other demonstrators. Josh recorded some twenty minutes of that night's donnybrook. He posted a short clip on IndyBay right after the event, followed by a longer, edited clip. He also sold a clip of the demo to local KRON TV news, which broadcast it. The grand jury subpoenaed Josh to testify and to hand over the outtakes, thinking that he might have recorded either the downing of the cop or the cop car's ignition, and seeking to use Josh's testimony to identify participants. Josh refused and was cited and jailed for civil contempt on August 1, 2006.

Wolf was defended by the National Lawyers Guild, which contended that, as a journalist, freedom of the press protected Josh from testifying against the people he was reporting on, as well as from having to hand over the unpublished segments of his digital video recording to the government. Josh always insisted that there was nothing incriminating on the rest of the dvr, and offered to have it reviewed in the privacy of a judge's chambers. US District Judge William Alsup didn't buy the NLG's arguments, nor did he accept Josh's offer, and thus began Wolf's jailhouse saga, which ended only when a deal was struck. Josh agreed to make his recording of the demo available in its entirety, which he did first by posting it on his website and then by turning it over to the court. The Feds in turn agreed not to demand that Josh testify before the grand jury and name names.

The video recording is grainy, jerky, and murky after dark. Neither the downed cop, nor the alleged attempted arson on the cop car is depicted. Lesser crimes—marking up a city bus advertisement with graffiti, damaging property and obstructing traffic by dragging those chained-together news racks into the streets, setting off pyrotechnics—are shown, though it's next to impossible to determine who's doing the minor mayhem. Identifiable, unmasked folks are in attendance at the staging area, when the demo gets under way, and after the demo turns to riot, but this dvr couldn't be used to indict anyone for anything.

My initial negative reaction to seeing the video however wasn't because it is unremarkable, poorly shot footage of people either just standing around or endlessly marching around. I wondered why the fuck Josh Wolf was willing to spend so much time in jail defending a bunch of yahoo anarchist dilettantes whose idea of class struggle and class solidarity was to trash one of San Francisco's solidly working class, ethnically diverse neighborhoods. When tens of thousands of demonstrators shut down San Francisco's financial district at the start of the 2003 Iraq war—now that was an appropriate target and a righteous action. Anarchist rioting in the Mission was merely a Mickey Mouse stunt.

I say this having called myself an anarchist for fifteen years from 1969 to 1984, having participated in my first riot in 1971, and having donned the street fighting uniform of the black bloc for anti-Columbus Day protests in San Francisco in 1991. Longtime readers of this column know I took part in shutting down the financial district on March 20, 2003, with a small group of friends, without wearing a mask. Earlier in the day the rampaging Black Bloc had been lead by the nose into an SFPD trap that resulted in some 200 arrests. I'd realized long before then to be leery of the whole breakaway/black block/anarcho scatter mob approach as it often proved too reactive, easily manipulated, not very creative, and lacking in strategic intelligence.

Young anarchos in this country have appropriated the tactics of the black bloc from Europe's autonomen without grasping the strategy behind them. This is typical, as when anarchism embraces Situationism's libertarian forms (detournement, constructed situation, derive) without any understanding of Situationism's Marxist content. It's the reason why anarchists can claim to be in solidarity with working people while trashing their working class neighborhood.

I don't really want this to turn into yet another anti-anarchist screed. In returning the focus to Josh Wolf though, I'm not at all concerned with the question of whether or not he qualifies as a bono fide journalist. I'm a bit more interested in efforts to challenge the Federal govern-

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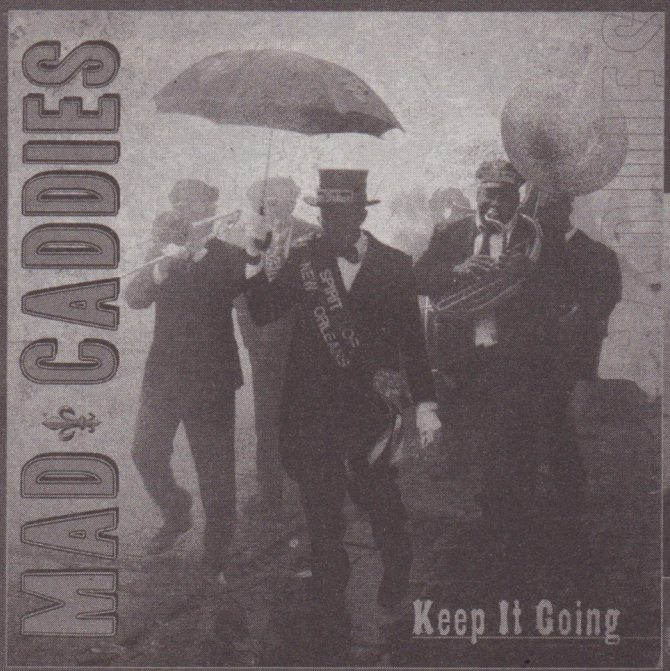

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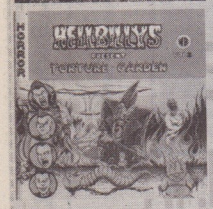

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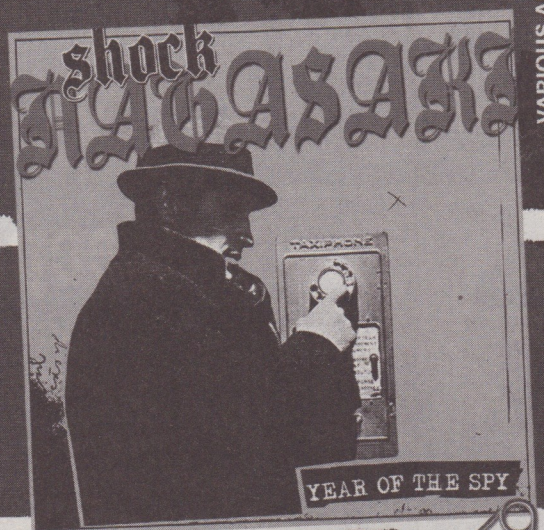

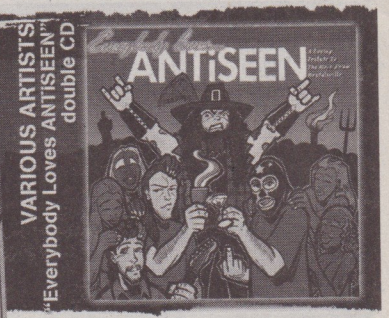

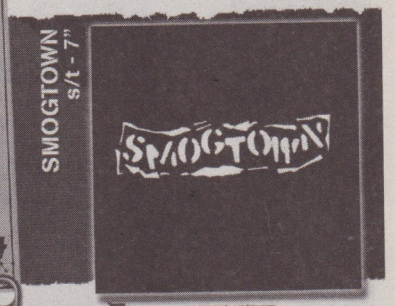

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ment's dubious claim of standing in the case. Ultimately, the legal niceties of Josh Wolf's predicament bore me.

I think what's important in all of this is the deal Josh struck to release the full, unedited recording of the demonstration in exchange for a promise by the Feds not to call him to testify before the grand jury and identify demonstration participants. I have a facility for identifying human voices by their pitch, cadence and timbre, and I can often recognize a singer within a few notes of a song I've never heard. Even though I haven't been around the Bay Area anarcho scene in years, as I watched the tinny video on Josh's website, I was able to pick out three people I knew immediately based on their voices. All three wore masks throughout the recording. Josh, as an active participant in the local anarchist milieu, could have easily fingered scores of people who were involved in the riot in testimony before the grand jury, or spent several more months in jail on contempt charges for refusing to do so.

Yet releasing the dvr wasn't risk free. Clearly, the Feds were on a fishing expedition here. Given the time, a zealous prosecutor, or a Federal government truly bent on a witch-hunt, could have given the recording the full CSI treatment. No doubt, others would have been subpoenaed. Obviously, Josh Wolf was between a rock and a hard place on this one.

The US Attorney's Office spun the deal Josh made by falsely claiming that Wolf had complied with the original subpoena, a gross distortion picked up by the *SF Chronicle* when it reported on 4-4-07 that Josh had been freed only after giving up and turning over the video. Finally, a *Chronicle* op-ed piece on 4-9-07 by Peter Scheer, executive director of the California First Amendment Coalition, claimed that the Feds made a mistake in going after Josh for evidence he never had, that Josh made a mistake in going to jail over material that was not evidence, that indeed the whole thing was a "huge misunderstanding."

Contrary to the US Attorney's Office and the *Chronicle*, Josh didn't comply with the original subpoena, nor did he give up. He did manage to force the government to back off from making him name names, essentially running out the clock on the investigation. The Federal grand jury is set to expire next month, in July, without having accomplished much other than keep Josh Wolf in jail. Josh made about as principled a decision as was possible, given the circumstances.

Notice I'm not discussing whether Josh "did the right thing." In 1968, when everybody was carrying around that godawful tome *Atlas Shrugged* by second-rate writer Ayn Rand, I was reading Nietzsche's snazzy, slim volume *Beyond Good and Evil*. I agree with the critique of morality, though I don't use it to justify a sophomoric nihilism that Nietzsche himself rejected. As any good Marxist well knows, activity precedes consciousness, but once consciousness arises, it influences activity. It is possible to derive and practice principled behaviors from a theoretical understanding of reality. It is then possible to learn from the successes and failures of those behaviors to modify one's original understanding of the world.

It's called praxis.

A couple of years ago, the BASTARD conference presented self-admitted police snitch Bob Black conducting a workshop. A number of folks had principled objections to Bob Black's presence—from concerns about personal and collective security to the argument that, if the state is the enemy, than a police informant is a state collaborator. These protestations were dismissed as moralistic by the conference organizers. The puerile nihilism of the BASTARDs aside, I would contend that anarchism in general fails to grasp the importance of principled praxis. Along with failing to see the forest for the trees, this flaw also contributed to anarchists wreaking havoc in a working class neighborhood in the name of working class solidarity.

It's nice to know that at least one anarchist is capable of principled behavior.

There I go again, disrespecting anarchism. Not so long ago, I was praising to high heaven the role of anarchism in Seattle 1999 and the subsequent anti-globalization movement. This column's header is a tongue-in-cheek tribute to that historical moment. Anarchism has a very long history of losing it at the moment of greatest influence, of self-destructing with success at hand, of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. I guess I'm pissed that I witnessed yet another episode in that sad tradition.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

Awake! Sons of Vengeance Rise!
Rub the dust of twenty centuries from your eyes!

So begin the lyrics to the Angelcorpse classic "Sons of Vengeance," and the Sons have risen again. Word has spread that the death metal masters have reformed and a new album, *Of Lucifer And Lightning* is forthcoming in the next months with a tour to follow. That good news leads this month's column of beer-swillin', poser-killin' metal thrashin' madness! Abyss winds return!

There's been some great metal happening live since last month's column. I got to see Kylesa live four times, twice in Austin and twice in the Bay Area. Easily one of the most powerful bands touring these days, Kylesa's skills are far beyond what most heavy bands are doing right now. Constant touring has made them formidable, at least comparable and arguably superior to the biggest names in metal, and no doubt they'll soon be in the upper echelon. And they are far more deserving than most of those bands.

Other bands I got to check out while in Austin included Akimbo, Ludicra, Bloodhag, Weedeater, Big Business, Hammers Of Misfortune (written about elsewhere in this column) and the not-so-metal-but-completely-amazing-as-everybody-knows Turbonegro!

Back home in the Bay Area, my friends in Book Of Black Earth came through town playing in San Francisco with Lair Of The Minotaur before both bands headed down to LA to play the Murderfest with Lack Of Interest, Despise You, Repulsion, Obituary and others including a version of the Accused—with no Blaine! Weird. Unfortunately I couldn't make it for the Murderfest, but Book Of

Black Earth were back in Oakland a few days later at the Uptown playing with Mouth Of The Architect who turned out to be a lot better then their record led me to believe. But enough about live shows, let's mention some new records making the rounds in the "too heavy for the regular review section" column!

One of the most important bands to ever emerge out of the East Bay, Neurosis, returns with their long-awaited new album *Given To The Rising*, which they'll release themselves on their Neurot imprint (also releasing the Christ On Parade reissue on CD, LP on Prank). If, like me, you found yourself a little bored with the last two Neurosis records, fear not—you can once again be proud of those Neurosis tattoos (or is that just me?). *Given To The Rising* is by no means a throwback, but the amount of world-destroying heavy parts that they were once known for are more abundant here than on the last two records combined. In fact, in trying to find an apt comparison to their previous work, *Given To The Rising* most closely resembles *Times Of Grace*. Don't go in expecting the epic mindfuck of the "Big Three" (*Souls, Enemy, Through Silver*), but the riffs are back in town and that's a good thing. There's a reason a million fucking bands aped their sound, and they show why on this album. Dave Ed's vocals are still pretty much axed from the proceedings, but Scott sounds angry as ever when they get going. The ambient, drifting, post-rock elements of the last two are still up front and present, but they've managed to fuse all their styles into one record for the first time. The sound of a band that knows exactly what the fuck they're doing. Welcome back. I still miss all the samples, though!

Nuclear War Now has released *Morbid Rites* by Death Yell. This is a lo-fi collection of demo and live tracks. There's a reason Nuclear War Now makes "Die Hard" versions of their records—this sort of thing is only for the most dedicated, underground fanatics, looking for raw, fucked-off underground death metal. Death Yell was one of the more influential bands from Chile along with the amazing Pentagram (not to be confused with the American Pentagram). And while the Pentagram material was arguably superior, the naïve exuberance of this stuff is what makes it so great. "Confessions of Death," for example has that aura that somehow only South American bands are able to achieve. *Morbid Rites* collects their 1989 "Vengeance From Darkness" recording and a pretty shitty live recording from 1990. Only for true die-hards.

Nuclear War Now will also release the LP version of the new CD by Villians, called *Drenched In The Poisons* on Aurora Borealis. No-frills metal assault from these New Yorkers featuring Lino from Cattlepress on vocals. To me this is good party music—Slayer meets Darkthrone raw black thrash, with the occasional King Diamond style shriek. If, like me, you adore the first Aura Noir record *Black Thrash Attack*, then this album will definitely fill a gap in your collection. Sounds like they thrashed this one out quick and dirty, and that's how it should be.

Cookie-cutter Euro-melodeath is what you get on Nightrage's latest album *A New Disease Is Born*. Stuff like In Flames, Soilwork (think more recent versions of those bands) comes immediately to mind. Mixed raging and normal vocals, melodically tech guitar work, lots of double bass and a complete lack of anything original. For me, In Flames stopped being interesting after *The Jester Race*, over ten years ago! Too many bands are still biting their sound today. File under B for boring. On Lifeforce Records.

Vorkuta is a new Hungarian black metal band, but don't expect anything resembling the classic Hungarian sound of early Tormentor. Vorkuta has been around since about 2002 and has just gotten their first full length, *Into The Chasms Of Lunacy*, released by New York's Paragon Records. There's nothing particularly noteworthy about Vorkuta's Eurocentric, sometimes ambient, sometimes aggressive approach. They still sound new to the game, but shows signs that if they hone their skills, they might eventually do something more interesting. Check it out if you just can't get enough Euro blackness from the countryside.

From a seemingly much darker locale than Hungary, the deep south of Arkansas, rises Rwake and their new album *Voices of Omens*. With repeated listens, this album has really grown on me. Sometimes they remind me of Acid Bath with this sort of southern backwoods occult mysticism thing they have happening. Definitely some Crowbar mixed in there too, with the depressed but melodic heaviness. Crushing sludge mixed up with some slower almost black-metalesque riffing. Plenty of dark, quieter parts and some tasteful solos in the mix stretch out in mostly six-to-nine minute mini-epics. Land O'Smiles is releasing this on a double LP and Relapse did the digital version. They'll be on the road in May with the bestial Black Cobra, and you'd do right by checking them out.

A Bay Area band in a class of its own is John Cobbett's Hammers Of Misfortune. Their latest album *The Locust Years* combines influences ranging from operatic prog to classic metal. Bands like Blind Guardian, Iron Maiden and even Magma come to my mind, but with a very catchy, almost pop sensibility. Huge sing-along choruses are an important part of almost every song, like the live favorite "War Anthem" and the equally amazing "Trot Out The Dead." Both the male and female vocalists are extremely capable singers and though recently replaced, the new lineup is equally stellar, as I witnessed live recently when I saw them with Kylesa. The songs on *The Locust Years* are also conceptually based in current politics, but in a way that's both artistically compelling and far more realized than your usual straightforward preachy lefties. The record is a masterpiece of songcraft and lyricism, and hopefully people outside the Bay Area will catch on soon enough.

Another Nadja release this month, a re-recording of their long out-of-print *Touched* CD-R, now an "official" CD on the Alien8 label. Godflesh-esque riffs and rhythms, slowed to a lurch and buried under a thick wash of distorted fuzz with sparsely whispered vocals here and there. For the avant-garde doom fan who gives equal time to experimental drone stuff like Fear Falls Burning. Mood music played at a narcoleptic pace.

All the way from Russia this month comes Old Wainds, with *Withers Of The Wainds*, a recording that actually dates back ten years. This is some lo-fi black metal recorded badly and not in good way. The vocals especially sound completely ridiculous, the dude sounds more like a fucking angry bird than a human being—totally out of control. There are some decent riffs here and there, but nothing you haven't heard a million times—well at least, not that I haven't heard a million times. I would assume Old Wainds has improved quite a bit in

the last ten years, as a lot of people talk them up. The few tracks I heard from their more recent *Scalding Coldness* LP were much better.

Saros is a Bay Area band that plays quality technical blackened death metal sometimes reminiscent of a Death/Dissection hybrid. Their new CD *Five Pointed Tongue* on the Hungry Eye label is interesting throughout the course of its five extended jams. The amazing Jon Nodtviet (Dissection) clone vocals more than make up for the occasional unnecessary use of clean vocals. And although Saros are clearly very adept and technically proficient musicians, they never lose sight of the song structure, keeping things catchy, memorable and interesting all at once, "F Subzero" being a perfect example of this skill. Another band that proves the Bay Area has the best metal scene in the US.

France's Monarch is back with a double-CD release on the Crucial Blast label. *Dead Men Tell No Tales* collects the previously vinyl-only *Speak Of The Sea* LP on the first disc and the all new *Die Tonight* on disc two. Oppressive slooooow doom that never gets faster than a snail's pace. Personally I love this kind of thing, but it's not for everybody, in fact it's usually a very love/hate type thing—no middle ground. The female vocalist wrenches her guts to produce agonizing, tortured screams. Sometimes the screams come from the background the way Rollins sounded on side two of *My War*. It's that sort of affair—completely draining. If you're into bands like Bloody Panda, Noothgrush, Thorr's Hammer, et al, then Monarch is a band you need to know. Comes packaged in a nice offset printed gatefold case with their Sanrio-obsessed style art.

In the new and unsigned category there are a few bands to mention. First up is Necrodamus from Cleveland. They feature dudes from Fistula amongst their ranks and play ripping deathrash meets 80's Bay Area thrash mixed with slower metallic doom. Bands like Celtic Frost, Candlemass, and Possessed would be more obvious reference points. Misfits and Cro-Mags covers hit toward the end of the disc as well. A big melting pot, but it totally works in their favor. Vocally it's early death/black metal style. Worth tracking down. Samples up on their myspace page.

Samothrace is a newer band from Lawrence, Kansas. I heard some early recordings while I was in Austin and upon returning got immediately in touch with them to see what was up. They've got a demo just about done and the songs are also up on their myspace page. They remind me occasionally of the short-lived but highly regarded Oakland band Kalas. A mix of metallic and melodic epic depressed doom crust. This band is fucking great—check them out immediately.

Most you out there will probably be more interested in attending Chaos In Tejas, however there's another festival happening in Austin the week after that one, and that's Emissions From The Monolith 9 at Emo's. That's the one I'll hopefully be attending. Bands like Graves At Sea, Coffins (in their first North American show), Rwake, Kylesa, the crushing two-man beast Black Cobra and even the ageless relics in Blue fuckin' Cheer. The only band missing is Eyehategod, who somehow ended up at Chaos in Tejas instead. If you're at either one, make sure you walk a few blocks to the Snake Eyes Vinyl shop where free shows, food and records are almost assuredly gonna be happening at the same time.

Other stuff to look forward to in the coming weeks and months: Asbestosdeath reissue on Southern Lord, Whitehorse US tour in June/July, checking out Sabbath with Dio at the helm, Sodom touring the US with Kreator and Destruction (German thrash über alles), *Graves At Sea* album at some point and lots of other bestial brutality!

If you want your heavy shit reviewed in this column, send it to Dave Adelson, Don't Try, 2340 Powell Street #117, Emeryville, CA 94608.
Email to donttry@20buckspin.com. Later posers!

This column is outrageously late. Ridiculously so. Mostly because I have had one of the most stressful months I can remember. More stressful than when I was looking after my dying grandmother in a dying southern Californian suburb? Perhaps. No definitely not, but still, I have not been able to even decompress enough to read anything more than a magazine, let alone write anything entertaining or whatever it is my columns are. Anyways, that is a lame disclaimer but I am writing this under duress...

Last week, a tweaker smashed the window of the store I work at, so there were tiny shards of non-earthquake-safe glass all over the floor, on every book in the store, under my fingernails; in fact we are still finding shards now. It made me envision life working in that book store during an earthquake, which would pretty much be us getting impaled by knife-like glass fragments, running around in agony as the earth shook beneath us, soon realizing there was nowhere to go because THE ENTIRE STORE is fronted by non-earthquake-safe glass. It would be called "Death by Shards" and would be somewhere between one of those new Korean horror movies and a shitty '70s Michael Caine movie. I think it would make a good epic disaster movie, in the '70s epic disaster movie realm of course. My favorite encounter during the whole "Bleeding hands! Broken glass!" experience was a random irate Bay Area liberal lady who screamed at me through the gaping window "I came ALL THE WAY FROM BERKELEY! I NEED A BOOK ON SPAIN! TODAY!" She couldn't fathom that her retail needs were not going to be met by my aforementioned bleeding hands, and was so vile and unpleasant about it that it merely reinforced my ongoing hatred of Bay Area liberal lifestyle types. Who thinks a bumper sticker, a Volvo, and voting Democrat somehow exonerates them from being decent human beings? You know, because they shop at the farmer's market, they don't have to be polite to the little people? They're totally gonna change the world in their $40,000 hemp robes and organic designer jeans. Anyway, the day after that happened our computers crashed, so we spent a week handwriting every single transaction out and having to, like, DO MATH instead of having the computer do everything for us (which is how I prefer to live my life). Which also sounds like it would make a good '70s-style disaster movie. It probably already is one actually. In fact, every movie in the '70s was about how computers are going

to do everything for us in the future. And now, here we are in the future.

RANDOM STUFF I HATE #1:

Yuppie women in baseball hats: "I'm on the go! Things to do! Go GO GO! That's me!" Their ponytails poking energetically out of the hole in the back of the hat, their manic eyes and "I'm asking you a question? No I'm not actually? Just making a statement? In a passive aggressive way?" style of talking... They listen to female singer songwriter music; the stuff they play in Walgreens and Whole Foods, like Sheryl Crow and Jewel. Which in itself makes me want to stop girls from picking up guitars. Why can't girls be influenced by like Patti Smith or Anne Briggs instead of fuckin' Joni or whatevers it is that made the dark force that is Sheryl Crow pick up a guitar. I mean Joni has some jams and I actually like folk music a lot. But please! Lillith Faire and its bastard children must be put out of their misery. It's not fair to my ears that that is the muzak of now; "All I wanna do is have some fun, and I got a feeling I'm not the only one..." is seriously like a Cambodian death march to me. It's truly music for those go getter bitches in baseball hats to feel empowered by as they squash the souls of me and my friends in some real estate land grabber deal.

Living in San Francisco can be a little disconcerting sometimes, like when 149 people die because of a car bomb at a Mosque in Iraq and the paper has a story about the history of a Marin lighthouse on the cover that day. Or how the people who started Burning Man are suing each other over who "owns" that stupid self-indulgent hippie yuppie douchebag fest. Women are having their reproductive freedoms removed by a terrifying Supreme Court and the *SF Chronicle* is writing about yuppie freelancers who work from their laptaps at coffee shops! Not offices! How modern! (The headline to this piece of clearly earth-shattering front page "news" was "Where Neo-Nomad's Ideas Percolate" The article itself refers to these "Neo-Nomads" as new Bedouins. Can you think of anything more vile, offensive, and straight-up ridiculous? We have it on our fridge to remind ourselves to never forget the struggle.) It's apparent that people here are so lifestyle-orientated that unless they can buy something, profit from something, or wear it, they are really not going to "do" radical politics at all. It makes me think of an advert that MTV ran during the TV coverage of the second Woodstock, "Change the World without Changing the Channel!" which has stuck with me for years.

I feel like Holden Caulfield right now. Not because of any generic yet picturesque sense of alienation—you know, the way it turns out just about everyone feels except maybe the automatons who were destined for middle management at mall chain restaurants and insurance firms—but for the kind of mean-spirited dismissal of anything and everything that will make me feel better about humanity. Human interactions, people's intentions, potential activities, ideas and feelings that don't coalesce with my exacting idea of how things must be right now… I have some strange over-thinking problem where everything gets over-thought and over-wrought and nothing ends up actually happening.

NOT SO RANDOM THING I HATE #2:

When men whistle. Maybe they think it's cheery and reassuring? I always think "Psycho killer! Run!" My worst instance of this was walking from the Brixton tube station to my friend Katie's house really late at night, some dude whistled cheerily and incessantly behind me for a good thirty minutes while I had total heart palpitations and random murderous situations running through my head.

And onto my TOP TEN:

1.) Comet Gain's cover of The Clean song "Beatnik." 2.) Went to the Subterranean warehouse, got the Tronics CD but saw the *actual* Screamers movie. Not the Target vid but the actual movie they thought was going to make them stars of the future. Must get this!! Also someone needs to put out a full Tronics discog CD. STRICTLY SHARK FUCKS! 3.) Also I totally want a tie-dye Sex Vid shirt. Sorry Golnar, now you are gone there is nothing that will keep me from embracing my true self. 4.) Gerry and the Holograms by Gerry and the Holograms. AMAZING. This is the music that will play as the soundtrack to my glass shards disaster movie "Look Around Look Around Look Around" I can see it now. You can download this song at the WMFU website, DO IT! 5.) Michael Hurley live! Devendra Banhart was doing the merch and I had no idea as I can't stand the dude or his music, he just looked like a creepy troll forest hippie, but not an actual one, maybe one from a catalogue or infomercial. Michael Hurley was great, really inspiring and entertaining. He is the best, if you are into mildly eccentric outsider folk music you will dig. If you think Devendra and his band of poser doom merchants fall into this category you are totally mistaken; their music is for those who think Urban Outfitters commercials are trippy. 6.) The Flipper song Earthworm-STILL!! So great. End of time is ours! 7.) No Age "Get Gurt" 12". 8.) Deep Wound. 9.) Frumpies Discography. 10.) Pizza.

I was 17, and it was the summer between my high school graduation and freshman orientation week in college. My mom drove me downtown to the Gem City Savings building, where I signed a pile of loan applications I wasn't given time to read. Which was just as well, since I was 17 and not a lawyer and wouldn't have understood them. If the banker had told me that I'd end up paying $820 a month until I was 32 years old—which was more than my salary—I might have reconsidered going to college.

Student loans are big business. In 2006 banks lent college students a whopping $85 billion. Choose your comparison: that's the same amount AT&T paid to purchase the BellSouth telephone company and that the US paid for a year of the Iraq War. It was only a matter of time before this unregulated marketplace attracted the voracious vultures of corporate America.

The current student loan scandal highlights just how corrupt the system has become. It began when Attorney General Andrew Cuomo announced that New York State is investigating a company called Student Loans Xpress for sweetheart-deal stock transactions designed to enrich the company and corrupt financial aid officers at the expense of clueless col-

lege kids and their parents. (Student Loan Xpress' corporate parent is the CIT Group. CIT is a former subsidiary of Tyco, which itself became embroiled in a corporate scandal a few years back.)

According to Cuomo, financial aid officials at Columbia University, the University of Texas, and the University of Southern California were paid kickbacks as compensation for steering students to them. (Disclosure: I'm a Columbia alum.) The three bought stocks and options at insider prices in Education Lending Group, the parent company of Student Loan Xpress until 2005, when it was sold to CIT. They then sold them at a profit that would make Donald Trump drool. David Charlow, executive director of financial aid at Columbia, paid $1 for each of 7,500 shares of ELG and dumped the stock two years later at $10 a share—a 450 percent annual rate of return on his "investment."

Student Loan Xpress, which uses phone-forwarding wizardry to masquerade as some institutions' financial aid offices, is recommended to students as a "preferred lender" at the three universities enmeshed in the scandal. As young, novice borrowers, most kids sign their first loan document at the tender age of 17—they trust their colleges' recommendations. "There's an implicit assumption that the financial aid office is an impartial, informed intermediary," says education expert Michael Dannenberg of the New America Foundation. "What we're finding out now is that some colleges and some financial aid administrators may not be so impartial."

The mess is spreading. The Johns Hopkins University admits that its director of student financial services collected $65,000 in cash and tuition payments from Student Loan Xpress. The dean of financial aid at Widener University in Pennsylvania took in $80,000. John Ryan, chancellor of the 64-campus State University of New York (SUNY) system, is under scrutiny for his spot on the board of directors of CIT, where he collects $150,000 a year on top of his $340,000 salary from SUNY.

Even the feds couldn't resist dipping their paws into the student loan jar. Matteo Fontana, the federal Education Department official charged with overseeing student lending, made a cool $100,000 from a sale of ELG stock. The Bush Administration shouldn't be too surprised at Fontana's conflict of interest. (No pun intended.) It hired him straight out of Sallie Mae, a student loan mill that rakes in spectacular profits on 10 million student loans worth $126 billion.

Ted Kennedy, chairman of the Senate Education Committee, is promising an investigation of Student Loan Xpress. Fontana, along with three CIT executives tied to the sleazy deals, has been placed on leave. But no one seems to fully comprehend the scale of the problem or its cause.

As usual, Democratic presidential candidate John Edwards comes closest to getting it. "We need to fix the student loan program to take banks—which are just an expensive middleman—out of the process," he said in his call to have students borrow directly from the government instead.

Indeed, banks are soaking families with kids in college. It's appalling to watch student loan executives fatten themselves at the expense of middle-class kids (rich kids don't need loans and poor kids get grants) struggling to pay skyrocketing tuition bills on stagnant salaries. Sallie Mae CEO Al Lord, who retired in 2004, paid himself a personal salary of $225 million over five years. Meanwhile the government continues slashing real (direct grant) financial aid to needy students.

How did Sallie Mae make so much money? Price gouging. "Sallie uses high interest rates and fees to charge students as much as 28 percent annual interest on loans," reports *Fortune* magazine. "As a result, some have seen their school-loan debt balloon into six-figure delinquencies that they can't hope to pay when the collection agency (which nowadays may be owned by Sallie) comes calling."

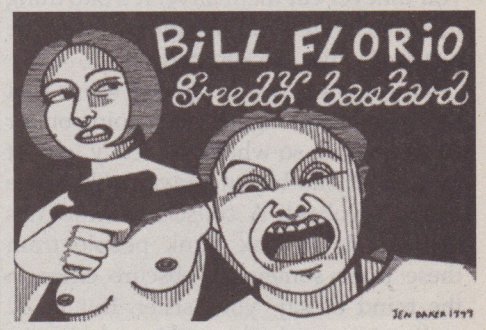
Edwards is right. It's time to cut out the banks. But the elephant in the room is *lending itself*. Transforming an essential public service like education into a profit-based loan-shark business creates too much temptation to poorly-paid, easily-corrupted college administrators and corporate greed monsters alike.

Employers, economists and politicians in both parties agree that a college education is more essential than ever to achieving success in the workplace, as well as to America's ability to compete internationally. However, most other countries offer free or heavily subsidized tuition to college students—giving them a big advantage. Rather than saddle twentysomethings with debt loads the size of a home mortgage they can't possibly handle on starter-job salaries, wouldn't it make more sense to treat college as an extension of K-to-12—as free, public education?

It's time to end the student loan racket once and for all. Outstanding student loans should be forgiven. Non-repayable grants could cover 100 percent of tuition for those who can't afford it. Can the US afford it? Yes. All we have to do is get out of Iraq.

NEW BOOK: SILK ROAD TO RUIN: IS CENTRAL ASIA THE NEW MIDDLE EAST? (NBM Publishing, 304 pp., price $22.95), is out now. You can get the book at any bookstore or comics shop, or on the Internet, or order a signed copy by mailing $30 to the above address (include your mailing address and how you'd like it signed).

SILK ROAD TO RUIN a comprehensive primer to the political powderkeg of Central Asia: Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, Tajikistan and Xinjiang in Western China—that will soon make the current war in Iraq look like Dick Cheney's proverbial "cakewalk." It includes 100 pages of graphic novella accounts of my trips to the 'Stans, photos and maps of the region, and in-depth essays explaining everything from oil pipeline politics to *buzkashi*, the craziest and most dangerous sport currently played by the human race.



Hey kids, I'm in Bath, England at the BOB Fest. I'm a little bit out of place being not from Bath, Bremen or Oakland, which is what the BOB part of it stands for, but it seems like I've run into a bunch of old friends and made new ones nevertheless. Sean from Jewdriver mentioned to me a couple of months ago that his band was offered a show in England on Good Friday except no one in his band was able to go. He thought it would be all

right if me, Tim from the SWORN LIARS, who is a runaway Brit living in Germany on guitar, and some dude named Ralph Ballschmiter from somewhere in Germany who really likes BOOM BOOM KID on drums played instead. I'll probably talk about what I think of Germans and Brits later on next month when I'm not relying on them to make sure I don't get poisoned to death or run over by a car or hit by a falling Stonehenge, etc. I just wanted to put a disclaimer that this column may kinda suck since I haven't gotten much sleep, and I also wanted to use the name Ballschmiter just because it rules. He's not the sort of SS officer who'd be smoking a cigarette and ordering mass castrations though—I picture him more the dude riding in the motorcycle sidecar where his machine gun gets jammed and he ends up in the river.

Anyhow this whole trip I've been reading this book about oysters which sort has made the whole thing totally surreal to me. So at around 7 a.m. this morning I decided that punk rock is a lot like oysters. I chose the book in question because the writer already won my heart by his last book about the history of salt. I mean if he could make salt interesting, well, fuck, oysters and their link to the history of New York City is sure to be a laugh a minute.

Well, look at it this way: all molluscs represent rock 'n' roll. Be it clams or mussels or conches what have you. But the thing is, while you may eat clams raw, you'd never eat them alive. It's one thing to eat sushi, it's another thing to bite the head off a live chicken, right?

Last night it was explained to me that this BOB Fest thing has been going on for 20 years now, so when you really look at it, it's really far beyond anyone liking the bands involved. A conscious effort has been made to link punk people from these three somewhat obscure cities in the mind of say, your sister. But in all reality it's a refreshing thing that folks would travel hundreds and or thousands of miles to hang out with people they see once a year, see their friends' bands play, and I have to tell you, beyond the complete and utter drunkenness going on, there's a whole hell of a lot of culture to be learned from one another.

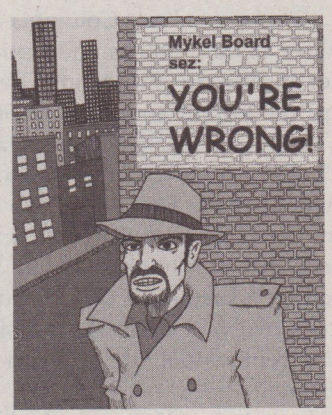
Back to oysters. So yeah, eating something alive is pretty faux pas when it comes to anything that's not a plant. Most things about punk rock are pretty vile to most people who have not acquired a taste for it. Most chefs will tell you that a raw oyster is closest to representing the taste of the ocean. A lot of sauces and broths you probably eat on a daily basis (even if the person tells you in broken English that it has no meat) contain oyster liqueur as a flavor enhancer. So when you hear some top 40 song with some sort of cool hook in it, chances are it was ripped off some punk rock 45 from 1984, but your sister would never eat it if you told her there was punk rock in her fried rice.

Another thing about oysters is that they seem to be pretty easy to grow; all you need is a partially salty inlet where a river meets a sea and some lime running down the stream and some sort of leftover matter, be it plankton or rotting food, etc. The oysters are going to taste more of the place they attach themselves. All the oysters in America are of the same exact species, but they taste differently based on how they were raised and what sort of poop is being fed to them. So yeah a lot of punk rock is based on a lot of music from the past but the conditions involved are what makes it different.

The thing that really made me think about it most is that when oystermen started thinking about mass production of their oysters, they started clearing out all the beds so they could start new ones. Oysters actually prefer growing on top of shells of dead oysters. So yeah, while there will never be another Adrenalin OD or Reagan Youth or Subhumans, for that matter, without bands like those, you wouldn't find as many really excellent punk bands around now. The final thing about oysters: for about 200 years in New York City they were everywhere and everyone ate them. It's not like, say, the hot dogs that replaced them—you wouldn't find hot dogs on the menu of the most expensive restaurants, but you would find oysters. Someone spending, say, $3,500 on a banquet at Delmonicos would get the same oysters that someone in a Street Gang on Pearl Street would get. I feel that punk rock can have that sort of universal appeal to those who are unafraid to swallow something slimy, cold, and whole twelve at a time.

The very last thing about oysters is that they clean the water and they sweeten the air. When Veranzano first sailed into New York Harbor, he wrote that this place had the sweetest breeze he'd ever encountered. This was because there were millions of oysters eating all the poop and dead things and making things like new. To me, seeing people partying for 20 years makes me feel the same about punk, I just wish every single one of them didn't smoke so much.

Cheers, Bill
bill@candids.com



"That's what moving about, traveling, is; it's this inexorable glimpse of existence as it really is during those few lucid hours, so exceptional in the span of human time, when you are leaving the customs of the last country behind you and the other new ones have not yet got their hold on you."—Céline

"I'm stranded on my own. Stranded far from home."—The Saints

I slip my hand inside. Pushing upward, going on touch alone. Straining, my fingertips reach the goal. A brief jerk of pleasure. Found it. I keep feeling upwards, around the curvature. Then I look for the break, the opening, the edge. None. I move more, twisting my hand in the narrow slot. Still no edge, no break.

A frigid breeze comes from somewhere, bashing itself against my naked thighs. A chill runs up my spine as I push my hand even further upwards. There it is. The hard roundness I'm seeking. Still no opening. I dig in my nails...and tear. One two three. There comes a ripping. I pull down hard. Finally, the toilet paper comes out of the opening and I can clean myself off. My first shit in this archipelago of a country.

I begin this column laying in bed in Wellington New Zealand. On the road for two weeks now. Within those two weeks I've been on almost a dozen plane rides, in three and a half countries, petted a kangaroo, and ridden a rescue boat in the

coastal waves off Sydney.

My sense of geography has changed. I pictured Australia as an upside-down America. Then, if Australia took a shit, two of the turds would be New Zealand. I pictured New Zealand as a hop skip and a fart from Sydney. I figured same climate, same people. I figured wrong.

[It could be worse. Ilka told me that some Australian TV team showed a map of Australia to Americans. They asked them to find South Korea. The Americans pointed to Tasmania.]

The reality is that Northern Australia is tropical and redneck. Southern Australia is moderate, and so laid-back it makes Los Angelans look like New Yorkers by comparison.

Southern New Zealand is cold, white, with pounding surf and hurricanish weather. You can see Antarctica from the southern tip. There are penguins!

Northern New Zealand is more multicultural. Punks here have a sense of humor. One guy wears a SKREWDRIVER t-shirt to my show. That's the spirit. Non-punk Kiwis, however, are generally grumpy.

What else can I tell you? The weather shifts from spring to early winter—in a day. Houses are underheated. *Insulation? What's insulation?*

But let's go back to the beginning of this journey. Before we do, I need to tell you more than you want to know about my psychological peculiarities.

Most people are nervous fliers. The idea of being several thousand feet above the ground makes them shudder. I am not like most people.

Flying relaxes me. Taking off is like being rocked in a cradle. A little turbulence is like a jeep riding through the Gobi. A lot of turbulence is like a roller coaster. Yeah!

Although I enjoy being on a plane, there are things that can make the experience a little less fun.

I grab the crying tot by her pink bib, twisting it around her neck, picking her up off her mother's lap and dragging her to the emergency exit...the one over the wings. With one hand, I pull the lever that opens the exit, bracing myself against the seat to keep from being sucked out of the plane. Using the bib like the tail of a lasso, I spin the kid over my head before letting go. A slight gurgle bubbles from the flying child as it sails past the wing gracefully plunging, arching downward toward the blue pacific waters...I wish.

What am I doing here? On a flight from Houston to Hawaii. A packed 767, in an aisle seat in the middle section, behind the only seat tilted back. I'm in a pissy mood. Slight headache from caffeine withdrawal and lack of sleep. Not only is the woman ahead of me enough of a bitch to lean her seat back, she's the one with the baby.

Besides the baby, there's a cough-till-he-pukes guy two rows up. In back of me sits a card shuffler who not only shuffles at a volume greater than the engines of this plane, but whacks the cards after each shuffle. Maybe he's trying to infuse luck into his solitaire hand.

And what am I doing here? Why am I on a flight from Houston to Hawaii when I'm going from New York to Australia? The little digital clock in the corner of my computer screen shows that it's 11:49 somewhere. The map on the plane video screen shows us nearing the middle of Mexico.

Until two hours ago, I had no idea I'd be going to Hawaii. My ticket gave me three boarding passes. One from Newark to Houston. One from Houston to Guam. One from Guam to Cairns, Australia. Even that's an odd route. Look at a map.

I made the arrangements six months in advance.

"I see you're using frequent flier miles," said the Continental Airlines Customer Torture Agent. "We'll see what we can do about finding you some way to get there. You know, Continental only flies to Cairns."

"Is that in Australia?" I asked.

"Heh, heh," comes the reply.

[I declare WAR on the woman ahead of me. She just pushed her seat back again. She keeps bumping my knees. Every time she does, I lean on the table attached to her chair. Pavlov's dog. Hmmm, maybe I'll try loud dead baby jokes too. The matron sitting next to me doesn't look very receptive.]

"So," says the Continental inquisitor, "I think I've got something figured out. You could fly from Newark to Houston. Then, we have a flight to Guam. And from Guam there's a flight to Cairns. That looks like it."

The plane leaves Newark at 5:30...in the morning. Then I have one hour in Houston...if the plane's on time. In Guam, I wait six hours. Then, I arrive in Australia at the convenient hour of 12:30 a.m. That's the information the agent gives me. That information is wrong.

But the Newark time is right. And for me to get to Newark at 3:30 (two hours before check-in) I need to leave NYC at 2:00 a.m.

There are no trains at that time of night...er...morning. That means call Supershuttle and ask 'em to pick me up at 1:30. (Their site says to figure 1:30 to 1:45 to account for traffic.) At 1:00 a.m. I'm at the door ready. At 1:50, I call the shuttle company to find out where the ride is. At 2:00 the driver calls me and says he'll be late.

Waddaya mean will *be late? You're* already *late.*

Somehow he gets me and his other two passengers to Newark Airport by 3:00. The airport is closed.

Like I said, flying does not make me nervous. Airports make me nervous. Security. Security. Security. Beeping metal detectors. Taking off my shoes. Putting my change, my cell phone, my computer, my wallet, my camera in a little tray. Going back and forth under a metal detector while some stranger swipes a metallic paddle over my body.

Right now, a few people sit on a few uncomfortable chairs waiting for someone at the ticket counter. The electronic check-in machines all have one of those Microsoft *progress* bars on the screen. *Updating,* they say. *Try Again Later.* At 3:30, the bars are gone. I try again.

Your ticket needs special attention. Please check-in with airport personnel.

By 5:00 a.m. I can check in. My boarding pass lists times much different from the ones I got on the phone. Nowhere is there more than an hour to spare. My plane lands in Houston and I make the change. Just. The plane in Guam is due to leave at 7:45. We're supposed to land at 7:00.

Back in the current plane, the screen in front of me gives a Guam landing time of 7:14 now. We've run into headwinds.

The most secure transfer, I thought, is now the most precarious. I'll prepare everything in hand when I leave. The gate has to be at the other side of the Guam airport. I wouldn't be surprised if it were on the other side of the island. (ETA now 7:15). Actually, I could handle a day in Guam. If Continental pays for the hotel. I'd have to call my Cairns hosts and the Youth Hostel, but I could handle

it.

We get to Guam with 20 minutes until the next flight leaves. No problem. I'm there with enough time to breathe. The plane is late in taking off.

Suddenly I get it. All flights are scheduled to connect within an hour. They all wait until the others arrive. I can't miss a connection. I shudda relaxed.

The five-hour flight from Guam to Cairns is fine. An attractive Australian girl shares my row. But my first hour in Cairns is among the worst hours of my life.

First, the setup: A four-hour plane ride from New York to Houston. A planeful of screaming babies, shuffling card players, coughers and sneezers. Then, eight hours from Houston to Honolulu. Then, seven hours from Honolulu to Guam. Finally, another five-hour plane ride from Guam to Cairns.

So that's four plus eight plus seven plus five. My mathematical mind puts that at exactly 24 (22 sleepless) hours in the air. Not counting the gate-to-gate runs. Not counting the wait for the van the day before or that, since I left at two a.m., I hadn't slept for 15 hours before the trip started.

You can imagine the condition I'm in when I finally arrive in Cairns and go through Customs and Immigration. No, you can't.

As much as airport security makes me nervous, Customs and Immigration makes me even more nervous. I hate it. I shake at the counter. My voice quivers. I've been stopped, questioned, stripped enough times to make a dozen *Warning: this could happen to you* public service announcements. Maybe I don't have an honest face.

Sometimes they find something. In East Germany, they found the Commie money. I was smuggling in twenty dollars of forbidden currency. In England, when I was twenty, it was the jar of vitamins. They opened it, sniffed it, asked me about it. I was sweating bullets. How did they know that bottle had been *stolen?* Naw, they didn't. In Buffalo it was marijuana. I'm not cut out to be a smuggler.

I always find something to worry about. Even if I don't have Commie money or a bottle of stolen vitamins, there's something. Here I was worried about my electronic visa. You have to purchase one before you get to Australia. I called and registered by phone. I MasterCarded the required thirty dollars.

"Can I have a confirmation number or something?" I ask.

"You don't need one," says the voice from the other side of the phone. "You've paid and I've recorded that."

"But what if it gets lost, or there's a mistake?" I ask, confident of my bad luck.

"It's impossible to lose it," says the exasperated voice. "It's in the computer! It can't get lost."

Ah, that gives me confidence. Yeah, right.

So I'm on the Foreigners' line waiting to go through customs at Cairns airport. The immigration agents are all women. It's the only place I've seen this in the 43 borders I've crossed.

As I approach, the Australian line ends. I'm shuffled over to the former Australian-only immigration lady. She's slightly chubby, with her dark brown hair pulled into a bun behind her round face. I hand her my passport. She types my name into her computer.

"Yes, Mr. Board," she says. "I have your information right here. And what is the purpose of your visit to Australia?"

"I'm actually visiting a friend in New Zealand," I tell her (true). "I decided to make a trip of it and see the country while I'm here. I'll do a little sight-seeing, then visit my friend." (Not exactly the whole story.)

"OK," she says, "that's all." And she stamps the passport. I thank her and walk through the line to go to the baggage claim area. That's when the hell begins.

Is it something about my trench coat and boots in the middle of shorts and sandals? If I were a smuggler or terrorist, would I *dress* like a smuggler or terrorist? Come on, guys!

Maybe they think I'm super clever. They think I think that they'd never stop someone who looks like a criminal, because that person would never really be a criminal. So they're surprising me and stopping me.

A thin blond woman with extremely large teeth smiles at me when I enter the area with my bags.

"Do you have any checked baggage?" she asks.

I shake my head.

She smiles wider as she asks the question and continues smiling through the following third degree. It is not the sadistic smile of *Ilsa, She-wolf of the SS.* Rather it is the vague, empty, smiling-is-all-I-do smile of the *Stepford Wives.* [If you don't know those movies, *see them.* Then return to this column.]

"Could you come with me to this inspection station?" she says, using a question intonation but obviously not asking a question. "Let's chat on the way, shall we?"

Every sentence, question or not, ends in a rising intonation like annoying valley girl talk. Here, the intonation is more sinister than stupid.

"You're here on vacation?"

I nod.

"And your job is...?"

"I teach English," I say. "I've got a business card. Would you like one?"

"Yes, I would?" she says.

I hand her one.

"And you're here on vacation?" she asks again.

I nod.

"You said you were going to visit a friend in New Zealand?"

"That's right," I tell her.

"Can I see that ticket? The one to New Zealand?" Again, this is not a request.

I fish through my bags, pull out the confirmation of the New Zealand flight and hand it to her. She looks it over and hands it back to me.

"And while you're here, what are you going to be doing?" she asks. "You're here on holiday?"

That's right, I nod.

"And what exactly do you plan to do here?" she intones.

"Oh lots of stuff," I say, "I'll go to the beach, and..."

I frantically try to remember what was in the guidebook. An awful book called *Insight Guide.* It gives you an overview of the land, pretty pictures, but nothing you can use to bullshit a customs guard. Nothing about what's in the town, nothing about the local clubs, celebrities, statues. Where I can get a picture taken with a kangaroo. Nothing like that.

"...I want to have my picture taken with a kangaroo." I tell the customs lady.

By this time we're at the Special Inspection Station.

"I'm required by law to ask you these questions, do you understand?"

"Yes," I reply.

She points to the customs form. "You've signed this form and this is your signature?"

"Yes," I say.

"And you understand the nature of the form and all the questions on the form?"

"Yes," I say.

"And everything you've said is true?"

"Yes," I say.

She nods, still smiling.

"Please open that bag?"

I open the bag and take out the few books I brought with me. I also take out my personal diary, the OLD PUNKS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST WRITE BOOKS t-shirts, half a dozen wishful thinking condoms, and a bunch of promo postcards for my books.

She picks up my diary and thumbs through it. Then she goes for a sheaf of paper: the text of my readings: Sex with animals and extensive drug use. She asks nothing, only raises her eyebrows and reaches for the promo postcards.

"And these are?"

"Oh, I wrote a couple books," I tell her. "I figured while I'm traveling, I could do some promotion."

"You're here to promote your books?"

"No, I just thought I might...I can talk about the books while I'm here, can't I? If I don't earn any money I'm not working, right?"

"This is Australia," says the customs agent. "Customs and immigration are separate. I'll get an immigration agent who can answer your question?"

She leaves, returning soon with the woman who first stamped by passport.

"You told me you were coming for tourist reasons," said the woman. "Now I hear you're going to promote your books. According to Australian law, you are not permitted to work: paid or unpaid. You're not permitted to do anything that has the appearance of work. You may stop in a bookstore casually, but if you have a series of meetings with bookstores, don't come back and say immigration allowed it. We did not. Do you know the penalty for immigration violation?"

Death? Castration? Hanging? 30 hours of Hillary Clinton speeches? I say nothing.

The officer answers her own question. "Your visa will be canceled. You will be deported. You will not be able to return to Australia for three years."

"I understand," I say.

"You may go now?" says the customs lady. "Out the hall turn right. There are the taxis."

For the rest of the trip, I'll be looking over my shoulder. This does not bode well for things to come. The boding seems to be correct. More next month.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—>*Thanks department:* Wow! There are so many people who helped on this tour: Krystie, Shawn, Rich, Vera, Keiran and Chrystie and probably a ton of folks I've forgotten. I couldn't have done it without you! Also thanks to Larry Livermore for showing up at the reading in Sydney, then writing about this super collector nerd as "the only guy I've ever seen who can shut Mykel up."

—>*Nervous Flier Dept.* Today's *Christchurch Morning News* reported that first-class travelers on British Airways to New Delhi found one of their fellow passengers was a corpse.

A woman had died in transit and was being shipped back to India in first class. The dead woman's daughter sat next to her and spent the entire trip wailing over her mother's corpse. I guess that proves that a kid-free airline won't solve all the annoyances of flying.

An interesting sidenote: passengers complained. They paid more than $4,000 each for first class. Instead of comfort, they got a corpse and a wailing woman. The airline told them to "get over it." No other compensation was given.

—>*Were they training for Iraq? dept.* The same newspaper also reported that 170 Swiss soldiers on night training practice got lost and marched into the neighboring country of Liechtenstein. An army spokesman said it was "highly unlikely," there would be serous repercussions for the mistaken invasion.

—>Just found out, http://www.networkadvertising.org/consumer/opt_out.asp lets you disable internet cookies that follow you from site to site. Those cookies check your browsing habits and "tailor ads to your desires." Since there is no way in hell they can tailor ads to *my* desires. I'm opting out, thank you.

—> *What's next, humorous feminism? dept:* Dutch performance artist "Iepe the Fool" has been crowned world champion of CHESS BOXING. In that contest, the participants alternate six rounds in the boxing ring with five rounds on the chessboard. Iepe's next match is in Tokyo on April 17.

—>*Credit where it's due dept:* Sometimes I have problems with the ACLU. I give 'em a few bucks a year, but their shift from being first amendment protection advocates to something vaguely liberal bothers me. For example, their concern for enforcing "orders of protection," and other feminist issues bothers the shit out of me.

Still, when I read this, I have to stop and take my fedora off to them:

In response to new, potentially restrictive criteria, The ACLU has decided to turn down $1.15 million from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. The ACLU said the new language used by the foundations was unnecessarily vague, which could have a chilling effect on civil liberties. The language includes potential prohibitions on free speech and other undefined activities such as "bigotry" as part of the war on terror.

"The loss of funding is significant and it will have profound implications for our programs. But while it may weaken our finances, it also strengthens our resolve," said ACLU president Romero.

The ACLU made a similar decision in August to pull out of the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC) because of a new requirement that groups accepting funds check their employees' names against government-compiled "terrorist watch lists."

I only wish MRR had thought about that before it turned its subscription list over to homeland security. Who's that knocking on your door...right now?

—>*Yuck dept:* Trug Nguyen is "Vietnam's premier coffee shop," and that's a big deal, since Vietnam is second only to the US in per capita coffee consumption. One of their specialties is *Legendee*.

In Vietnam, the weasel is famous for its ability to select the juiciest and ripest coffee beans. And they're even better once they've passed through the weasel's

entire digestive tract. The adverts are not clear in whether these beans are naturally harvested, or artificially induced on factory weasel enema farms.

PETA? Are you investigating?

My Room is Filled with Boxes and the Sun is Out

Time rushes on, I am living high and fast, taking it all in, spokes and wheels and music and time moving through the city. I wish this afternoon, the sun coming in through my tall windows overlooking Mission Street would stretch and expand, letting me explain it all to you. There are so many tales of San Francisco from the past year that I want to tell you, but now the sun is setting, and it is my time to go.

My shitty speakers are playing my favorite songs, and I don't want to write this column, I don't want to say goodbye, not just yet, but so it goes.

I saw Belle one last time, standing next to her red motorcycle. Dressed in her black leather jacket and protective thick black leather pants, the end of an afternoon spent together going to a Dykes on Bikes fundraiser at the Eagle, and then riding around the city on her bike. Standing much taller than me, about six-foot-four, she looks down with sad eyes, her long silver hair in a braid for the ride. We shared a sweet quick kiss, her lips soft and warm, and a long hug, breathing each other in, and then she was gone. The wind picked up, a storm blowing in, and as I walked down the street towards home alone, I wondered if I would see her again.

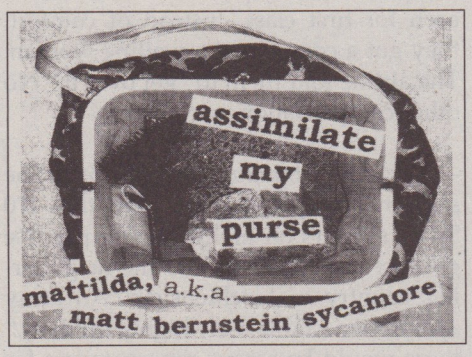
I will be back, probably in four months or so, coming back this fall, but honestly I don't know what will happen. Chaos seems to have picked up in my life again, and I find myself in the breeze, living in my shoes. Leaving things in storage with friends, not yet having a place to call home again, once again giving away anything I can't live without, my life changes in an instant and I wonder how it will all finish this time.

I will miss all the great people here, Ramsey listening to all my gripes and worries like a big brother, the old anarchists keeping Bound Together going, hanging out with the punks at the shows, Will and Wyatt from Born/Dead, Ami from Voetsek, the whole *MRR* crew and the joy of putting labels on envelopes on new issue day, Brice and our whiskey nights at the Bar and days in the sun talking of everything, many hours riding my bike to the bay, and looking out at the edge of the Pacific. And with only a few days left here, I have met someone new, who came into my life quite by surprise. A connection is made, and I ignore the fact I'm leaving and enjoy the happy feeling of his hugs, the sound of his laugh and his fingers on my skin.

Life continues to be unpredictable, and I try to live right at the heart of the moment, feeling the pulse of today. What else is there to do?

I apologize for the short column, but I am fading into the next chapter, wanting to spend these last moments in the thick of it rather than at my computer, typing words that eat the present into past. I am sentimental, attached to the moment, not wanting to let go, but there is nothing else to do. The fog has rolled over Twin Peaks, and now the sun is gone. The breeze from my window has turned sharp and cold, and the street lamps are on. I hear the electric buses click and clack through the intersection, and the street grows quiet. I leave you, dear reader, to enjoy the night, and Bay Area punks, see you when I return!

Solidarity and Blazing Guitars, Erika



Knowing Something

Touching my face with my fingertips thinking it's OK, Mattilda, it's OK

Earlier, on the train from Portland to Seattle, I had my first touring moment of complete and utter exhaustion leaning towards despair—no, right in the middle of despair—what am I talking about? I sat listening to music on my MP3 player and touching my face softly with my fingertips thinking it's OK then realizing it's not OK so instead I thought it'll be OK—for some reason, this exhaustion made me look at the blank spaces in my tour and wonder about more events to fill them in which might seem counterintuitive except that the events are what give me energy. I ended up zoning out on the colors of the carpet, pink, and green leading towards gray and then I felt a little better.

Now I'm at the wonderful collective King Street House where I'm staying in Seattle and emotionally I feel better—physically the same—sinus headache grinding, difficulty focusing, but I like it here and maybe I should be getting ready for bed, everyone else is in bed and here I'm thinking about tomorrow's event—I'm almost more stressed because they've all been so amazing so far and so I'm scared of the crash I mean I'm in the crash but I'm scared that the events won't keep up the same incredible momentum.

Thoughts on exhaustion and touring

So I'm thinking about exhaustion and touring, whether I'm more exhausted now or whether it's the same just that I have different obligations and I'm out of my routine, apartment, etc. I don't have the answer—I'm certain that touring opens up this emotional soft hopeful space in my heart yet also wears me down and I don't know whether there's a balance, not just with touring but everything really through this fibromyalgia drama I always have to push in order to do anything, pushing gives me what I'm looking for I mean it allows me to create something but yes it also wears me down except if I'm not pushing that I'm still worn down and so I'm stuck in this place of rumination, looking out the window here in Seattle and the people I'm staying with said that from my window I could see this huge warehouse where Amazon.com stores their books, the only huge thing I see is what I remember to be a hospital, could that really be the Amazon.com warehouse?

Knowing something

For some reason I'm extra-nervous before the Seattle reading, or maybe not extra-nervous just nervous like I always am except then the audience is laughing and smiling and loud and present right

away, all of the chairs filled and more brought out and then people sitting on the floor too. My intro is now at the point where it's pretty much memorized, and I can improvise different parts and it's always fun when the audience is loud, actually this is probably the loudest audience per-person that is—I mean, Portland was much larger but quieter too—of course, there are different ways of paying attention, but I always like the immediate feedback. Jennifer Blowdryer joins me and reads part of Kirk Read's essay about passing as a model sex worker, then I read part of Nico Dacumos's essay, the part that's a scathing critique of academia and Smith College in particular – turns out there are a few Smith College graduates in the audience, so that's fun. Then Jennifer reads her piece and the audience is bursting in laughter right away.

My friend Bruin who I'm staying with asks a good question about how to go from thinking and exchanging ideas to social change in the world instead of just knowing how to talk about everything correctly—I don't have the answer to that one, unfortunately. One of the questions is about identity politics, and where can we go since it's so limiting but also comforting. My take on that is that identity is a great place to start, the problem is when it becomes an endpoint and that's where the horrors begin, the way that the dominant signs of straight conformity have become the ultimate signs of gay success (gay marriage, gay adoption, gays in the military, gay cops, etc.) Of course, I've talked about that a lot. Much of the discussion is about the connections between passing and the violence of assimilation, and the intersectional politics that *Nobody Passes* invokes—not just gender or just race or just class, etc., but the messy intersections and interrelations of all of these things in all of our lives.

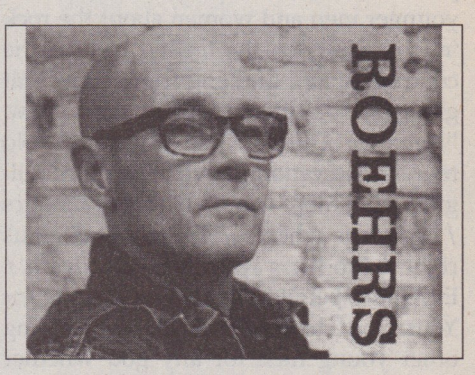
After the reading, there are a lot of hugs—I love hugs! Then later I'm driving around with a car full of Smith graduates looking for Basic Plumbing, the sex club in Seattle where I used to go when I lived here but it's moved since then. I've decided that nothing could be worse than the sex clubs in San Francisco, so I'm pretty excited about finding Basic Plumbing, though we have to go to someone's apartment that fantastically looks like what I would imagine of a Smith College dorm—a big old mansion, colonial style, subdivided—we look up Basic Plumbing on the internet. It's pretty interesting to me that they're open until 9 a.m., at first I'm thinking what a tweaker epidemic, though later I realize it's because they're doing that discreet cheap hotel-stay-for-fags-too-drunk-to-go-home thing, since now they have rooms in the basement and I could hear someone snoring really loudly.

There's almost no one there, but I like the public area and eventually I pursue this one guy long enough that eventually we get it on and it's hot! I mean HOT! He's really into me licking his belt buckle, which is pretty funny, that's the thing that gets him the most turned on. I tell him I like it when he grabs my neck, and then that becomes a whole session and later we're lying in his room just breathing and maybe exchanging a few words here and there. He doesn't want to take his baseball cap off which I think is strange—I always assume guys are hiding their age or bald spots with those caps, but he looks so much cuter and younger with it off. Maybe it's because he has a military haircut, I mean maybe he's in the military? Or maybe it's a recognition type of thing, like he doesn't want me to see him. But it gets kind of romantic and he takes it off, I guess he's trying to pass as straight because he asks me if I'm gay. While we're having sex! I say yes, not wanting to get into a complicated conversation about identity since it's clear that what he means is who I like to have sex with. Or maybe not.

Anyway, I like the part when he tells me he takes plain belt buckles and glues on old Soviet stars so that he can have something different than the guys around him in Butte, Montana; Spokane, Washington; Salt Lake City; somewhere else. Wyoming? What do you do in all of those places, I ask. Different things, he said.

Anyway, I let the come on my face dry there, a huge puddle on his chest too after so much teasing, that's the fun of the whole encounter—two hours I think, that's a long time. Definitely the first time I've had sex in weeks, I've been focusing pretty much everything on the tour and all. It's amazing, really, even the recognition that so much beauty can arise between people without much else in common—I'm so glad that I know that, although knowing that doesn't always make it easier.

Check out my new anthology, *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, and tell me what you think! You can also check in on me and my tour via my newish blog, http://nobodypasses.blogspot.com. The expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation*, originally scheduled for October 2006, has been delayed—who knows when on earth it will arrive. But the good news is that my new novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*, will be published by City Lights in 2008! I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or write to P.O. Box 640047, San Francisco, CA, 94164-0047.



NO COMPROMISE

Fuck! Two of the most ferocious international hardcore outfits have a devastating split EP. This Endless Blockades Records EP features none other than Australia's PISSCHRIST on side A and Sweden's KVOTERINGEN on side B.

What a tag-team hardcore powerhouse! PISSCHRIST begins the carnage with "Run for Life", about working class people conscripted into fighting an unjust war. "No Compromise" rails "Hang the lords / Burn the gods!" PISSCHRIST delivers brute strength hardcore bombs! Song three by PISSCHRIST is "Hardcore Horror," painting a bleak picture with "Atrocities revealed / Charred remains / Broken bones / Death... death..." Relentless thrash to pummel you hapless punks!

Turn this EP over and KVOTERINGEN tears you to shreds! These angry punks plow through "Protesteld", "Onda Planer Smid" and "Sjuk Varld". All this shit is fast and ruthless! KVOTERINGEN only knows one punk rock stance: ATTACK! Fucking great!

Order one of these ripping hardest-of-hardcore split EPs from Endless Blockades, PO Box 3023, South Brisbane,

BC QLD 4101, Australia; endlessblockades_order@yahoo.com or PISSCHRIST, PO Box 242, Northcote 3070, Victoria, Australia; dbeat.holocaust@yahoo.com.

Fuck Yes! DISCO ASSAULT from Windsor, Ontario, Canada has a screaming seven-song demo CD available for you hardcore punks and skins. This brutal offering has hell-bent vocals harnessed to manic fast guitar/bass/drums. This is first rate hardcore belligerence!!! These fucks grab you by the skull with the first notes of "Crank Up the Amps." This fucking infectious street-rock song will have you bouncing around the bar with beer in hand. "Crank Up the Amps" offers a good suggestion—the older punks and skins offer advice to the younger men and women about the rock 'n' roll lifestyle—the feeling inside—the comradery and life-long friendships that grew out of times together at a show. "Negative Outlook" screams out: "No more!" The venom flows! "No more religion / No more wars / No more fanatics / No Jesus whores / Fanatical religious right / Pro-lifers who thrive on death / Evil hides behind their cross!" "Blood for Your God" bemoans young men killing other young men for any god whether it's Jesus or Allah. "Obey" rejects the rules that society tries to impose on young skins and punks. "City Street Kids" really gets your blood pumping! This is excellent skinhead-rock with massive guitar and bass momentum. The drummer kicks ass! Fans of the WRETCHED ONES, THE SUBWAY THUGS or THE ANTI-HEROsS will enjoy these DISCO ASSAULT songs.

Song six is "Just Like You". This number reminds you to question society's teachings that lead to a life of boring conformity. The powers-that-be are trying to brainwash you!

This strong seven-song CD from DISCO ASSAULT ends with "Profiles Burning." This fistful of anger warns: "I just need some room to breathe / Better back the fuck away / Don't turn your war into my fight / Just leave me the fuck alone." Yes! This entire CD presents clear choices for young skins and punks. Think for yourself! Don't blindly follow warmongers into a battle for religion or oil!

The skinhead rock that carries these words of wisdom makes this CD fucking brilliant! Contact DISCO ASSAULT c/o Ritalin Kid, 1279 Bruce Ave, Windsor, ON, NBX 1X2, Canada, myspace.com/discoassaultpunk.

Fuck! Fucking get out of the way you goddamn pop-punk wimps! Six Weeks Records has graced you with a DEADFALL *Mass Destruction* CD compilation! This breath-taking hardcore display includes six songs from the 2006 *Keep Telling Yourself Its Okay* 7" EP on Tank Crimes, your favorite record label; seven songs from the 2004 *Comrades* EP brought to you by 625 Thrashcore; compilation tracks by DEADFALL from *Disturbing the Peace* (Six Weeks Records); *Barbaric Thrash Devastation* (625 Thrashcore); *Internationally Pist* compilation (Punks Before Profits); eight songs from the self-titled 7" from 2002 (Tank Crimes); and more!

This hardcore music remains as urgent and fresh as the day Mark, Andrei, Scotty and Nic composed it! If you haven't seen DEADFALL get off your hippie-punk ass and catch one of the most exciting and important punk bands in the USA! In the meantime, order this amazing compilation from Six Weeks Records, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931.

Durty Mick Records from Torrance, California has a fine new EP prepared for you skins and punks!

Several months ago Durty Mick Records served up a very pleasant surprise! A magnificent, luxuriously reprinted sleeve, collector two- LP set for the hardcore punks and skinheads. That LP was a lavishly redone split of a live show with energetic punk guerillas DISCIPLINE and the warhorse—the pioneers of all hardcore—AGNOSTIC FRONT.

This time out, Durty Mick regales you with a live split EP. The new 7" features those English punk veterans FOREIGN LEGION and Florida street rockers, SUBURBAN LOCKDOWN.

Side "A" offers up two live FOREIGN LEGION numbers. First you get the melodic "Where's Johnny Gone?" This tune has a very comfortable STIFF LITTLE FINGERS type of guitar-and-bass chug to it. If you were in a bar with a couple of beers under your belt you'd probably be singing along. Song two on the FOREIGN LEGION side of this EP recalls the troubled reign of that iron-fisted bitch Maggie Thatcher twenty years ago. FOREIGN LEGION tips their hats to all the working class men and women that participated in the Miners' Strike.

Hold onto your scally cap! SUBURBAN LOCKDOWN throws down the street punk gauntlet! These animated punk rockers come out swinging with "Rock and Roll Heroes." This melodic punk song has a solid guitar, bass and drums foundation with energetic lead vocals and plenty of harmonies. Song two by SUBURBAN LOCKDOWN is "Locked In." This fucker rocks! This song gathers up some skinhead rock aggression and fucking runs with it! "Locked In" demonstrates that when they are at the top of their game, SUBURBAN LOCKDOWN could share a stage with the mighty NUTS & BOLTS, those well-respected skins from Oakland, California. Very good! Order your Durty Mick product from 19106 S Normandie Ave, PO Box 311, Torrance, CA 90502; phone: 310/515-9921; www.DirtyMick Records.com.

Until next month—see you around. I'll be seeing you. I'll see you fucks at the bar!

Ever since I first discovered punk I've been fascinated with its history. Of course the "classic" bands were already established as such long before I was aware of punk—the Clash, the Ramones, Black Flag, Minor Threat, etc.—so it was easy to seek them out when I was just getting into it and eager to consume anything and everything, more so than whatever local or underground bands that existed at the time. It's impossible to argue that the late '70s and the early '80s produced an astonishing amount of punk music, art, and culture, and without a doubt that eras' bands are among my favorites. I think it's also quite easy for someone like me, who has a tendency to become immersed completely into something I'm interested in, to ignore all music outside the genre or era with which I'm currently obsessed.

It's something I think about a great deal, especially working on the magazine these days when everyone (myself included) looks to the past for inspiration. The shadow of yesterday looms over every record I review, every interview I read. I worry that everything we

do has already been done, many times over, and better. Punk (and later, hardcore), while not completely uninfluenced by what came before it, was a rejection of the past, taking rock 'n' roll back from musical dinosaurs and irrelevant rock stars. Has it become that which it was originally meant to destroy once and for all? I'm talking about something to which I've dedicated a great deal of my life. I mean, I work 40+ hours a week on the magazine with no financial compensation, just for the love of it—I could be working a "real job," earning a salary and building a career. I've spent countless hours destroying my eardrums at band practice or watching a show; I will surely be half-deaf by the time I reach middle age. I suppose it's inevitable that I'll ask, "What for?"

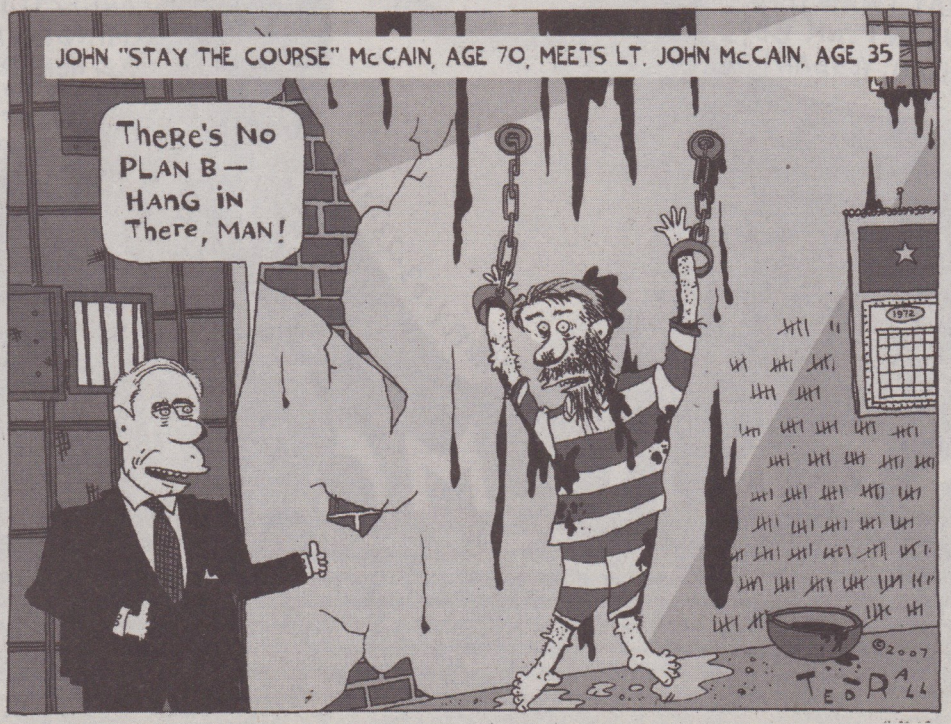
Though I've been working a great deal recently, I have been fortunate to catch the odd show here and there. The Vaticans, playing with a shitty indie rock band at a shitty rock club in the Richmond; the Giant Haystacks' last show in Thrillhouse Records' basement; Signal Lost, at a cool art space in Seattle to a bunch of drunken crusties. Each time, there's been a moment where it all comes together. I don't think it can be explained really, at least not to anyone who hasn't totally surrendered themselves to something. Watching these bands play—not listening to a record, seeing old photos, reading about a great show, or watching a video of one—it obliterates punk history, makes the past irrelevant. In each case, the band's entire existence has been working for that show, that instant. It doesn't really matter if something has been done before; what's happening now, for that moment, is more important than anything that already taken place. The fact that it's of a musical genre that has existed for 30 years doesn't make any difference one way or the other—it's something more than just a style or a sound. I'm not trying to get all "profound" or nothin'...just happy to realize every now and then how lucky I am to be where I'm at.

* * *

Since I do love old hardcore, I'm going to write about a recent reissue that was reviewed but might have slipped through the cracks. I'm in front of the computer a lot these days and always have something playing in the background—often times I just end up spinning something over and over again. Barn Av Regnbuen's *Folk Uten Framtid* LP is one of those records. There's a brief band history in the insert, and possibly something online as well, so I won't try and rehash it here; I'll mention though that the band is from Norway and the material is from the early '80s. The music is ripping hardcore and sounds like it came from two different recording sessions. The A-side, the rougher of the two, I'm guessing was recorded a bit earlier in their career. Though the band plays at breakneck speed and the sound is totally fuzzed-out, the song structures are easily discernable, thanks in part to their tightness and also to the clear bass that seems to carry the melody. I'm sure Barn Av Regnbuen was much more influenced by European punk than by American stuff (if at all), but I would liken this material to early Meat Puppets ("thrash in a wind tunnel") due to the wild music and vocals and the sheer velocity at which the band played. The B-side sounds a little more developed; while still maintaining a hardcore intensity, the songs have more of a dark, melodic feel. It's that desperate melancholy that I associate with Articles of Faith. The last notable thing about this record are the two covers the band did: The Rolling Stones and the Beatles. Plenty of punk bands have covered the former without too much of a stylistic variation, and Barn Av Regnbuen's choice ("Jumpin' Jack Flash") doesn't sound too out of place, but it's their Beatles track that's really crazy. If you think someone could turn "Elanor Rigby" into a completely raging hardcore song, you're mistaken. It has to be heard to be believed. Anyway, the label that put out the LP is called Cradle to Grave Records and I highly recommend making the effort to track it down.

* * *

As always, I can be reached at: chris@maximumrocknroll.com



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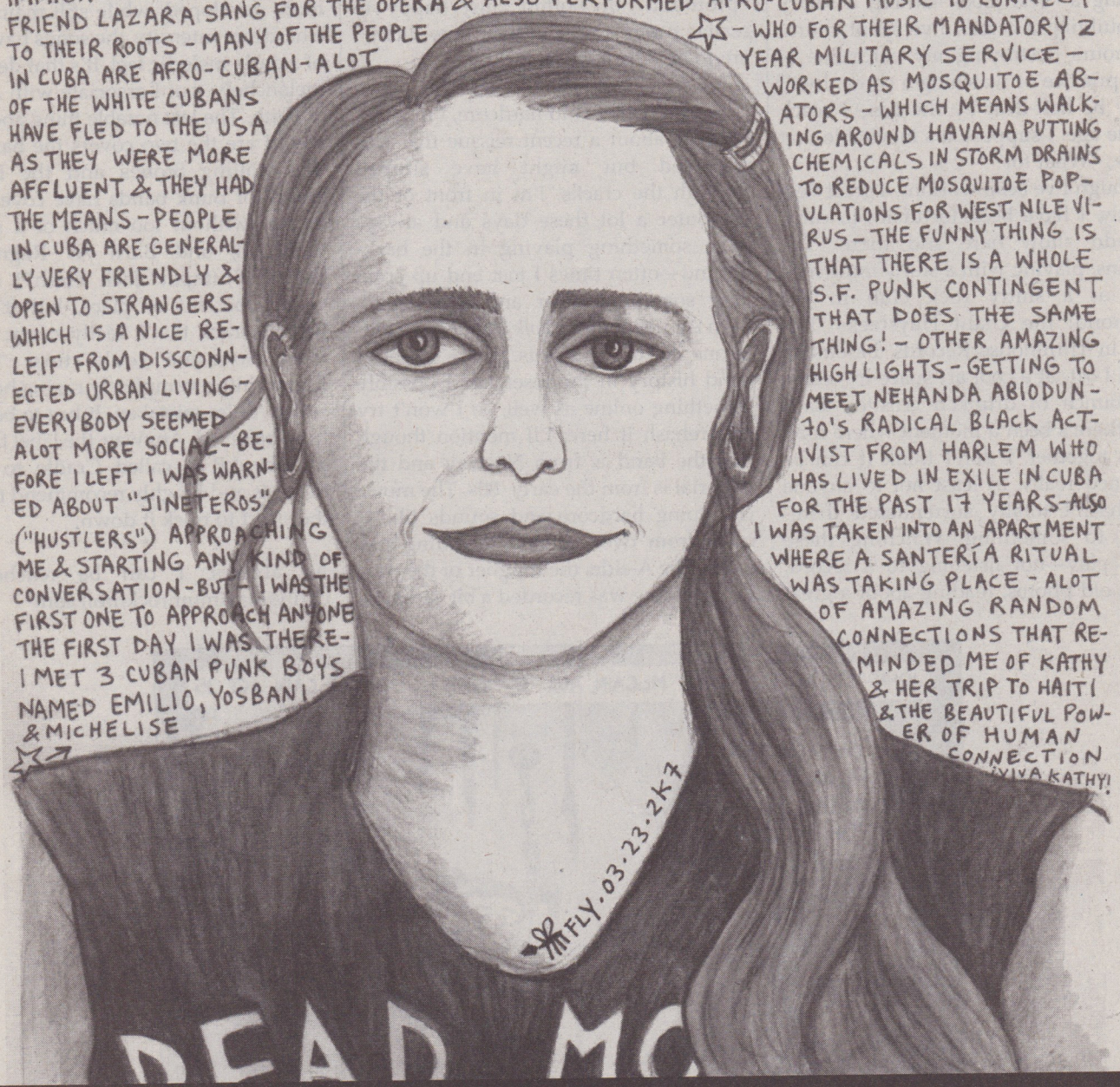
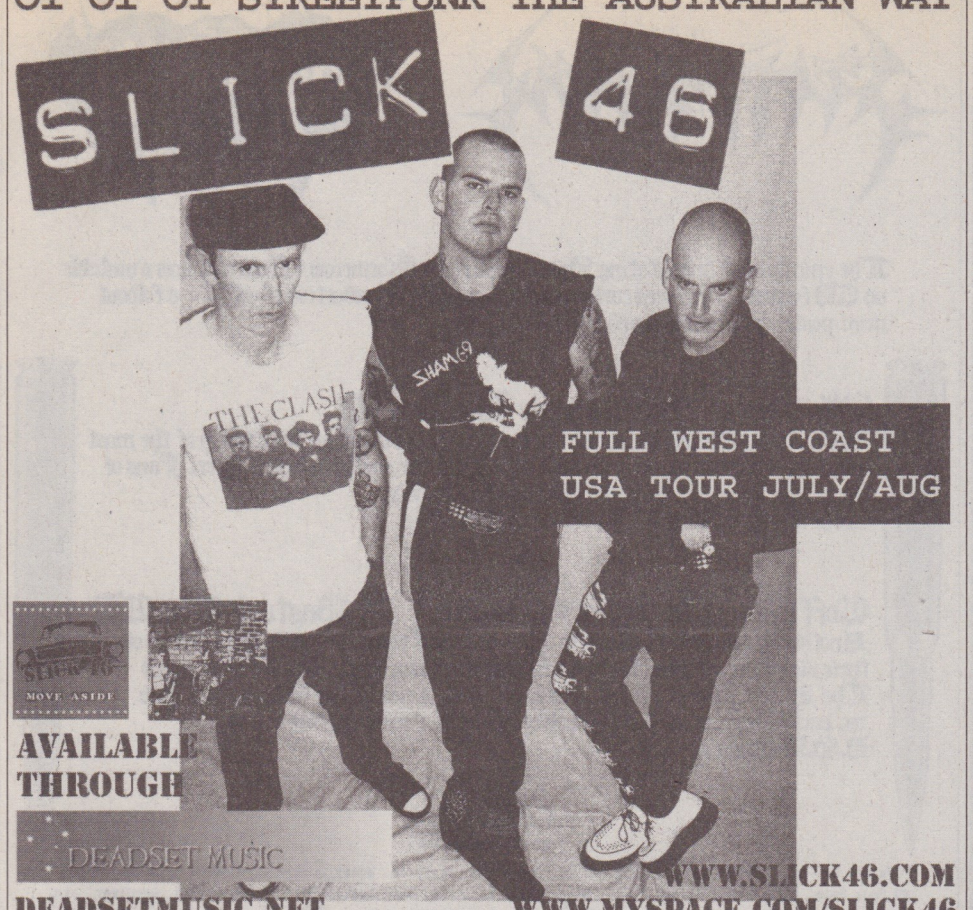


Ivy Jeanne - 03/23/2K7 - Oakland CA

I first met Ivy over 10 years ago - I had read her stuff in *Scam* & had already met Iggy - Ivy came to my kinkos store (I used to be the night manager at the LES kinkos when it first opened - awesome job!!) anyway - I wasnt there when she came but she left all these little drawings for me - it was so cool - like a mini zine - then I actually got to hang out with her in SF not long after that & she is really fun to hang out with! - I think at the time she was in the band Miami & she gave me a cd called Shotwell Miami - Ivy's other bands have been Los Canadians & Allergic to Bullshit - currently she is finishing up a public health degree at SF State - Ivy is an artist/activist/singer & her current band will be called Black Rainbow (someone told her that it sounds like a radical gay death cult) to contact Ivy or any other PEOP you can email fly@bway.net (put *MRR* in the subject so I know its not spam) & I will forward any messes - PEOPs zines #2 & #3 are available for $5 each pp(US) - *Dog Dayz* zines #1 & #2 also available $5 each pp (US) - contact Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn NYC NY10276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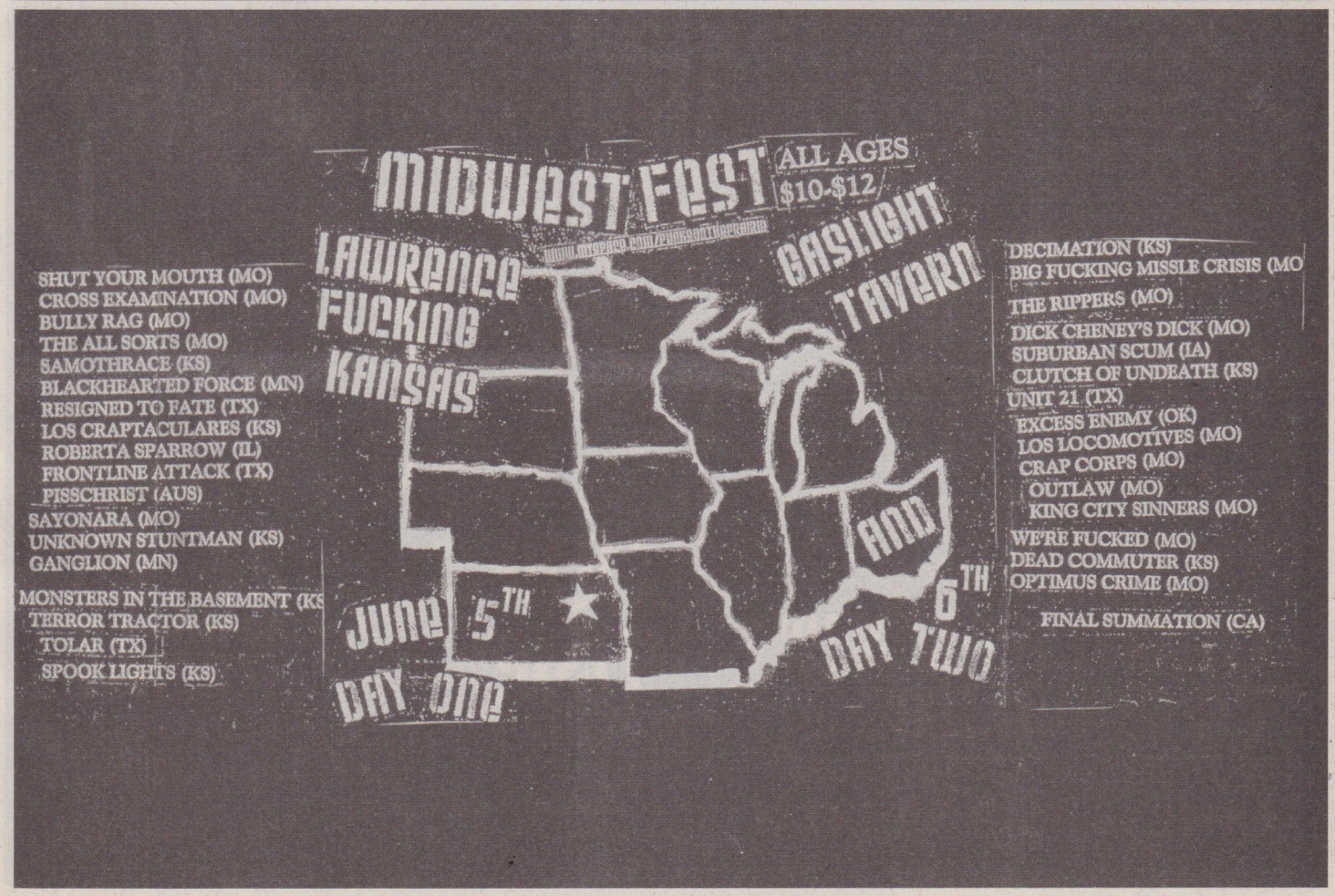
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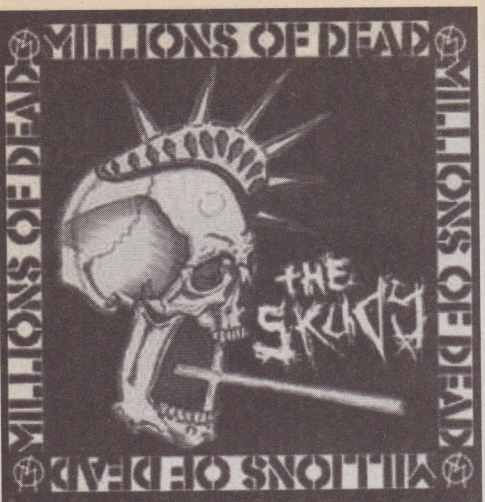

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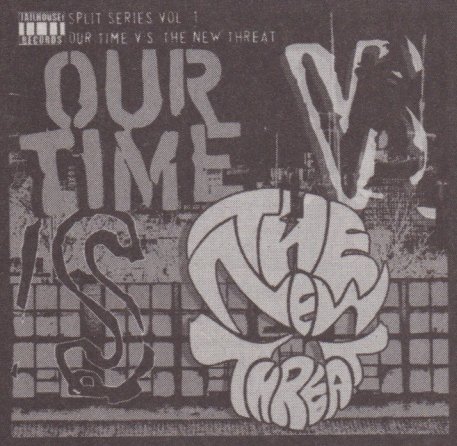

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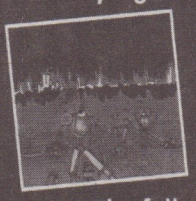

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MRR NEWS

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US EVANGELICALS AIM TO INFLUENCE EUROPEAN LAW

From an article in *The Christian Science Monitor*
ERLANGEN, GERMANY – For the past two months, the Busekros family has been fighting a court battle to regain custody of their 15-year-old daughter, Melissa. German police took her from her home here, and placed her in a psychiatric ward. The reason: She was being home-schooled, which violates Germany's compulsory education law.

Melissa's plight has struck a chord with US evangelicals, who often see home-schooling as a way to instill Christian values. American evangelical groups have rushed to the family's aid, providing legal counsel and lobbying the German parliament. Many American Christians have reached out to the Busekros family, who now have two wicker baskets stuffed with hundreds of letters from supporters. "It reminds us that we are not alone, that there are people standing behind us and giving us the strength to fight," says Melissa's mother, Gudrun.

The Busekros case is emblematic of the growing effort by US Christian legal organizations to take the "culture wars" overseas. Pushing back against a perceived assault on their values by an increasingly secular society, the groups are striving to influence European law on issues ranging from home schooling to stem-cell research to gay marriage. A few recent examples include:

• In Britain, the Alliance Defense Fund (ADF), an organization founded by American evangelical leaders, is funding a lawsuit brought by a Christian man who was fired for refusing to work on Sunday. It is also helping to develop the legal strategy.

• In Sweden, ADF played a key role in persuading the Supreme Court to dismiss charges against Ake Green, a pastor who was convicted of hate-crime charges after he delivered a sermon in which he called gays a "deep cancerous tumor in the entire society."

• In Aruba and the Czech Republic, Pat Robertson's legal organization, the American Center for Law and Justice (ACLJ), helped defeat bills that would have legalized same-sex unions.

• In France, ACLJ affiliate ECLJ (the European Center for Law and Justice), is staging a legal challenge against an antisect law that it says is being used to clamp down on evangelical Christian churches.

• And on the European Union level, ECLJ is lobbying to block funding for embryonic stem-cell research.

Why are American groups going to such lengths to shape the laws in other countries? "We realized that if we didn't try to mold precedents abroad, they could come back to hurt us, and that the American legal system as we know might change," says Benjamin Bull, chief counsel for the ADF. He notes that, for example, US judges have drawn on foreign precedents and international standards in several key cases, such as the Supreme Court's 2003 ruling in Lawrence v. Texas, which legalized sodomy in the Lone Star State.

In Germany, one of ADF's allied organizations, the Georgia-based International Human Rights Group (IHRG; formerly the European Defense Fund), has had a hand in more than 40 German home-schooling cases. Last year, the group's president, Joel Thornton, and a German lawyer appealed to the European Court of Human Rights on behalf of one home-schooling family. They argued that forcing the family's Christian children to attend public schools, where the curriculum sometimes runs counter to their beliefs, was a threat to religious freedom. But the EU court rejected this argument, saying, "Schools represented society, and it was in the children's interest to become part of that society."

On the local level, however, IHRG and its German ally, Schuzh, have won several cases and scored some coups at the negotiating table. Take, for instance, the case of the Twelve Tribes, a controversial evangelical movement that was founded in the US. Followers live in small, communal groups largely cut off from society. Until last August, a pocket of Twelve Tribes disciples in Bavaria had been locked in a struggle to keep their children out of public schools. During that time, they had stacked up around $175,000 in fines and seen seven fathers thrown in jail. IHRG and Schuzh were able to persuade the Bavarian ministry of education to allow the group to set up its own school, where children learn creationism instead of evolution and forgo sex education. The school is now up and running.

At the moment, IHRG and Schuzh are involved in more than a dozen home-schooling cases wending their way through the German court system and have appealed to the European Court of Human Rights to hear several of them.

One of their top priorities is the case of the 15-year-old home-schooled girl Melissa Busekros. Her parents say that her classmates would mock her faith, kneeling in front of her with their hands pressed together in prayer and saying, "Hail Mary." (Though the Busekroses are evangelical Christians, the students in heavily Roman Catholic Bavaria didn't appear to recognize the distinction.) The last straw came when she started failing Latin and math, at which point her parents began home-schooling her. After more than two years of trying to get Melissa back in school, state officials pulled her from her home in February and placed her in a psychiatric ward.

The Erlangen youth-welfare office declined to comment on her case, but a psychological evaluation that the office ordered said Melissa was suffering from emotional problems, including "school phobia," and had to be removed from her home for own well-being. She is now living with a foster family.

Mr. Thornton, IHRG's president, has been meeting regularly with Melissa's parents and other German home-schooling families since the organization was founded in 2004. Often, he says, he encourages them to invite confrontation so that he can draw media attention to their cases. "I try to teach them the American attitude and understanding that this is a fight you can fight – that standing up for their beliefs in the court system is a God-given right," he explains.

While Thornton works to educate European Evangelicals about the American approach to such legal battles, the European Center for Law and Justice is striving to educate American students about European law "from a Christian perspective." For the past several years, it has hosted a five-week summer session in Strasbourg for law students at Pat Robertson's Regents University. Much of the focus is on issues such as hate-crime laws and same-sex marriage.

The program culminates in a summit with international leaders. Last year's group included American Ambassador to the European Union C. Boyden Gray, former US Attorney General John Ashcroft, a deputy prime minister, and a handful of EU lawmakers. The goal, says ECLJ attorney Roger Kiska, is "preparing the next generation of Christian lawyers to work on a global level."

AIRSHIPS TO TACKLE CARACAS CRIME

From an article on news.bbc.co.uk

Officials in the Venezuelan capital, Caracas, are taking to the air in an attempt to make the city safer. The council has bought three mini remote-controlled airships that are soon to be launched to look down on the city monitoring criminal activity. Each has a camera mounted on it, which beams back pictures to a control room. The Venezuelan capital is regarded as one of the most dangerous cities in Latin America, with gun crime a particular problem.

There were a few strange looks skywards in Caracas as the new mini Zeppelin took to the skies. Steered by remote control from the ground, the balloon ducked and dived above the buildings, its pilot showing how maneuverable the machine can be. The 15 49-foot-long airships are emblazoned with government slogans. Written in bright red are the words: "We watch over you for your security."

Some might worry that this will be intrusive—a big brother in the skies, spying on people the government wants to watch. But the man in charge of security in Caracas, Ramon Morales Rossi, played down that idea. "Our intention is to reduce criminal activity in the city, that's a big problem, something the presidency has recognized," he said. "It's part of a plan—working with the people, better education, better police officers and better equipment for the police."

Security, or the lack of it, is a big concern for many here. Caracas is one of the most dangerous cities in Latin America. The government has stopped publishing crime figures, but last year the UN said that per capita there were more deaths from guns than anywhere else in the world. Working under the gaze of the balloon, some Venezuelans backed this up. "It's good that there's a greater police presence. It's indispensable. Where's there no police presence, there's no security," said one. "Obviously I think this is the right thing to do. But we need as much security on the ground as in the air."

The eyes in the sky will be controlled from a new base that is being kitted out in the city centre. Most Caracas residents agree something needs to be done to make the city safer. As they are watched, they will be watching too to see if these hi-tech machines make any difference to their lives.

UNITED NATIONS HUMAN RIGHTS COUNCIL ADOPTS RESOLUTION AGAINST RELIGIOUS DEFAMATION

From The Associated Press

GENEVA – Islamic countries pushed through a resolution at the UN Human Rights Council urging a global prohibition on the public defamation of religion—a response largely to the furor last year over caricatures published in a Danish newspaper of the Muslim Prophet Muhammad. The statement proposed by the Organization of Islamic Conference addressed what it called a "campaign" against Muslim minorities and the Islamic religion around the world since the Sept. 11, 2001 terrorist attacks in the United States.

The resolution, which was opposed by European and a number of other non-Muslim countries, "expresses deep concern at attempts to identify Islam with terrorism, violence and human rights violations." It makes no mention of Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism or any other religion besides Islam, but urges countries "to take resolute action to prohibit the dissemination of racist and xenophobic ideas and material aimed at any religion or its followers that constitute incitement and religious hatred, hostility, or violence." Iran, whose President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad has repeatedly called for Israel to be "wiped off the map," belongs to the 57-member Islamic conference.

The resolution was adopted by a 24-14 vote with nine abstentions. Canada, Japan and South Korea joined European countries in opposition, primarily citing its excessive focus on Islam and incompatibility with fundamental rights such as the freedoms of speech and thought. "The problem of religious intolerance is worldwide and not limited to certain religions," said Brigitta Maria Siefker-Eberle of Germany," speaking on behalf of the 27-nation European Union. Ghana, India, Nigeria, Zambia and some of the council's Latin American countries abstained. There are 17 Muslim countries in the 47-nation human rights council. Their alliance with China, Cuba, Russia and most of the African members means they can almost always achieve a majority.

Human Rights Watch said the resolution could endanger the basic rights of individuals. The document "focuses on protection of religions themselves, particularly Islam, rather than the rights of individuals, including members of religious minorities," the New York-based rights group said in a statement. The resolution says freedom of expression "may ... be subject to limitations as provided by law and necessary for respect of the rights or reputations of others ... or morals and respect for religions and beliefs."

The council, which last year replaced the discredited UN Human Rights Commission, has no power beyond drawing international attention to rights issues and scrutiny of abuses in certain countries. The move at the council was initiated last year after protests across the Islamic world drew attention to caricatures of Muhammad first printed in Danish paper *Jyllands-Posten* in September 2005. One of the drawings showed Muhammad with a bomb-shaped turban. Islamic law is often interpreted to forbid any depiction of the prophet for fear it could lead to idolatry.

DON'T LIKE I.D. CARDS? HAND OVER YOUR PASSPORT

From an article on www.dailymail.co.uk

BRITAIN – Anybody who objects to their personal details going on the new "Big Brother" ID cards database will be banned from having a passport. James Hall, the official in charge of the supposedly-voluntary scheme, said the Government would allow people to opt out—but in return they must "forgo the ability" to have a travel document. With one in every eight people saying they will refuse to sign-up, up to five million adults could effectively be refused permission to leave the country.

Campaigners reacted to Mr. Hall's remarks with fury, saying they were yet more evidence of the lurch towards "Big Brother" Britain. Phil Booth, of the NO2ID group, said: "The idea that ID cards scheme is voluntary, and people can opt-out, is a joke. "There are all sorts of reasons why people need to travel, not just for holidays. There is work, visiting relatives. What are these people supposed to do? It stretches the definition of voluntary beyond breaking point. They will go to any length to get personal information for this huge database. Who knows what will happen to it then?"

Mr. Hall, chief executive of the Identity and Passport Service, delivered his warning during a Downing Street "webchat." One concerned member of the public, Andrew Michael Edwards, asked what would happen to people who refuse to join the £5.4 billion scheme. Mr. Hall replied: "There is no need to register and have fingerprints taken—but you will forgo the ability to have a passport". Officials later explained the meaning of his remark. The first ID cards will be issued in 2009, to anybody who applies for a passport. People will be required to give fingerprints, biometric details such as a facial scan and a wealth of personal details—including second homes, driving license and insurance numbers. All will be stored on a giant ID cards Register, which can be accessed by accredited Whitehall departments, banks and businesses.

While the ID Cards Bill was going through Parliament, peers agreed an "opt out" with Ministers for people who needed a passport, but did not want to participate in the ID cards scheme. It was the only way the Lords would accept the legislation, amid howls of concern that it represents yet another move towards a surveillance society. But, as Mr. Hall's comments this week make clear, the opt-out only applies to being physically issued with a card.

In order to get a passport, people will still have to hand over all their personal details for storage on the ID cards Register—where they will be treated in the same was as those who agreed to sign-up. They simply avoid getting the card—even though they will have to pay the full combined price of £93 for an ID card and passport. It means that, despite the Government repeatedly insisting the scheme is voluntary, the only way to avoid signing-up is to never obtain or renew a passport. Therefore, anybody who objects to ID cards on principle and wants to keep their personal details private must remain in the UK for the rest of their lives.

Critics said it was clear ID cards were being made compulsory by stealth. Some 6.6 million people apply for travel documents each year. Mr. Booth said legal challenges were inevitable, as restricting the right of free movement is a grave breach of human rights law. A YouGov survey, published three months ago, found 12 percent of Britons would refuse to take part in the scheme, even if it meant paying a fine or serving a prison sentence. Mr. Booth predicted many of this group would be prepared to bring test cases to challenge the Government's position in court.

Liberal Democrat home affairs spokesman Nick Clegg said: "This comment confirms long-standing suspicions that the government's claim that the ID database will be voluntary is simply not true. The voluntary claim is serving as a fig leaf for a universal compulsory system. Once again the government's ID card plans are being pursued behind the backs of the British people."

Labour has become increasingly obsessed with the introduction of ID cards, claiming they will help to beat fraud and illegal immigration. But both the Conservatives and Liberal Democrats have fiercely opposed the scheme, amid concerns costs could spiral out of control. Academics have predicted the final bill could reach up to £20 billion. There are also concerns Ministers could be tempted to strike financial deals to pass on personal details, in a bid to recoup some of the enormous costs. If the Tories win power, it will be scrapped immediately.

Mr. Hall's comments will fuel the suspicion that Ministers are involved in a desperate race against time to get the project off the ground, and get as many people's details as possible before the next General Election. The Home Office said it had never hidden the fact anybody refusing to give their biometric and other personal details to the ID cards database would not be eligible for a passport. A spokesman said it was more cost effective to link the issuing of passports and ID cards, rather than allow people to register their details for one but not the other.

20,000 FARMERS AND WORKERS RIOT IN CHINA

From Reuters

Thousands of Chinese farmers and laid-off workers rioted in central China, attacking police and smashing squad cars, attacking police and smashing squad cars, a local official said on Monday, the latest in a string of violent demonstrations. Nine police cars were burnt during the riot in the central province of Hunan in which 20,000 people clashed with about 1,000 police armed with guns and electric cattle prods, a local official told Reuters.

"They did it because they were not satisfied with some government behaviour," the official, surnamed Tan, said by telephone from the district of Lingling, which belongs to the Hunan city of Yongzhou. "They were also unhappy about official corruption," Tan said without elaborating. The overseas human rights website Boxun (www.boxun.com) said the riot was sparked by dissatisfaction with rising public transport costs. The site, which is critical of China, is blocked on the mainland.

The Hunan official said the riot had been quelled and that scores of the rioters were arrested. The government was tracking down the organisers, she said. Both police and rioters had been injured in the violence, and some of the rioters were sent to hospital, but none was seriously hurt, the official added.

A widening gap between rich and poor, corruption, and official abuses of power have fuelled a growing number of demonstrations and riots around China, often sparked by seemingly minor issues. The government has said the number of "mass incidents" in the country—a term that includes protests, petitions and demonstrations—was about 23,000 last year. Efforts to reduce inequality and sources of discontent have been a theme of government efforts to improve the livelihoods of its 750 million farmers.

N.Y. CITY POLICE SPIED BROADLY BEFORE G.O.P. CONVENTION

From an article in the *New York Times*

For at least a year before the 2004 Republican National Convention, teams of undercover New York City police officers traveled to cities across the country, Canada, and Europe to conduct covert observations of people who planned to protest at the convention, according to police records and interviews. From Albuquerque to Montreal, San Francisco to Miami, undercover New York police officers attended meetings of political groups, posing as sympathizers or fellow activists, the records show. They made friends, shared meals, swapped e-mail messages and then filed daily reports with the department's Intelligence Division. Other investigators mined Internet sites and chat rooms.

From these operations, run by the department's "RNC Intelligence Squad," the police identified a handful of groups and individuals who expressed interest in creating havoc during the convention, as well as some who used Web sites to urge or predict violence. But potential troublemakers were hardly the only ones to end up in the files. In hundreds of reports stamped "NYPD Secret," the Intelligence Division chronicled the views and plans of people who had no apparent intention of breaking the law, the records show. These included members of street theater companies, church groups and antiwar organizations, as well as environmentalists and people opposed to the death penalty, globalization and other government policies. Three New York City elected officials were cited in the reports.

In at least some cases, intelligence on what appeared to be lawful activity was shared with police departments in other cities. A police report on an organization of artists called Bands Against Bush noted that the group was planning concerts on Oct. 11, 2003, in New York, Washington, Seattle, San Francisco and Boston. Between musical sets, the report said, there would be political speeches and videos. "Activists are showing a well-organized network made up of anti-Bush sentiment; the mixing of music and political rhetoric indicates sophisticated organizing skills with a specific agenda," said the report, dated Oct. 9, 2003. "Police departments in above listed areas have been contacted regarding this event."

Police records indicate that in addition to sharing information with other police departments, New York undercover officers were active themselves in at least 15 places outside New York—including California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montreal, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas and Washington, DC—and in Europe.

The operation was mounted in 2003 after the Police Department, invoking the fresh horrors of the World Trade Center attack and the prospect of future terrorism, won greater authority from a federal judge to investigate political organizations for criminal activity. To date, as the boundaries of the department's expanded powers continue to be debated, police officials have provided only glimpses of its intelligence-gathering. Now, the broad outlines of the pre-convention operations are emerging from records in federal lawsuits that were brought over mass arrests made during the convention, and in greater detail from still-secret reports reviewed by *The New York Times*. These include a sample of raw intelligence documents and of summary digests of observations from both the field and the department's cyberintelligence unit.

Paul J. Browne, the chief spokesman for the Police Department, confirmed that the operation had been wide-ranging, and said it had been an essential part of the preparations for the huge crowds that came to the city during the convention. "Detectives collected information both in-state and out-of-state to learn in advance what was coming our way," Mr. Browne said. When the detectives went out of town, he said, the department usually alerted the local authorities by telephone or in person.

Under a United States Supreme Court ruling, undercover surveillance of political groups is generally legal, but the police in New York—like those in many other big cities—have operated under special limits as a result of class-action lawsuits filed over police monitoring of civil rights and antiwar groups during the 1960s. The limits in New York are known as the Handschu guidelines, after the lead plaintiff, Barbara Handschu. "All our activities were legal and were subject in advance to Handschu review," Mr. Browne said. Before monitoring political activity, the police must have "some indication of unlawful activity on the part of the individual or organization to be investigated," United States District Court Judge Charles S. Haight Jr. said in a ruling last month.

Christopher Dunn, the associate legal director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, which represents seven of the 1,806 people arrested during the convention, said the Police Department stepped beyond the law in its covert surveillance program. "The police have no authority to spy on lawful political activity, and this wide-ranging NYPD program was wrong and illegal," Mr. Dunn said. "In the coming weeks, the city will be required to disclose to us many more details about its pre-convention surveillance of groups and activists, and many will be shocked by the breadth of the Police Department's political surveillance operation." The Police Department said those complaints were overblown.

On Wednesday, lawyers for the plaintiffs in the convention lawsuits are scheduled to begin depositions of David Cohen, the deputy police commissioner for intelligence. Mr. Cohen, a former senior official at the Central Intelligence Agency, was "central to the NYPD's efforts to collect intelligence information prior to the RNC," Gerald C. Smith, an assistant corporation counsel with the city Law Department, said in a federal court filing.

Balancing Safety and Surveillance

For nearly four decades, the city, civil liberties lawyers and the Police Department have fought in federal court over how to balance public safety, free speech and the penetrating but potentially disruptive force of police surveillance. After the Sept. 11 attacks, Raymond W. Kelly, who became police commissioner in January 2002, "took the position that the NYPD could no longer rely on the federal government alone, and that the department had to build an intelligence capacity worthy of the name," Mr. Browne said. Mr. Cohen contended that surveillance of domestic political activities was essential to fighting terrorism. "Given the range of activities that may be engaged in by the members of a sleeper cell in the long period of preparation for an act of terror, the entire resources of the NYPD must be available to conduct investigations into political activity and intelligence-related issues," Mr. Cohen wrote in an affidavit dated Sept. 12, 2002.

In February 2003, the Police Department, with Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's support, was given broad new authority by Judge

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Haight to conduct such monitoring. However, a senior police official must still determine that there is some indication of illegal activity before an inquiry is begun. An investigation by the Intelligence Division led to the arrest—coincidentally, three days before the convention—of a man who spoke about bombing the Herald Square subway station. In another initiative, detectives were stationed in Europe and the Middle East to quickly funnel information back to New York.

When the city was designated in February 2003 as the site of the 2004 Republican National Convention, the department had security worries—in particular about the possibility of a truck bomb attack near Madison Square Garden, where events would be held—and logistical concerns about managing huge crowds, Mr. Browne said. "We also prepared to contend with a relatively small group of self-described anarchists who vowed to prevent delegates from participating in the convention or otherwise disrupt the convention by various means, including vandalism," Mr. Browne said. "Our goal was to safeguard delegates, demonstrators and the general public alike."

In its preparations, the department applied the intelligence resources that had just been strengthened for fighting terrorism to an entirely different task: collecting information on people participating in political protests. In the records reviewed by The Times, some of the police intelligence concerned people and groups bent on causing trouble, but the bulk of the reports covered the plans and views of people with no obvious intention of breaking the law.

By searching the Internet, investigators identified groups that were making plans for demonstrations. Files were created on their political causes, the criminal records, if any, of the people involved and any plans for civil disobedience or disruptive tactics. From the field, undercover officers filed daily accounts of their observations on forms known as DD5s that called for descriptions of the gatherings, the leaders and participants, and the groups' plans. Inside the police Intelligence Division, daily reports from both the field and the Web were summarized in bullet format. These digests—marked "Secret"—were circulated weekly under the heading "Key Findings."

Perceived Threats

On Jan. 6, 2004, the intelligence digest noted that an anti-gentrification group in Montreal claimed responsibility for hoax bombs that had been planted at construction sites of luxury condominiums, stating that the purpose was to draw attention to the homeless. The group was linked to a band of anarchist-communists whose leader had visited New York, according to the report.

Other digests noted a planned campaign of "electronic civil disobedience" to jam fax machines and hack into Web sites. Participants at a conference were said to have discussed getting inside delegates' hotels by making hair salon appointments or dinner reservations. At the same conference, people were reported to have discussed disabling charter buses and trying to confuse delegates by switching subway directional signs, or by sealing off stations with crime-scene tape. A Syracuse peace group intended to block intersections, a report stated. Other reports mentioned past demonstrations where various groups used nails and ball bearings as weapons and threw balloons filled with urine or other foul liquids. The police also kept track of Richard Picariello, a man who had been convicted in 1978 of politically motivated bombings in Massachusetts, Mr. Browne said.

At the other end of the threat spectrum was Joshua Kinberg, a graduate student at Parsons School of Design and the subject of four pages of intelligence reports, including two pictures. For his master's thesis project, Mr. Kinberg devised a "wireless bicycle" equipped with cellphone, laptop and spray tubes that could squirt messages received over the Internet onto the sidewalk or street. The messages were printed in water-soluble chalk, a tactic meant to avoid a criminal mischief charge for using paint, an intelligence report noted. Mr. Kinberg's bicycle was "capable of transferring activist-based messages on streets and sidewalks," according to a report on July 22, 2004. "This bicycle, having been built for the sole purpose of protesting during the RNC, is capable of spraying anti-R.N.C.-type messages on surrounding streets and sidewalks, also supplying the rider with a quick vehicle of escape," the report said. Mr. Kinberg, then 25, was arrested during a television interview with Ron Reagan for MSNBC's "Hardball" program during the convention. He was released a day later, but his equipment was held for more than a year.

Mr. Kinberg said Friday that after his arrest, detectives with the terrorism task force asked if he knew of any plans for violence. "I'm an artist," he said. "I know other artists, who make T-shirts and signs." He added: "There's no reason I should have been placed on any kind of surveillance status. It affected me, my ability to exercise free speech, and the ability of thousands of people who were sending in messages for the bike, to exercise their free speech."

New Faces in Their Midst

A vast majority of several hundred reports reviewed by The Times, including field reports and the digests, described groups that gave no obvious sign of wrongdoing. The intelligence noted that one group, the "Man- and Woman-in-Black Bloc," planned to protest outside a party at Sotheby's for Tennessee's Republican delegates with Johnny Cash's career as its theme.

The satirical performance troupe Billionaires for Bush, which specializes in lampooning the Bush administration by dressing in tuxedos and flapper gowns, was described in an intelligence digest on Jan. 23, 2004. "Billionaires for Bush is an activist group forged as a mockery of the current president and political policies," the report said. "Preliminary intelligence indicates that this group is raising funds for expansion and support of anti-R.N.C. activist organizations."

Marco Ceglie, who performs as Monet Oliver dePlace in Billionaires for Bush, said he had suspected that the group was under surveillance by federal agents—not necessarily police officers—during weekly meetings in a downtown loft and at events around the country in the summer of 2004. "It was a running joke that some of the new faces were 25- to 32-year-old males asking, 'First name, last name?'" Mr. Ceglie said. "Some people didn't care; it bothered me and a couple of other leaders, but we didn't want to make a big stink because we didn't want to look paranoid. We applied to the FBI under the Freedom of Information Act to see if there's a file, but the answer came back that 'we cannot confirm or deny.'" The Billionaires try to avoid provoking arrests, Mr. Ceglie said.

Others—who openly planned civil disobedience, with the expectation of being arrested—said they assumed they were under surveillance, but had nothing to hide. "Some of the groups were very concerned about infiltration," said Ed Hedemann of the War Resisters League, a pacifist organization founded in 1923. "We weren't. We had open meetings." The war resisters publicly announced plans for a "die-in" at Madison Square Garden. They were arrested two minutes after they began a silent march from the World Trade Center site. The charges were dismissed.

The sponsors of an event planned for Jan. 15, 2004, in honor of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday were listed in one of the reports, which noted that it was a protest against "the RNC, the war in Iraq and the Bush administration." It mentioned that three members of the City Council at the time, Charles Barron, Bill Perkins and Larry B. Seabrook, "have endorsed this event." Others supporting it, the report said, were the New York City AIDS Housing Network, the Arab Muslim American Foundation, Activists for the Liberation of Palestine, Queers for Peace and Justice and the 1199 Bread and Roses Cultural Project.

Many of the 1,806 people arrested during the convention were held for up to two days on minor offenses normally handled with a summons; the city Law Department said the pre-convention intelligence justified detaining them all for fingerprinting. Mr. Browne said that 18 months of preparation by the police had allowed hundreds of thousands of people to demonstrate while also ensuring that the Republican delegates were able to hold their convention with relatively few disruptions. "We attributed the successful policing of the convention to a host of NYPD activities leading up to the RNC, including 18 months of intensive planning," he said. "It was a great success, and despite provocations, such as demonstrators throwing faux feces in the faces of police officers, the NYPD showed professionalism and restraint."

LENDERS MISUSING STUDENT DATABASE

From an article in the *Washington Post*

Some lending companies with access to a national database that contains confidential information on tens of millions of student borrowers have repeatedly searched it in ways that violate federal rules, raising alarms about data mining and abuse of privacy, government and university officials said. The improper searching has grown so pervasive that officials said the Education Department is considering a temporary shutdown of the government-run database to review access policies and tighten security. Some worry that businesses are trolling for marketing data they can use to bombard students with mass mailings or other solicitations. Students' Social Security numbers, email addresses, phone numbers, birth dates and sensitive financial information such as loan balances are in the database, which contains 60 million student records and is covered by federal privacy laws. "We are just in shock that student data could be compromised like this," said Nancy Hoover, director of financial aid at Denison University in Ohio.

Education Department spokeswoman Katherine McLane said the agency has spent more than $650,000 since 2003 to safeguard the database. The department has blocked thousands of users that it deemed unqualified for access after security reviews, McLane said, and it has blocked 246 users from the student loan industry for inappropriately accessing the data. In general, the department allows lenders to search records in the database only if they have a student's permission or a financial relationship with the student. The department has been "vigilant in its monitoring for unauthorized uses" of the database, McLane said.

Concerns about possible abuses of the database are emerging as the student loan industry is under investigation by congressional Democrats and the New York attorney general. Critics say the $85 billion-a-year industry has cozied up to government and university officials who are in a position to help lenders. This month, a previously obscure Education Department official named Matteo Fontana was suspended after the revelation that he owned more than $100,000 worth of stock in a student loan company while he worked in a unit that helped oversee the industry—and the student loan database. The stock holding raised questions about a possible violation of conflict-of-interest rules.

The database, known as the National Student Loan Data System, was created in 1993 to help determine whether students are eligible for student aid and to assist in collecting loan payments. About 29,000 university financial aid administrators and 7,500 loan company employees have access to it.

In a recent meeting with university financial aid directors, Theresa S. Shaw, chief operating officer of the department's Office of Federal Student Aid, which manages the database, said lenders have been mining it for student data with increasing frequency, according to three participants at the meeting. In the department's hierarchy, Shaw ranks above Fontana. "She said the data mining had gotten out of control, and they were trying to tone it down," said Eileen K. O'Leary, director of student aid and finance at Stonehill College in Massachusetts, who was at the Feb. 26 session. "They'd seen the mining for a few years, but now they felt it had grown exponentially."

The department first started noticing a problem in mid-2003 when loan consolidation became more popular, according to an agency official who spoke on condition of anonymity because of the sensitivity of the matter. As companies began to aggressively look for low-risk borrowers to target for consolidation plans, they turned to the database for prospective customers, the official said. Database users can view only one student record at a time, and the department can monitor each time they view an entry. "When we see them go in and out very quickly, that's when it raises flags" about data mining, the official said. Such abuse would violate department rules.

Officials grew so concerned that in April 2005, the department sent out a letter to database users warning that inappropriate use of the system—in other words, looking for information without authorization—could cause their access to be revoked. The letter said the agency was "specifically troubled" that lenders were giving unauthorized users—such as marketing firms, collection agencies and loan brokerage firms—the ability to access the database. "Information may not be used for any other purpose, including the marketing of student loans or other products," wrote Fontana, then general manager of a unit in the department that oversaw the lending industry.

In August 2005, Cathy H. Lewis, the department's assistant inspector general, echoed those concerns in a memo to Shaw that warned of security problems with the database and the lack of regular audit trails on the system. Through a spokeswoman, Shaw declined to comment. Fontana did not return telephone calls. After the warnings, inappropriate usage of the system seemed to decline, according to the department official who requested anonymity. But several months ago, top managers learned that the practice had resumed—"a pattern that's very alarming," the official said.

Some senior education officials are advocating a temporary shutdown of access to the database until tighter security measures can be put in place, the official said. McLane confirmed that such deliberations are taking place. It is not certain that the lenders that inappropriately used the database used information from it to market directly to students. Credit bureaus, for instance, also hold personal information on borrowers that can be used to solicit customers. But department officials believe lenders are probably using the database for marketing, according to three current and former agency employees who spoke on condition of anonymity for fear of retribution. Some university financial aid administrators suspect loan companies are probably targeting students in the database who take out loans directly with the government, known as direct loans.

"The database is being misused by the industry to raid the direct loan portfolio," said Craig Munier, director of scholarships and financial aid at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, who was at the meeting with Shaw. "It's certainly a misuse of the intended purpose of the information and was certainly not what we intended in the higher education community when we built" the database. Some financial aid directors say abuse of the database would explain why some students who have taken out loans only directly with the government are deluged by up to a half-dozen solicitations a day from private loan companies. "Our students are being inundated with marketing from consolidation companies," said O'Leary, of Stonehill College. "How else are the consolidation companies getting our students' information?"

Some financial aid administrators hope inquiries into the student loan industry will extend to the possible abuse of the database. "We are hoping that a full congressional investigation can happen," said Hoover, the Denison aid director, who also met with Shaw. "And maybe then we will find out what's really happening."

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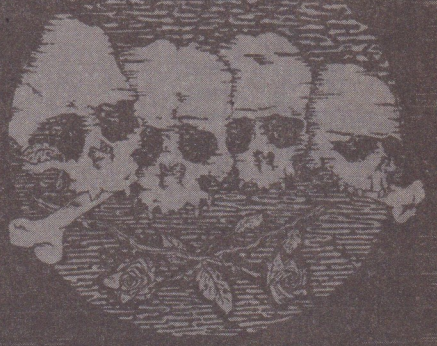

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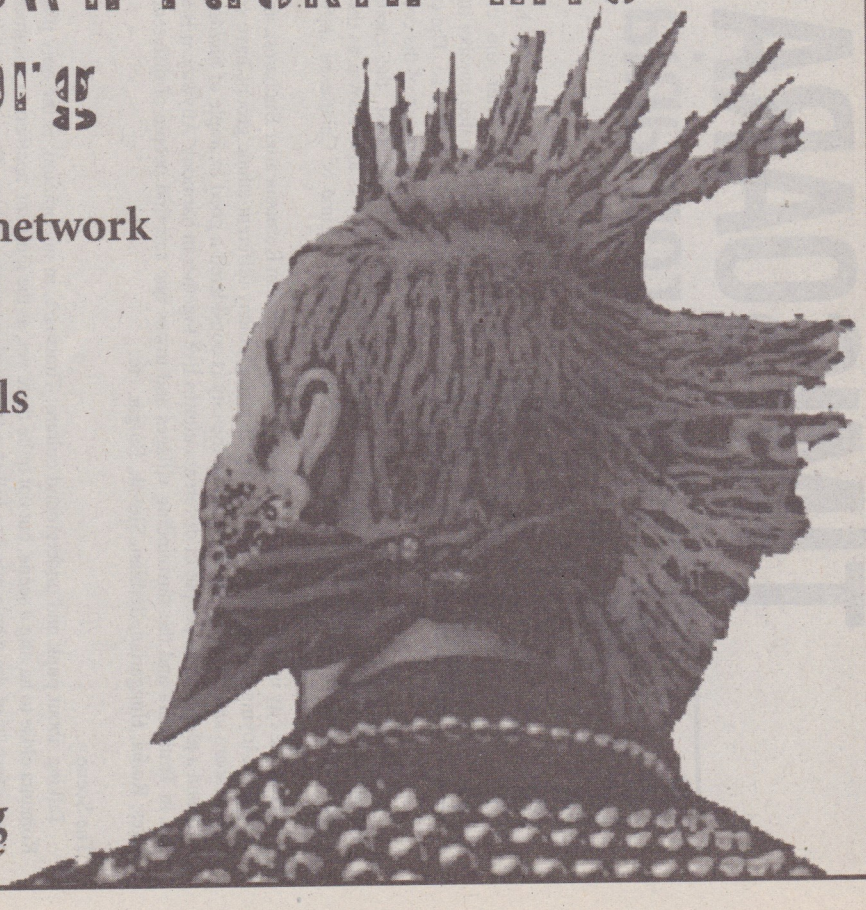


TIMISOARA
romania

Timisoara is one of the biggest cities in Romania, after the capital Bucharest. The estimated number of citizens is around 500,000 or so. The city is placed in the western part of the country, 350 km from Budapest, the capital of Hungary, and 200 km from Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. The city is also known as the first place where the *revolution* against the totalitarian communist regime of Ceausescu started in 1989.

Today the city is considered the largest commercial center in Romania after Bucharest, and the capitalism-loving city *number one*. During its history, many different ethnic groups have settled in Timisoara and the surroundings, and so the city is considered a good example of *multiculturality* and a place where people of different cultures live together in harmony. Anyway, it is a fact that in Timisoara and the surrounding villages and towns one can find people of different cultures: Roma, Hungarian, Serbian, Slovak, Bulgar, etc.

The Scene

Talking about punk and underground culture, Timisoara, in my opinion, is the only place in Romania close to having a scene, but not quite there yet, as the ignorant, apathetic, consumer-oriented lifestyle of the whole city has killed a few punk generations here. Some became *normal* people, others went crazy, others left the country, others went to Bucharest, others became hip hoppers, junkies, Nazis, rock stars, etc.

The Punk Rockers and Ceausescu

It all started during the '80s, during the Ceausescu times, when the first sparks of punk appeared. In a neighborhood called Plopi, at the outskirts of the city, a gang of punks was alive. In this neighborhood the first punks organized clandestine punk parties. Also, the first punk-oriented band is said to have existed at that time and was called TRIO CARAMIDA. They were an all-female band playing faster versions of SIOUXSIE songs. The police were brutally repressive of the punks during Ceausescu's time and getting music was practically impossible. So, most of the punks in Timisoara were getting their punk music from Serbian radio. This is how you explain why older punks from Timisoara like Serbian rock bands…because they were a staple during those times on the radio were perceived as punk, or at least better rock than *Ceausescu rock*.

After the "Revolution": The Pioneers

After 1989, punk spread and other bands started to appear. I could mention NEUROTICA and ULTIMATUM, thrash and death units, but punks and metalheads were at war at that time, and

COPENHAGEN
denmark

Until not so long ago, there used to be a place in Copenhagen where you could get a beer for 15 kroner (roughly the equivalent of $3), see four punk bands for 20 kr, get a good vegan meal for the same, where you had painting, movies, political activism, a TV channel, skateboarding, rehearsal spaces, recording studio, queer clubbing; all run on a voluntary basis by people who believe that the city needs a place like this.

Man, the System hates places like this, hates people like this, hates alternative, hates young. The System will do everything in its power to destroy places like this, because the System can't stand people it can't buy, people that won't sell out, people who won't be curbed by it, people who won't accept the System and will have nothing to do with it. Every once in a while, the odd reasonable men in the System will recognize that, hey, this place isn't doing anyone any harm, it's not costing anything, it's even attracting people to the city and giving it a reputation of being open-minded and liberal, a place of creativity and opportunities, a place where ideas are born and thrive. But sooner or later, inevitably, some evil motherfucker will chance upon it and see that, hey, we can make a quick buck from this if we sell it off, and we'll get rid of the non-conformist scum that plague our streets.

It's called normalization. That's because they hate any alternative to their own, narrow concept of the world, because they're afraid of what's different, what they don't understand.

Here's a short recoup of a story that's already been told countless times in the Danish media recently, from various angles: In 1982, the building on Jagtvej 69 was handed over to the group of squatters that transformed it into a cultural centre for the city's youth. Through the '80s and '90s, Ungdomshuset became an epicenter for mobilization on the radical and anarchist left, and it spawned the autonomous movement, infamous for its part in the Nørrebro Riots after the System gained the narrowest of yes'es to enter the EU in 1993. Overnight, "autonomous" becomes the personification of all things anti-authoritarian—a derogative, depicting violent, disorganized, disruptive, dishevelled, dysfunctional youth. Few care to understand the concept of being autonomous: The right to exist on your own terms, without having to curb to a perverted System; the right to be different.

SCENE

even today there is separation between the punk and metal scenes. Especially that nowadays classic metal is relatively Nazi-friendly and nu-metal is pretty commercial and idiotic.

Anyway, let's go on with our story. HAOS is considered the first punk true band in Timisoara (they claim the first in Romania!). They played good punk/HC music with smart socio-political lyrics. After a period of time a few members left the bands. Two of them formed IMPLANT PENTRU REFUZ (IPR) with the intention of playing New York Hardcore. Well, IPR sounded at the begining like a Romanian copy of RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE with lyrics about social issues in Romania. Now the band is considered the most representative band for Romanian Hardcore (godfathers of the scene) while playing lame nu-metal music and posing as rock stars opening for all mainstream bands that tour in Romania. The new singer came to play and he was from HADES, a grind/death band, but was a better fit for this band. Anyway, the old singer from HAOS moved to the city of Craiova, in the southern part of the country, where he began building a punk scene there. There, together with local punks, he formed a band called TERROR ART, a political punk band with new-wave influences. This was the punk band that toured the most in Europe; I think they did five or six European tours and two albums. Later on in 2000 when he left TERROR ART, he formed another band called CRITICA RADICALA, who were a great political punk band. After one tour, CRITICA RADICALA split and half of the band continued under the same name in Germany, while the other half started NIHILISTIC, the new punk sensation from Craiova.

Fuck Politicans

But let's get back to my city. We are at the early/mid-'90s and there were already a few bands appearing, but there was no place to play. Punks decided to join the youth section of the PNTCD (The National Christian Peasant Democratic Party...or something like that). They did this because they were promised a place for their activities. So they got this basement all filled with shit and filth and they worked like dogs to clean it, but they didn't have much of a chance of doing anything because the Party threw them out in the streets again.

Our House

By the mid-'90s signs of more activity appeared in the city, as a new generation filled up the empty space left by the deserters of the previous generation. Punks made headquarters at one house which was a place for reherseals, parties, meetings and even one or two gigs. But still, being in a neighborhood with high rate of criminality, many times *friendly neighbors* broke in and stole the equipement.

Student Punkers

Punks understood that there can be no alliance with the politicians so they joined OSUT, the students organisation from universities in Timisoara, an NGO. This brought new places for concerts and parties. The Htonian evenings were organized in the student campus and attracted people. Htonian was the first indie/DIY label from the city, probably also in Romania. Htonian, my guess is, formed in the begining as a concept, as a definition for the whole scene at that moment, and later on when there was a need to put out local bands' records, it became a label. Htonian was actually organized by the guy that owned the house in the evil neighborhood. We'll review the label's releases below.

New Wave of Freaks

So now we're at the point when more bands start to appear: UMBRE ZIDITE (female-fronted wave punk) and ARC GOTIC (cold wave) were building the indie/wave scene; GURANII and PIROMANIA were punk rock kids from the new generation that joined HAOS; and ERA TICALOSILOR joins IPR to build the so-called hardcore scene. At that time all was very unsure and it seemed like we are all a big happy family. But, as the years went by we saw that *we weren't*!

You Never Forget Your First Time

The year 1995 was the year when the first foreign punk band came to play in Timisoara. This event was organized with the help of some punks from Eastern Germany. They were travelling to Romania every year to bring clothes and food for an asylum which hosted sick and homeless children somewhere in western Romania. The foreign band was UNDER THE GUN from the UK.

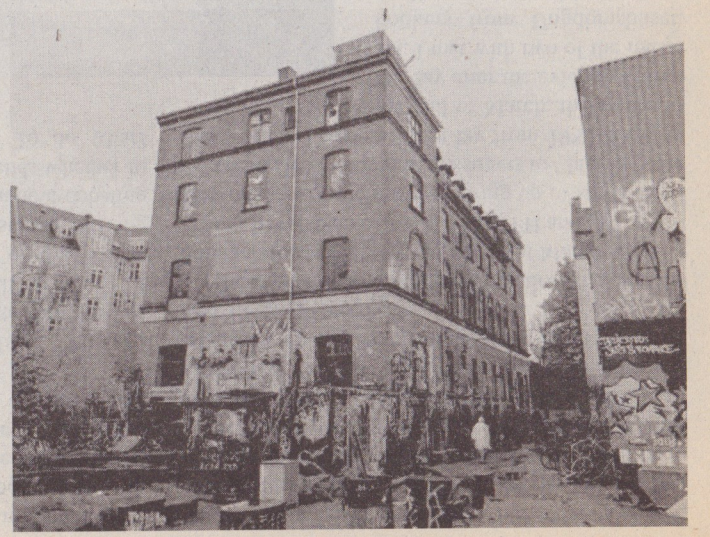
Organization or More Chaos

By this time punks decided to form their own organization. But there was a lot of confusion about how it

Meanwhile, Ungdomshuset continued its sprawl of activities, while keeping an eye on the rising right wing movements in Denmark and the racism that's taking hold on the crowded center of Danish politics from the second part of the '90s onwards until today, and they eagerly protested it. The anti-racist stance is one of their sole five laws: No racism, no violence, no sexism, no heterosexism, no hard drugs. If you can deal with that, what other laws do you need, really?

1999, the Community of Copenhagen sold the house on Jagtvej to the highest bidder, a mysterious company that within a year sells the majority of it shares in the house to the Christian sect Faderhuset (the House of the Father). This is where the real battle began: The sect wanted the users of Ungdomshuset out, to convert the place into a religious centre with song, prayer, and cupcakes; Ungdomshuset claimed they maintained the right of use to the house, no matter who owns the building. The legal battle ensued, Ungdomshuset lost the first two rounds in court and appealed to the national court, and the atmosphere became more tense in the house, the imminent threat against their haven hanging over the heads of its users, while the same thing is happening across town on Christiania. Then, on Monday, August 28th 2006, came the final verdict: Ungdomshuset has lost.

The Social Democratic-run city council sold Ungdomshuset, and the new, also Social Democratic mayor didn't want anything to do with the sorry mess—that is, not until the riots of December 16th made her realize how serious the mess was. So violence is never an acceptable solution to me, but it was the violence and the threat of more violence that made the city council reluctantly go into this case at all and half-heartedly check out alternatives. It all ended on February 28th, when Ungdomshuset refused the offer to buy a school building on



was supposed to look, who would take care of it, and what it would do. Still, the punks made MISCAREA UNDERGROUND TIMISOARA—MUT (Timisoara Underground Movement). Someone completed registred papers in the court so that the group became an NGO, but later on because of more confusion no one took the responsabillity for the whole deal. And from that moment the name was used for naming organizers of future punk events. As for legal status, it was somewhere in between an NGO, an anarchist collective, and a drinking group for punks. Miscarea Undergroud had chapters also in Resita, another city in the west, and Craiova.

The Festival

In March 1997 MISCAREA UNDERGROUND TIMISOARA and OSUT organized the first edition of the Timisoara Underground Festival. This was the only festival in the country dedicated to bringing together bands from different places of the country. Since then, every year it takes place and is the only underground festival in Romania. But over the years the organization has changed a lot; punks have finished university and left OSUT and newer people taking care of the festival were pretty lame and did a shitty job of organizing the last few. Still, the name and the idea of this noble deed remains, and people which want it to continue. Actually the tenth edition happened recently but was stopped by the police on the second day. As I understand it might be the last time that MUT works with OSUT for the festival. Two compilation tapes from festival recordings document previous events.

Tours

While the band TERROR ART from Craiova toured a lot in late '90s, bands from Timisoara were just hanging around their city with the only attempt to leave made by HAOS, who played a concert in Pecs, Hungary. But then in 2002, GURANII played two concerts in Croatia, which lead people in Timisoara to become more aware of the scene in Eastern Europe and The Balkans. In 2003, NOMAN'S BAND toured Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia and Germany and INFECTATOR.COM toured France and Germany. In 2005 PAVILIONUL 32 toured Romania, Hungary, Slovenia, Austria, Germany, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Spain, and Swizerland; and in 2006, Czech, Austria, Hungary. They have another tour planned for September.

Politics and Activism

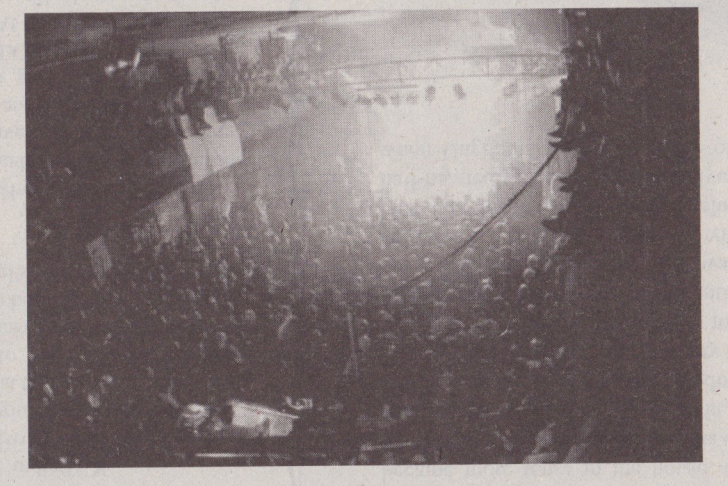
Although not a strong component of the scene, politics were also present in and around the punk scene in Timisoara. For the first time in 1999 during the Underground Timisoara Festival, punks joined protests by OSUT and other groups in the demo against the bombing of Yugoslavia. Also this was later discussed at the concert and bands even talked about it on the stage. I think three years later in the same festival people tried to organize a *squat action*, but it didn't quite work as planned.

So, we already have a few *punx* calling themselves anarchists, so the next time that anarchists and punks took part in a direct action was in 2002 during the *Parcs Not Hotels!* action of an environementalist group. In 2003, *punx* and anarchists joined together on behalf of an ecological NGO for a small *Reclaim The Streets*

SCENE

Stevnsgade for upwards of two million Danish kroner—their offer was 1 krone, because according to them, the city council needed to realize their responsibility for this whole situation and the responsibility to run places like Ungdomshuset at all.

The next morning, March 1st at 7:00 a.m., helicopters lowered anti-terror units onto the roof of Ungdomshuset, and within half an hour, the house was under the command of the police. Within another hour, my phone started buzzing with the tragic news, and I spent an hour debating with myself, my wife, and my friends whether to go to work or to go Nørrebro. To do what?



Protest? How? We all knew what was going to happen, it was all so nauseatingly foreseeable: The bricks thrown, the cars burned, the looting, the total fucking mayhem. I wasn't going to be a part of that, but what was I going to do instead? I ended going to work, and then went to a peaceful protest on Saturday, where the worst thing that happened was someone started playing a John Lennon song.

But just as punk has been declared dead a number of times over these past three decades without ever going away like everyone wanted it to, the obituaries on Ungdomshuset are premature: As long as there is no Ungdomshuset, the struggle for an Ungdomshuset continues, as the parole goes these days. Copenhagen needs a place like Ungdomshuset, and not just Copenhagen either: We need places like Ungdomshuset all over the world to prove that there *is* an alternative to popular capitalist culture and society; we need places like Ungdomshuset (and Christiania, lest we forget) to be able to breathe in a city that's steadily being stolen from us. Places to be free. Places to resist.

These past months since the eviction, the demolition, and the riots in the beginning of March, various actions have taken place all over CPH and DK, probably the best of them the covering up of street signs in central CPH, changing the streets to "Jagtvej", the street where Ungdomshuset lay from 1982-2007. In the end of March, the weeks to the day after the eviction March 1st, I met with two of the music bookers from Ungdomshuset, Andreas and Martin, at Stalingrad, the bar on top of another famous Nørrebronx venue, Stengade 30. Which inevitably led to the question:

What is it that separates Stengade from Ungdomshuset; why is it that CPH needs a place like Ungdomshuset, when we have Stengade that hosts plenty of punk rock bands as well?

Andreas: The main difference is that Stengade is a business—Ungdomshuset wasn't there to generate money. Ungdomshuset worked in a different way from Stengade, it was more free, and of course, it was run by its users, not by some direction. The culture at Ungdomshuset was different, it was DIY to the bone! Plus, it was a political place, including the bands that played there.

Martin: You have to buy your way into Stengade if you want to set up shows here, and it's way too expensive for most of the kind of bands we've worked with. In Ungdomshuset, you took responsibility yourself, set it all up by yourself, got people to man the bar, man the door, do sound, everything. It was a learning process. Also, because everyone

party and a punk show that night.

Also, around 2002 there was a meeting of punks and anarchists from Romania and other countries in Eastern Europe. There were discussions and a concert with performance, and an anti-racist grafitti action as well as the first Food Not Bombs serving...a tour around the center of the town giving hot cooked food to people in the streets.

Since 2003 some of the older punks got together with an American dude and put together a cultural foundation which they later got with rent from the city in a place in the center of the town. The foundation is called International Network of Contemporary Artisans (INCA) and Central Cultural INCA is one the the few if not only alternative spaces in Romania. The place organized loads of DIY HC/punk gigs but also other stuff like films and exhibitions. During its four years in existence, the place was targeted several time by police and Nazis. If a problem was somehow fixed, it lead to other problems. Like now, one year before the contract expires, INCA is facing eviction by the City, and it looks like there is no chance to get the place for another five years, as big mafia interests want the building.

Another FNB action happened on August 31, 2002. In February of 2003 in Timisoara, different people organized events during the *Anti-War Week*. It was a reaction to the war in Iraq. Punks and anarchists contributed with concerts, leaflets, and serving FNB. The march was not authorized and many cops were sent to the convergence point to stop it from the begining. But many people came for the FNB, and later on the police gave a total of 500 euro fines to ten people.

In June, in between the G-8 in Evian and European Summit in Thesaloniki, there was the *NoBorder Camp* in Timisoara. Foreign and local activists met and talked; there were projections, workshops, concert and even a street demo against borders.

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worked voluntarily, we were able to keep the prices at a minimum. And it was a place for all those that couldn't go anywhere else, because it was all ages, whereas most other places in CPH have a curfew at midnight for people under 18.

To outsiders, it looked like a very heterogeneous culture?

Andreas: Musically, it varied a lot, even if there were a lot of crust bands. But we also had indie bands playing there, emo, screamo.

Martin: A lot of myths were created about Ungdomshuset, and the crust thing was one of them. The last few months before we were evicted, many people came there to see if it was really true what they'd heard.

A year from now, will there be a new Ungdomshuset?

Andreas: Yes.

Martin: You have to believe in it.

Andreas: But I'm not sure which form it will take, if all four of our demands will necessarily be met. But I'm an optimist. We want a place that's owned by the city council, we just don't want any interference from them, we don't want it to be run by bureaucracy. Play/Rec ran their club in a different way, with the city council guaranteeing them they wouldn't have to pay, if they didn't make enough money from their club, but that involves so much bureaucracy, which is also why they're not doing it any longer. We don't want to have to work like that.

Martin: And at the moment, it looks like that's where the problem lies, that's what the power struggle is about. They say they want a cultural environment, that they want a city that's alive, but they want it bubble-wrapped, they want a culture that's not dangerous, a culture that's empty.

Andreas: The thing is, both Ritt Bjerregaard and Klaus Bondam, our mayors, have read this book by Richard Florida, *The Rise of the Creative Class*, but none of them have understood what it's about. Florida preaches tolerance for cultural minorities as a way of creating an inspiring, creative environment in a city. A sociologist from the Roskilde University Centre put the whole thing into a capitalist perspective: How subcultures are absorbed into the cultural industry and turned into commodities. We've seen it in punk with Green Day, who had their roots in a subculture that they then mass-marketed. Even if you don't like Green Day for what they represent now, the fact is they wouldn't exist without the subculture that spawned them, and that's why it's so important to have a diverse cultural life in the city.

Can a place like Ungdomshuset be replanted in a new building?

Andreas: It will be different, but that's not necessarily a bad thing.

Martin: Jagtvej 69 had a history, and the people that came there were aware of that history, of taking part in it, and a new building isn't gonna have that history.

Andreas: But we're gonna keep on setting up shows, keeping the DIY culture alive. We're not sentimental about Jagtvej 69, we just have to keep going.

Martin: The struggle continues, it's an open field now:

We have to set up shows in all sorts of places, make

In March 2004, punks and anarchists organized for the European week of Fight Against Racism. At INCA some film projections were shown and parties had, and there was an anti-racist poster exhibition in the University along with FNB during the Underground Timisoara Festival. And let's not forget the *Marsul Tolerantei* which was *the march of tolerance* where punks and anarchists marched against racism and gave flyers to the passerbys.

Because in the past few years the number of concerts and other events has grown bigger, the police response has been strong. An official report of the SRI (the Romanian secret service) stated that punks and anarchists pose a great threat to national security. If you can get your hand on old *Abolishing the Borders From Bellow* issues, you will find a full translation of that silly report. It had a big impact on the people in the scene—some were scared, others paranoid—but many were determined to not give up.

I forgot the year, but GURANII and the singer from HAOS played in some theater act at the opera. It was about people in prison and the band was locked in a cage and played punk rock... cool! Punk rock at the Opera! The act was called *When I Want to Whistle, I Whistle!*

I think the most famous punk and anarchist strike took place in 2004 when the NATO summit was taking place in Prague in the Czech Republic. It was known that at this summit Romania would be invited to join NATO. So, a few anarchists and punks went into the city the night before the *big news* from Czech came, and they stuck anti-militarist and anti-NATO posters around the town as well as two banners that were put on bridges. The next day, when all of Romania was celebrating joining NATO, in the media was pictures of the anti-NATO posters. All over the news were reports about Timisoara being the *most Western city* that does not agree with this and so on. Really funny part was that police couldn't find those responsible for these actions, but eventually arrested two Nazis the next day that were caught sticking up fascist posters.

Nazis

Well, I think if you guys want to hear about a punk scene I shouldn't give too much space to Nazi bastards. But still I guess there are people out there who have passed or will pass our city, and they are interested in this topic. The bonehead scene is very small compared to other cities in the world. At the moment there are ten to fifteen militant boneheads, but also some *nerd-Nazis*, and some football *hollies* sympathizers. They usually put up posters and do grafitti. But they had something like three or four leaflet campaigns. And two Nazi concerts—one with a Nazi band from Romania, and the other with a Nazi Oi band from Serbia. The bonehead movement started from the punk movement. First boneheads were ex-punks (EXPLOITED fans...you know the average Nazi punk story...), but later on they joined *Miscarea Legionara*, an old Nazi group started around 1900. In recent years, as boneheads got funds, they started to organize nationally and the *Noua Dreapta* ("New Right") group appeared. *Noua Dreapta* formed because younger boneheads thirsty for blood were bored with the theoretical bullshit from the *M. Legionara*. A few fights between antifascist *punx* and Nazis kept the Nazis out of punk gigs. The hardest action was when a bonehead and some black metal kids killed a street kid in Timisoara: threw him in the water and stoned him. Recently, Novopress, a website maintained by Timisoara Nazis, which has a very lefty/alternative look, has been covering a extreme right agenda.

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sure it's still there.

Andreas: In a way, the eviction has worked as a kick in our collective butt—we have to get together now, try to make it work in a different way, whereas in the past, some may have taken Ungdomshuset for granted.

Martin: We've always had shows in different places, but people weren't always willing to move their ass out to shows that took place in other parts of town, because they were used to going down to Ungdomshuset. So the way I see it, this situation has a potential for starting something interesting. In a way, it's been a healthy experience, a wake-up call.

When users from Ungdomshuset wrote a supplement to the left-wing intellectual newspaper *Information*, one person wrote that now, you have something to fight for?

Andreas: It's the difference between fighting for something we want and fighting for something we already had and wanted to maintain. There's a nerve to it now. A colonization of our world is taking place, of civil society. And a lot people that weren't users of the house are aware of that, for them it's important that a place like Ungdomshuset exists, even if they're not gonna use it themselves.

How long can you keep up the fight?

Andreas: Forever!

Martin: The struggle is gonna change character, but it can continue for a long time. New people join all the time; just last weekend we had the biggest demo for ages! It's a big, fat gob in the face of the city council.

Andreas: Some of the people in there, they have no idea about what Ungdomshuet symbolized,

Zines

But enough about these boring fucks—lets's get back to our punks. *Revolta Punk* was the first punk rock zine from Romania and it was a colaboration between punks from Timisoara and punks from Craiova. *Slogan* was my zine for a long time and typically was written in Romanian, but two issues later I published it in English. *Apararea Civila* was a zine printed and given out for free durring the Underground Timisoara Festival, but it was just one issue and that was it. *Clipa Anarhiei* was an attempt of mine to do a newsletter but I stopped after two issues. *Pick It Up!* was a great zine in English which also had just one issue, was very thick with information and similar to an old-school DIY anarcho-punk zine. *Nonconformism* was a zine done by two girls but they just put out one split issue with *Slogan*. *Ghid Pank* was a simple punk rock zine done by a 14-year-old kid. *Eco Shock* was an environmentalist newsletter that had a few interesting articles. *Revolta* was a bi-monthly anarchist newsletter, but it stopped after a year and a half. *Sloganul Si Revolta* is my latest effort and tries to put together DIY HC/punk, anarchism, and politics. Just one issue for now, and heck, who knows when the second one will be, because I'm planning another English-written zine in the future.

Distro/Labels

The first DIY label was Htonian Records—they put out some nice materials, but the guy doing it got tired and stopped. Black Chiken Tapes was a distro made by the guy who wrote *Pick It Up!*, but as far as I know stopped it as well. Gluga Neagra aka Black Hood Society is my distro/label and the first official release is of my band PAVILIONUL 32. I distro not just music but also zines and literature—when I am able to manage the chaos in my head. Two Loaded Guns is another relatively new and small DIY distro carrying HC, punk, grind, and other music. Kritikia is the latest distro and is dedicated to HC/punk bands with women, and also zines done by women and feminist/anti-sexist literature.

Bands

TRIO CARAMIDA—although there is no proof of this band, there is testimony and so we take it as the first band, I think we describe it as all-girl fast new wave… HAOS—punk/HC with sociopolitical lyrics. ARC GOTIC—cold wave. UMBRE ZIDITE—indie/wave/punk, at first female-fronted, but not anymore. RADICAL DIN CAL, later on RADICAL DIN VAL—new wave/electro. INFECTATOR.COM—one-man electro/noise. PYROMANIA—punk rock. GURANII—punk rock, which later on became more radical and died. NERVI—punk rock band, died very soon before they got the chance to be shit. NOMAN'S BAND—punk rock. ERA TICALOSILOR—by all accounts, their first period was the only hardcore band ever in Timisoara... but later on they died and their new effort STAGE DIVE was a nu-metal band. IMPLANT PENTRU REFUZ—I don't know even why I bother to mention them, nu-metal hardcore or commercial rock. Whatever… I guess will be more interesting to mention BLAZAJ—funky/jazz band with the singer of IPR, but still not DIY or underground. NUKA KUKA—grind/noise project. GRUPUL CONTUR—experimental. TRANSITION—wave punk with two female singers. INFECTED VOICE—'77 punk rock band from a village near Timisoara, they never played in Timisoara, just in villages. COLAPS—old school punk. DZR—streetpunk…they didn't even had time to make a band before they split….hehe. VALS HEDONE—wave punk. PAVILIONUL 32—DIY fast political hardcore punk…my band. I must mention that 80% of the bands I mentioned above have litlle to do with DIY underground punk, and 70% of the bands above do not exist anymore.

Records

Not so many, not soo good, but what the heck...

V/A "Underground Timisoara Festival 1999" tape (Htonian Records): A live tape compilation from the festival. A good reflection of the way the scene looked and sounded back then.

V/A "Underground Timisoara Festival 2000" tape (Htonian Records): Second live tape compilation from the festival. This time one side is not so good, but the other has nine live HAOS songs and is OK.

ARC GOTIC "Decadent" tape (Htonian Records)

RADICAL DIN VAL "Valuri" (Htonian Records)

GURANII "Libertatea Virtuala" CD (self-released): The singer from HAOS is on some of the songs.

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about the culture it stood for—take someone like Martin Geertsen. We need to fight for the right to have this culture represented in CPH. And what they don't understand is Ungdomshuset was a cheap investment for CPH—it cost something like DKR 200.000 (app. ? 25.000) a year, which was for renovation, electricity, water, gas, heat. It was self-sufficient, because everyone made it work.

Ungdomshuset was run on a voluntary basis: For how long can people keep working like that, where do you get the energy from?

Andreas: The work we've invested in Ungdomshuset has paid off when we see the results. DIY changed my life: When I moved to CPH in '98, I was listening to more commercial hardcore like Sick Of It All, Snapcase, Earth Crisis, and then I started coming in Ungdomshuset, saw a totally different scene there. Then I started doing shows myself in 2002. Ungdomshuset had a social significance, it's where you met your friends.

Martin. Me, I started coming there in '96-'97, but that was mainly to smoke hash and drink beer. That was when you could still smoke hash in there, and I was like 16 or 17 years old, and that was all I cared for, most of the time I didn't even go see the shows in the next room. Then I moved to Edinburgh, studied there, started getting into the culture there, and one summer, I returned for the holidays and attended the K-Town festival, and that's when I came back and started doing shows at Ungdomshuset. I learned to work with myself that way, create contacts in the scene.

Andreas: We've built up this whole network to bands and bookers, that call us up when they're going on tour to see if they can come and play, which is so frustrating right now, because a lot of these shows, you can't do them in some cultural center or at a regular venue, because they're not gonna draw enough people to pay the high price of renting the place.

Martin: Plus, again there's so much bureaucracy involved with those

NOMAN'S BAND "They Wont Stop" CD (self-released)
HAOS "Live at Underground Timisoara Festival" CD (self-released): Actually just the songs from the compilation tape. In 15 years of existence this band never recorded anything…just this live stuff. Strange and sad.
UMBRE ZIDITE / HAOS / GURANII 3-way split tape: I made this tape out of some live recordings from the underground festival, but all bands were not happy and said to stop distributing it. Even tough listeners like it.
PAVILIONUL 32 "Camasa de Forta" CD (Gluga Neagra aka Black Hood Society): My band, my label. Not the recording of our dreams but 100% studio and not *thaaaaat* bad.
INFECTATOR.COM had a demo CD and was nice…I don't know so much about noize music though.
OI MOROI: Experimental stuff.

Festivals

There are only two. One of them is the Underground Timisoara Festival, which has reached its 10th edition. The other is the newer Noborderfest which had two editions, until now both fuckin' amazing. Noborderfest is a DIY festival dedicated 100% to Eastern European (former Communist) countries and has bands, independent films, and DIY distro/labels gathered together for two days. There are other minifests like INCA Wintefest, Independent Voices, Lovekills, Rock Against Nationalism…but they were all more like concerts with more than average bands. This summer, a big commercial festival is taking place near Timisoara—this year THE EXPLOITED will come. I must mention also that the first edition of the Ladyfest Romania happened in Timisoara in 2005.

Other Stuff

Someone from NOMAN'S BAND made a website with info about punk rock in Romania, not just Timisoara: www.punk.romania.go

There are two metal shops, Bestial Music Shop and Rocka Rolla—they carry commercial rock music and merchendise. Both of them are known to be relatively suportive of the Nazi scene, Bestial just by distributing some Nazi black metal, but Rocka Rolla openly supporting bonheads in the city by offering equipement for the Nazi gigs and distributing the only bonehead band from Romania in their shop. So, fuck them!

The INCA Cultural Center is the only place where not only DIY HC/punk but also alternative events have taken place in last few years…and still do at the moment. We shall see what the future has for us. For some time now MetalBox, a metal bar, appeared and sometimes they host underground metal shows.

I had no time to look for contacts and stuff for all the bands; the few of them that want to stay in touch with people you can can be found on the internet. Also if you are DIY band looking for a concert in Timisoara or in other cities Romania, contact me at pavilionu132@yahoo.com and we will see how we can help.

places, like the limit on how high the bands can play, or how late. Actually, that's what's most important to me: That Ungdomshuset was run by its users.

One of your demands is that a new Ungdomshuset has to be situated on Nørrebro?
Andreas: The culture that Ungdomshuset represents, that the building on Jagtvej 69 has represented through time, that's a part of Nørrebro. Ungdomshuset plays a big part in the identity of Nørrebro and the other way around.
Martin: It's a part of the history of Den Sorte Firkant, the beginning of the squatter movement in Copenhagen—that environment has always been there on Nørrebro, and Nørrebro has always been culturally diverse.

Why do you think Ungdomshuset was evicted?
Andreas: The standard response has been that it was a breeding nest for crime, but that's laughable—even the police went out and stated that it wasn't, because if it had been, they'd have long since evicted the place! There haven't been any riots on Nørrebro since we were forced into the European Union in '93, not until now, where they've fucked us over again. It has been proven that we're not gonna get anywhere through parliamentary means. That's what democracy is in Denmark: You can say what you want to, but you have to do what you're told. Democracy is God.
Martin: Democracy and the right of property.

The struggle for Ungdomshuset continues. Several acts of sympathy have taken place all over the world, with Danish embassies and consulates occupied in protest for short intervals of time in Bergen, Milan, Prague, Berlin. Follow the struggle here: www.ungeren.dk
—Jon A.
(Photos by Hans, from the www.ungeren.dk website)

REPORTS

PAMPANGA philippines

HISTORY

The province of Pampanga is located in Central Luzon, surrounded by provinces such as Nueva Ecija, Tarlac, Zambales, Bataan and Bulacan. It is an hour-and-a-half bus ride from Manila City. The province has a population of about 1.6 million; while fifty-one percent of the area is devoted to agriculture, land utilization is fast shifting to the urban mode. San Fernando is the capital town of Pampanga. Juan Capitan Fernando, a Spanish cavalry officer, founded it on August 31, 1775. He named it in the honor of the soldier-saint King Ferdinand III of Spain. In June 1991, Mount Pinatubo volcano awakened from a five-century slumber. Devastating *lahars* (a mixture of water and rock fragments), unleashed by heavy monsoon rains, scrambled down from the flanks of the volcano and wreaked damage to towns like Bacolor, located in the heart of the province, and were among the most affected areas.

THE SCENE

The first band I saw was THE HOLOCAUST in 1992 playing "Anarchy in the UK" and "Boys Don't Cry" at the foundation day of Pampanga High School (where I took my secondary) and they were the guest in that battle of the bands. I got in contact with them, but around that time they disbanded and other members formed NANCY'S DONUT and BIHAG NI BAHAG. The first-ever DIY gig held in San Fernando was *Punk Reigns* and I do believe that gig started a crack in the history and development of our local scene here in Pampanga. Among the bands were BAD BREATHS, SMELL MY BRIEF, MOTHER TOIX, DEAD MARCOS, THE UNKNOWN, NANCY'S DONUT, THE ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, BOREDOM, FRUSTRATED YOUTH and BIHAG NI BAHAG. NANCY'S DONUT, BAD BREATHS, and BIHAG NI BAHAG were given a slot to represent the province of Pampanga on the compilation *Building Bridges, Breaking Down Walls* under Middle Finger Productions. Almost all of the bands started in schools and from there I met ones like URBAN ASSAULT, PEDRO'S PLAYGROUND, PUBLIC SYSTEM SISIHIN ANG KALBO, and at another school POPE JOHN PAUL AND THE ADDICTS.

MARCOS CRONIES

The scene in Pampanga (concentrated in San Fernando City and Angeles City) was musically oriented; there were no info shops, squats, radical spaces, and collectives during those days. You could easily see the local bands in schools, battle of the bands, concerts, and every Saturday, and band members could be seen on McDonald Intersection conducting meetings. They even named the scene of Pampanga *Awakening Echo of 1994* and later changed it to the *Pampanga Notorious Scene*.

In 1995-96 there were new bands like KRISTINE AND THE PSYCHOMOTIC DISORDER, ITTY BITTY TITTYS, THE GREAT MORONS, PARENTS AND THE REBEL KIDS, and CRAZY BEAT.

Around this time I published a notorious fanzine. The first issue was mostly interviews of local bands in Pampanga and clippings borrowed from foreign magazines. After ten issues, in 2000, I stopped publishing it. The eleventh issue was nearly finished but the computer I was using deleted the files. Other fanzines include *Middle Class* (three issues), *Scanner Brain* (three issues), *Kulangot* (nine issues), and *Raw Meat* (two issues). At the moment, there are no fanzines being published in Pampanga.

From 1996 to 2000, new bands formed from the ashes of the old bands like FRONT ACTION GROUP, THE REJECTEDS, POPO AND THE COOTS, MARCOS

CRONIES, CHROME, CROSS THE LINE, ROBINHOOD CREW, and COCKTONES, while DIY gigs were held at *function halls* and at our friends' house. However, these only happened once in a blue moon because the rental of musical equipment and venues are expensive. Most of the local bands concentrated on playing gigs in nearby provinces and cities like in Tarlac City, Bataan, Bulacan, Lucena City and Manila. Recording studios are very rare in Pampanga. Bands manage to record their demos on *walkman* tape recorders while rehearsing, but in the late '90s, some rehearsal studios managed to offer four-track recorders. Some of the newer bands traveled to Manila to record their songs in a decent recording studio. Demos from URBAN ASSAULT, COCKTONES, KRISTINE AND THE PSYCHOMOTIC DISORDER, THE ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, ROBINHOOD CREW, FRONT ACTION GROUP, THE REJECTEDS and THE GREAT MORONS are now in my hands and I hope the long proposed *Pampanga Compilation* will finally become a reality. To tell you the truth, the local bands were more interested in playing cover songs of their favorite bands rather than composing their original songs and that is why most of them didn't have the chance to record their original songs before they disbanded. I still remember a compilation cassette tape entitled *Tatlo laban sa Sistema* (*Three Against the System*) from Angeles City. I don't have a copy (maybe because of lack of distribution, few copies were pressed) and the only band I remember on that compilation are DEAD HUNGRY SPECIES.

DIY BANDS

OK, the following bands are located in the province cities, San Fernando and Angeles, where most of the local contacts reside, organize gigs, and distribute local and foreign records/fanzines.

CROSS THE LINE plays melodic punk and was formed by Marly and Kevin (ex-THE ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND). Their 2003 rehearsal demo is still available and includes eight original songs. I hope they will release their debut album soon. They recently played at Club Skid Mark last December 2005 and in my opinion they should hit the studio to record their beautiful songs. I know family and school take up a lot of their time, but it will be great to see if they can spare an hour or two to finally record all of their songs in a decent studio. They may contribute three songs for an Indonesian compilation done by a member of STRAIGHT ON VIEW. (Kevin Salinas / #457 A. Bonifacio Street, Phase 2 Brgy. Maimpis, San Fernando 2000, Pampanga, Philippines)

PROMISE END is a side project of Kevin (CROSS THE LINE) and has recorded three rehearsal songs. I find them similar to emo bands with a screaming voice during the chorus of the song. The last time I saw them was in September 2005 at the DIY Not EMI gig, but since then I have not heard any news from them. I think the band laid low for a while but I do hope they continue what they have started.

AMANOVA recently released their CD-R EP entitled *Colors* and it contains five songs of melodic punk and ska. My only comment with the demo is the guitars. Aljay told me that they didn't bring with them instruments or guitar effects, as they thought the studio would provide them. Well it will be better to re-record the guitar parts and bring their effects next time. This band is composed of ex-members of COLD REBOOT and STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL (SFS), whose demos I've unfortunately lost. (Alfred James Sadeste / Gordon Street, Phase 2 St. Jude Village, City of San Fernando 2000 Pampanga, Philippines or alfred_james16@yahoo.com)

SPIT END's debut cassette tape entitled *Wise Is He Who He Knows That He Doesn't Know* will be released on Nervous Records (Malaysia) this summer. It will contain twelve songs including a cover of URBAN BANDITS' "Blood on Every Heart." I think the band will also produce a Philippine version of their debut album for local distribution on DIY Not EMI Productions and Love From Hate Distribution. They recently contributed to an Indonesian Compilation and they are about to hit the rehearsal studio to record their new songs. (Gerald Miranda / # 476 Phase 2 Brgy. Maimpis, City of San Fernando 2000 Pampanga, Philippines or ghe_88@yahoo.com, spitend@yahoo.com and visit www.myspace.com/spitend.)

THE ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND recently recorded twelve new songs with a new lineup, but we ran out of money to mix the songs. The band's second album *O Guinu* (*Oh Lord*) was released by Cat Food Money Records (www.catfoodmoney.org) last August 2005, while the split CD with CRASHED OUT (Indonesia) was released by Maloka Distro (www.malokadistro.com) and Kepala Eskorbuta Records (xwgfx.free.fr) in July 2005. *All Been Said Before* was re-released by Cat Food Money with a colored cover on a CD-R, while Nikudan Records (Poland) re-released the songs from the band's debut album with the seven songs from *O Guinu* on CD. (Francis Jordann L. David / Blk. 6 Lot. 21 Phase 1 St. Jude Village San Fernando 2000 Pampanga, Philippines or infoi_notorious@yahoo.com, jakemaglanque@yahoo.com)

MARCOS CRONIES are still in

AMANOVA

the process of working out the puzzles of their debut album. I recently heard their new songs "Political Man" and "No Solution," and must say this band has improved a lot. I think Shameless Records and Love From Hate Distribution will feature these two songs on a local compilation. Their *Skaciety* is still out under Shameless Records and recently they played in Baliuag, Bulacan organized by Ska City United. (Emil Pangilinan / 12-25 Chester Street, Villa Leoncia 2009 Angeles City, Philippines or macroscronies@yahoo.com)

DISCREPANCIES sounds a lot like AT THE DRIVE IN. I really hope they would record their songs and release a demo. I still remember when they covered "In My Eyes" by MINOR THREAT and lent us their instruments. I saw them last December 2005 at Club Skid Mark and they still stick to AT THE DRIVE IN musical style. (Alvin Condes / Narra Street corner Malipajo Street, L & S Subdivision 2009 Angeles City, Philippines or cond_s@yahoo.com)

CHOSEN REJECTS played last December of 2005 at Club Skid Mark and a friend told me the band is now based in Mabalacat, Pampanga. I think they still play RANCID songs and they may release a demo soon.

SKA HAZE is a new band from Angeles City and Ricky (MARCOS CRONIES) told me that he helped this band recorded three songs, and they just finished recording a ten-song demo. Actually I invited them to join the *Pampanga Compilation* but they turned it down.

PRODUCTIONS

Real McCoy was responsible for the SOL and VIVISICK Philippine tour, 2005, in Pampanga with monetary help of course from DIY bands in Angeles City and San Fernando City. Members of MARCOS CRONIES are behind this production and their last project was at the Club Skid Mark in December 2005 and early January 2006. They had punk, ska, reggae, and metal shows every Friday and Saturday during that time, but stopped when the owner of the club wanted to raise the price of the door. Having shows in Pampanga is impossible since the big loss of Nicolas Tinio Hall, the only venue to allow punk and metal shows. Almost all of the promoters putting on shows were banned from the *function hall* because of the rumor of sexual indecency near the venue by unidentified gig goers during the VIVISICK show, according to the Security Guard of Sta. Maria Village. I want to take this opportunity to clear our side from the gig review of *Chronicore* fanzine issue number five, regarding mandatory contribution from band members. Yes it's true that we ask financial contribution from the Pampanga bands (including us organizers, of course) to put up the SOL and VIVISICK Philippine Tour 2005 in Pampanga. All of us questioned the contribution and debated it, but in the end we all contributed 500 pesos ($10 dollars) per band to cover the finances (e.g., venue, instruments and even property damage), but even that was not enough to cover all the expenses and the organizers had to pay the remaining balance.

DIY Not EMI's first show, SPIT END and THE ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, was in September 17, 2005 at St. Jude Multi-Purpose Hall. Actually this gig was cancelled twice because of the lack of venue. We rented two speakers, borrowed drums, guitars, bass, amplifiers, and extension cords while the Pampanga Bands contributed monetary help in paying expenses. We accidentally used the MARCOS CRONIES guitar amplifier for the bass and the next thing we knew the amplifier broke down. It was a lot of fun even though the neighbors wanted the show to be stopped. It is really hard to find a venue to hold gigs here in San Fernando and most of the time, they're very expensive. We recently finished the videos taken from the SOL and VIVISICK Philippine Tour of 2005 and are now distributed by DIY Not EMI and Love From Hate on CD-R.

DISTRIBUTION

Love From Hate is small record distribution and you can find us at gigs. It just started last year and we mostly distribute fanzines, CD-Rs, and a few regular CDs. We duplicate records on CD-R, photo-copy the front cover and print the lyrics and information from bands like BRIGADA FLORES MAGON, LES PARTISANS, BOLCHOI, SMZB, AUTONOMIA, APATIA-NO, LOS FASTIDIOS, YA BASTA and we still have several records we want to distribute and hoping we can find time to work on them. On one CD-R we include two albums and sell them for 50 pesos each ($1.00). The first release by LFH was the ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, *All Been Said Before* in 2003, and this coming summer we will co-release with DIY Not EMI a Philippine-release of SPIT END's *Wise Is He Who He Knows That He Doesn't Know*. The proposed *Pampanga Compilation* is still under production and hopefully we'll release it soon. It will contain rehearsal and studio recordings from defunct and active DIY bands here in Pampanga. Email: infoi_notorious@yahoo.com

REPORTS

ARTS

Kalye Lakandula Gallery is managed by Bong, who is into photography and most of his works are displayed at the gallery located in the heart of Angeles City. The gallery conducts a poetry reading every year and folk singers and acoustic guitar groups have shows at the gallery. I encourage artists to check out this place if you're looking for a place to have projects like film showings, meetings, or exhibits. The guys of MARCOS CRONIES organized a gig in September 18, 2004 at the gallery entitled *This Is Ska, Punk & Oi*, but most of the neighbors complained about the event and some threw rocks at the people at the Gallery. Address: Lakandula Street, Pulungbulu, Angeles City.

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VICIOUS "OBSESSIVE" 7" .....
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DIRECT CONTROL "YOU'RE CONTROLLED" LP
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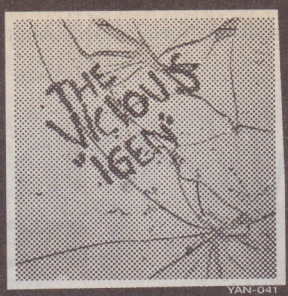

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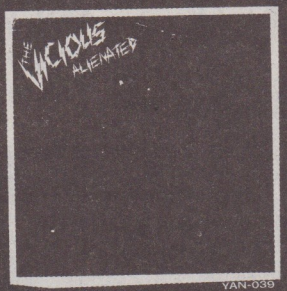
YAN-040



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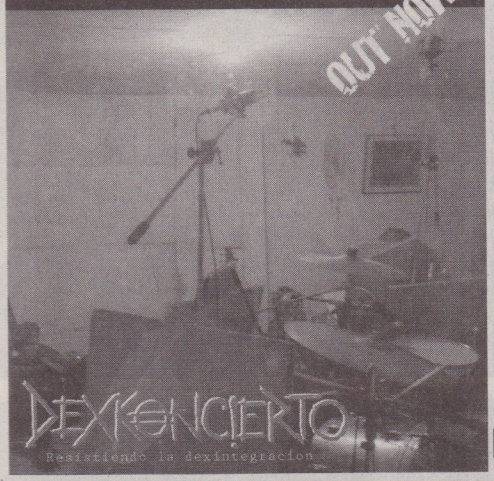

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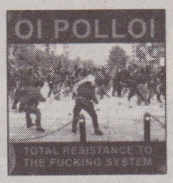

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PISSCHRIST
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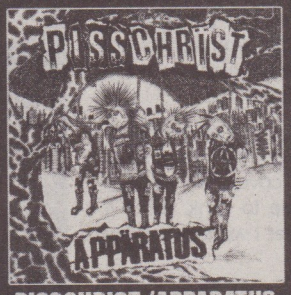

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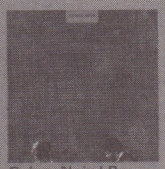
[pressure is a ....]



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[movement ...] CD

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KURSK

KURSK hail from Winnipeg, Manitoba and are one of Canada's best-kept secrets, playing an advanced fusion of apocalyptic, dissonant, and dense hardcore, grind, and metal, with a no-apologies attitude for their thoughtful song-craft and searing social commentary. Cornered in a dank and noisy bar and forced to answer some of my questions, here is some of what emerged. Guilty parties: Brad (drums), Andrea (bass), Morgan (guitar), Sarah (vocals)

Interview by Cameron Popham.

MRR: There seems to be a pretty bleak view of humanity's progress underlying a lot of the lyrics—human suffering is a theme expressed throughout your songs. Is that fascination purposeful? Does it creep in accidentally? Is it part of an agenda?

Andrea: It's purposeful. All of us play music because we love playing music, but also we play a certain type of music with an intent, and the intent is...I wouldn't say to influence people, but to express that feeling of utter powerlessness or hopelessness and have an outlet for it. So it's definitely in the lyrics for that reason.

MRR: The lyrics also tend to be evocative in an abstract way. Is it a conscious decision to leave something to the listener to interpret?

Andrea: Yeah, my least favorite lyrics are in the total fucking hammer-on-the-head, didactic, "this is what you should be believing" style. It doesn't leave much for people to read their own experiences into, so I think that we try to not be as preachy, and also to talk about things that are important to us.

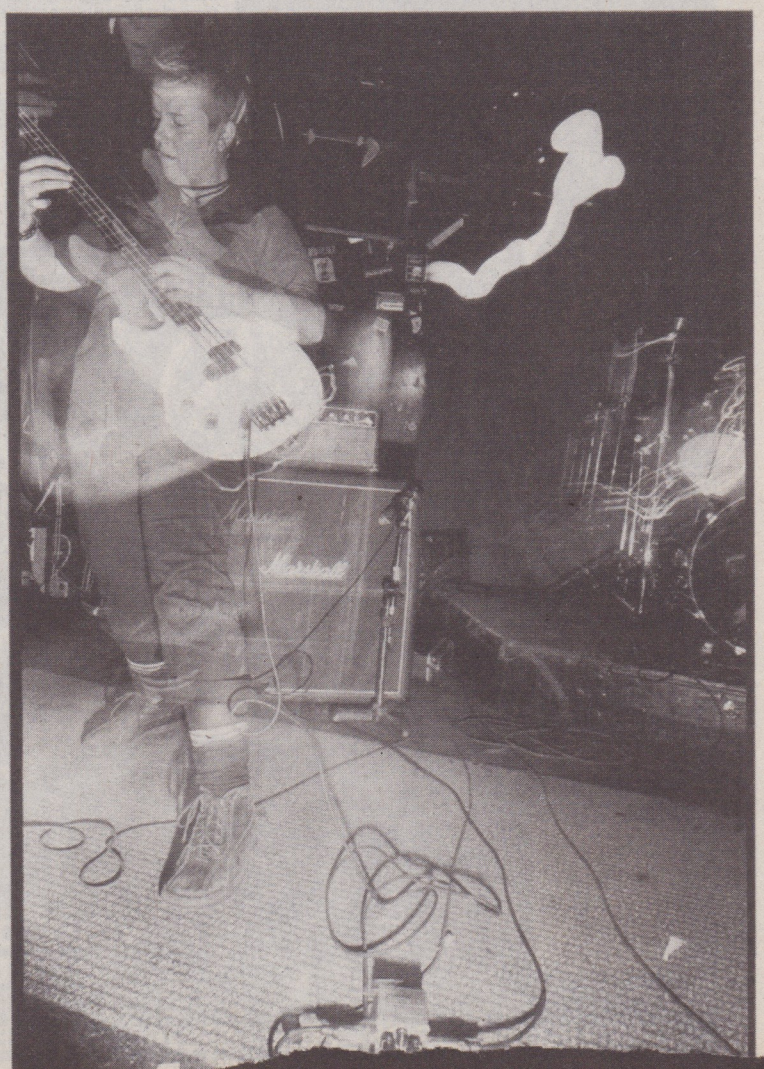
Brad: Back to the phrasing of the last question, as to whether it's purposeful or it creeps in—it is a little of both because it creeps in and you want to talk about it in a way that has some sort of gravity to it. When a lot of time and effort goes into a project like this, you want every aspect of it to have some impact. It just kind of follows along with the filter through which you take things in and spit them back out.

Morgan: I was going to say that I think even when you're repeating common themes, it's about trying to put it in a different way so at least it's engaging and interesting instead of more record covers with blown-up bodies on them. It's actually trying to get people to think about it instead of telling them what you think is bad. Not that I want to narrow this down to just the punk scene.

MRR: I think a lot of that stuff doesn't have a very long lifespan for that reason. I guess the next thing I was going to ask is that you folks seem to me to be some of the lone torchbearers around here for social commentary in music. Do you sense rampant apolitical attitudes in punk at the moment?

Brad: I think in a lot of ways, people have ridden that horse to its logical conclusion and that a lot of bands that would otherwise write about that stuff don't, because it's come to a point where it's been addressed so many times that you can't express anything genuine without a lot of effort. I feel like we're lucky that we have people in the band who write that sort of shit in a way that leaves it open to interpretation and seems fresh and different.

Andrea: I think what Morgan was saying about being in a punk band—it's almost cliché to want to write about war and the government and anarchy in ways that are straightforward and that people haven't really had to sit and incorporate that into their own lives in the way they write about it. Everyone can sit and talk about those things and we all know what they mean, but if you want to make an expression out of it, it's a lot harder. Especially in a public forum, because we definitely live in a time where someone in public, speaking about the shit that's going on, especially as a woman—not just saying "Fuck the government" or "War is brutal," but actually trying to say something that you've thought about in a different way—it's a lot harder to do. A case in point was seeing Think Don't Pray play at Arsonfest this year. They're a band from Calgary, and Lana, the singer, is one of the first people in a band I've seen in a long time that says earnestly what she means and it doesn't come across as preachy. I haven't seen that since the '90s, but it doesn't come off as a '90s sermon.



Brad: It takes a lot to make a personal expression of something you feel or some way that you interpret the world having to do with your own life, and also making political commentary. I don't think we ever really set out to speak on anyone's behalf. We didn't sit down and decide we were going to be a political band, it just seems to be the spot where everyone is coming from, and it feels so much more genuine to be able to talk about shit that you see in your day-to-day life than trying to make up a script. Nothing against bands that don't write political lyrics or that write lyrics about war or whatever else, you know what I mean? That's a part of it too. We're at this point because of all the writing that's gone on before us.

Sarah: It's very personal, for us, and you can see that in the lyrics. I think that's missing a lot from performers in Winnipeg, and missing lyrically. That's at least what I'm trying to strive for.

Morgan: I think it's interesting what you said about being torchbearers, because definitely for me, having grown up here and gotten into punk in this city, it's always had a history of musically talented, brutal bands like Head Hits Concrete, Swallowing Shit, Propagandhi obviously—one of the most overtly political bands ever but still a really good band all things aside—and Malefaction. So in my mind that's where I'm coming from when I think about our band and the lyrical content.

Brad: It's cool to be able to play shows with all kinds of bands too. It's not like a ghettoized scene that people have to be playing with political bands. I don't know if that's ever really existed in this city.

MRR: People migrate towards the familiar—not just lyrically, but musically as well. Kursk sits somewhere between punk, metal, and all kinds of other things, in a period that has been all about revival. Do you find it a help or hindrance to fit in nowhere musically?

Brad: It's never really been an issue. We all listen to a lot of different things and we all appreciate things that straddle different genres without making it sound too purposeful, and I think that the stuff we write is where our own tastes overlap. Each one of us has a style of doing things and this is where it comes together. The songwriting is getting more and more centered around one thing and you can hear it in the most recent recordings. As far as operating within a scene, I find it's more about playing with bands you find to be kindred and not worrying about it.

Sarah: I've always found it to be really strange, because all of us come from such different spaces as far as what we go home and listen to, and also we all have friends and know bands that we're excited about in so many different scenes locally, and also all over the world. To not ever hold yourself up to something that necessarily becomes a kind of acting, I love it, I love it…

Brad: I was going to say that it seems like in this day and age things have gotten really saturated too. There is a lot of history to draw from—there are some bands that take influences from genres and it turns into something that sounds original, and there are some bands that don't quite achieve that effect. We're trying to watch ourselves. We're just creating something that we feel is original and we don't have to worry about what has gone into it because we all listen to a bunch of different shit.

Andrea: It's more an expression of privilege of access to things. It's like, I know about all these different types of music and I'm going to make a band and reference them all in these sections and these passages of my songs and you're going to recognize them and so I'm communicating with you, but I'm not actually communicating with you because there's this already codified thing set up and it isn't that great. And then you feel dirty afterwards because you're like, "I know exactly what they were saying to me!" (Laughter)

MRR: Correct me if I'm wrong, but your songwriting process is much more collaborative than a lot of bands I know. I was wondering if you'd care to comment on that.

Andrea: It's always changing, there's no tried and true method we've come up with.

Sarah: Lyrically too, we'll each come with lyrics or I'll write a song, or Andrea will write a song, and then we'll discuss and it and we'll all look at it, talk about it and what we don't like. And then there are times, like the first 7", when we basically got together and did lyric sessions. When we sit together and brainstorm, and it goes back and forth. It's a true collaboration in that sense, I believe.

Morgan: Really very rarely does someone write a riff that makes it into the song exactly as the person wrote it. Things like that—definitely everybody has their input into changing an idea or arranging it. Or one person will think, "I'm going to play something totally different over that so I can change the feel or the idea of it." Everybody gets their own sense of everything.

Brad: I feel like people put their ideas in there and what comes out the other side is something that everyone has touched.

Andrea: Kind of like a pleasant meat grinder. (Laughter) It's totally consensual and everything.

Morgan: No riffs were harmed in the making. (Laughter) Actually, some of them were kind of maimed.

MRR: I think it's a rare thing to have a band where everyone has a clear sense of what's being said or sung and what every song is about. We were talking about the possible inanity of a lot of punk lyric fodder and that's a sure antidote.

Brad: It changes depending on the amount of time you have to work on it. Certain people come up with ideas early on and then shit gets written and the ideas get applied to the songs and they change. When we recorded this last stuff, we basically wrote the core of the song lyrically going in, and it evolved to the point where we were going in with not completely different, but pretty different lyrics. Expanding on ideas, or whatever. So yeah, it's a fucking trip man. (Laughter)

Morgan: All of our songs have an extremely long gestation period. Sometimes we'll write one really fast and it's good, but other songs take months to write. I think that's okay.

MRR: One thing I think is interesting, given that the band is three-fourths female, is that when reviewed you seem to have sidestepped the phenomenon of…

Andrea: ...female-fronted hardcore?

MRR: Yeah, equal opportunity record reviewers identifying things as female-fronted as though that's a genre.

Andrea: We prefer male-backed. (Laughter)

MRR: I was going to ask about that, about reviewers treating that like a stylistic choice.

Andrea: I think it's a moot point in a sense. When you are doing that in a review I think it sucks to pigeonhole things, but when you are in a city and you're billed as that maybe there are some people out there who wouldn't go see you if they didn't know that. But I'm glad we haven't been pigeonholed as such, because that's not really how we see ourselves, so it's more about what the reviewer or the show promoter's hang-ups are than what you are as a band.

Morgan: I personally was very set on the idea that we would never be referenced that way. I really didn't want it at all. But then at one show in particular, we played in this place in Vancouver, and there was a lot of young punk girls there and they were really fucking into it and they kept coming up to all of us afterward and saying it was inspiring, and definitely women have said that to us. So I think in a certain context it is okay. Like getting asked to play Clitfest, because definitely that was a huge thing for me when I was young and getting into shit. "Wow, there's a girl in the band." But I think it sucks when people can't think of anything to say so they just say that.

Sarah: As long as it doesn't carry over into the way our sound is depicted. I mean, there's no reason for it to have an effect in our band. My idea of myself is that the way I play music is the way I play music. So seeing that in a review would be upsetting for me, at first. I can't speak for everyone else. Not upsetting, but it would seem watered down or dumbed down. But the other aspect of things is, being a female in a band is what I'm doing, and it's fucking beautiful. Because of seeing stuff like that, seeing other women and other girls coming up to me and saying, "You know, usually I feel really uncomfortable at shows because I'm so small, but you're small and you're the one who's fronting the band." That I can be up there and feel comfortable. That makes me feel good.

Andrea: The thing I think a lot of about, when thinking about a voice and thinking about gender, is essentialist ideas of what is a voice, what is male and what is female, and I struggled with that. If I'd ever have any high-pitched screaming or anything, I would be like, "I don't want to have that sound, that screechy sound." And I thought a lot about what that is—why do you have that idea of this as a female sound? And I was doing this low, guttural vocals for a while, and recently I've gone back to just trying for a more unique expression. Because, I think, when you first start playing really heavy music... I think I was reacting against that, I don't want to be seen as a girl in a band. I just want to be seen as a regular person in a band. And now I think I feel more comfortable. And I'm not thinking about it and it's helped that other people haven't been thinking about it.

Sarah: I think it helps that when I play music and I'm up there, and when I'm writing and we're writing, that never occurs to me. Playing shows when I'm playing with all male bands, I don't ever think of that fact. It doesn't effect me in a negative sense because I hold myself up to that. And having that energy, people take that and accept it and I think that's a lot of the reason why people see us musicians, because that's the way we look at ourselves.

Andrea: The main thing is that it's ridiculous that the punk scene, a scene that's supposed to be progressive, is having a debate about women in bands, when it's been happening in music forever. There've always been women in bands—it's not a brand new thing. And it's funny that punks are making a big deal of it.

MRR: It's bound to be an aspect of a band's identity, but when you're emphasizing that and no other facet of their identity, I think

it's a boys club congratulating itself on seeming more inclusive than it really is. I think it's a consolation for men.

Morgan: For the record, I think Winnipeg is one of the places that that has the least... Like, I don't ever feel like people tell me that I'm good at playing guitar because I'm a girl, or that I'm good for a girl. That's never happened.

Andrea: It has changed a lot though, because when I first moved here there were no women in the punk scene playing music. It was all male bands. You'd go to a show like Arsonfest a few years ago and there was not a woman in a band all weekend. This year, and the first night there were women in almost all the bands.

Brad: You can tell we've thought about this.

MRR: Yeah, I guess I thought, "Well, we have to talk about this," and it's the thing that you might always have to talk about, even though your concerns as a band are just writing the best song you can write.

Brad: I feel like we've pushed this whole issue right out of our internal workings, and it's never really been something we've consciously had to do or think about. We're all friends; we all listen to awesome music, whether it's been produced by men or women. And that is, to us, just a distraction. If you're going around worrying about how people are going to perceive you...obviously there are certain situations when it comes into play, but it's not the first thing we think about when we think about our identity as a band. We just fucking write songs.

Andrea: I think, just one more thing on top of it all, is that actually being in a band and playing with mainly dudes—and metal dudes a lot of the time too—has actually helped me cure myself of seeing everything through that filter too. I think that not really having a creative outlet for a long time, you get pretty pissy about a lot of things because you're not really expressing yourself and you get to be a critic all the time. And if you're not seeing yourself represented, you're going to feel like a total crab about it. And once you've actually been there and you're doing it yourself it, feels a lot different. And also I think a lot of the dudes that we've played with now, ten years ago I never would have thought they'd be so supportive of us as they are, and I think that too has helped me not be so fucking down on them.

MRR: You recorded for some upcoming releases lately. Where will all of that wind up?

Brad: We have a split 7" with the ever-sick Defeatist on Level Plane that just came out in January, which is part of a session that we did mid-2005 with local knob twirler Craig Boychuk. The newest session was engineered by Chris Hannah and is still being mixed, but will be part of a four-way split LP with Lycanthrophy, Think Don't Pray, and Damage Digital.

For more updated info, MP3s, and general fuckery, please glue your face to kursk.n3.net, or drop Kursk a line at kursk_wpg@hotmail.com.

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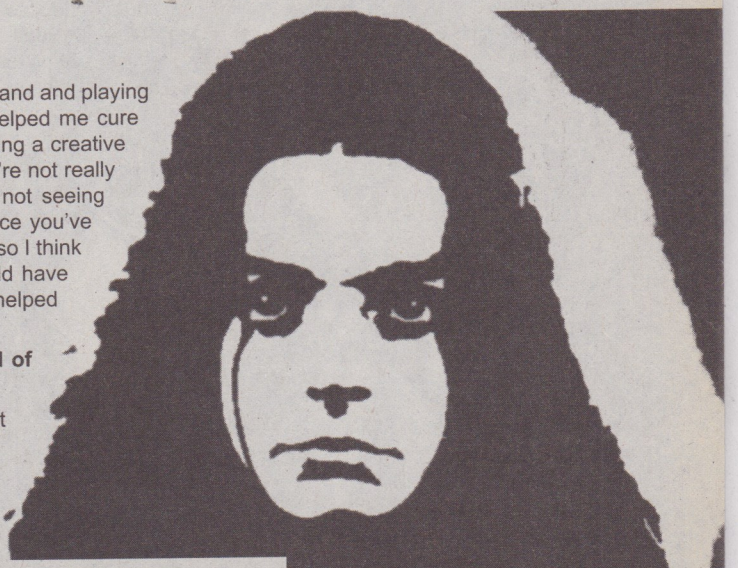


Ultimo Resorte

I saw photos of Ultimo Resorte before I had ever heard their music. A few years ago, in my friend's apartment in Brooklyn twenty-five years or so after the band's first record was released, I sat transfixed by images of them printed in Hasta El Final, a book about the early '80s Spanish punk scene. The members of Ultimo Resorte had amazing style, and in particular I was hypnotized by the commanding presence of their singer Silvia, who looked like the toughest, most vicious punkest girl imaginable. One look at those photos and of course, I had to hear them. I eventually had the chance when I went to the Maximum Rocknroll house for the first time. I pulled out the Ultimo Resorte 12", put it on the turntable, and listened. There's really no other way to put it: the music on that record was fucking incredible. Fast, yet maintaining a sense of plaintive melody, with amazing guitar parts, and of course, those vocals—which to this day remain some of the most ferocious and expressive I have ever heard—Ultimo Resorte is surely among the great punk bands of all time. The Barcelona-based band put out only two records in their lifetime (a 7" and the aforementioned 12"), and an LP of their early demo tracks was released in the '90s, all of which are now out of print or difficult to find, though well worth checking out. Tape the songs, download them, buy the records, track down the discography CD, finance a sorely necessary vinyl reissue, whatever—just find a way to listen to this band.

In the last few days of 2006, the members of Ultimo Resorte sat down with some Spanish Punk Lovers to discuss the history of their band, the violent realities of their lives in Barcelona in the '80s, and why they stuck with punk through those often difficult years. In the interview, they mention that they get contacted more now about Ultimo Resorte than they did when the band was actually around. Makes sense to me, since so many current DIY bands from Gorilla Angreb to OTAN owes something to their sound.

Introduction by Golnar Nikpour. Interview and translation by Paco Mus, Guillermo Miralta and Teodoro Hernandez.

MRR: When did Ultimo Resorte start and how did you choose the name?
Silvia: I went to London in 1977 and found some sticker from a London shop called "Last Resort." When we started the band some time later I thought it will be a cool name for the band. The UK band LAST RESORT didn't exist yet.

MRR: What year are we talking about?
Strong: 1979.
Silvia: I went to London for the first time in 1977 but we didn't start the band until 1979. We knew each other by 1978 but not as a band.
Juanito: A few months later, we played live; six songs at a mental asylum.
Silvia: We played live a month or month and a half after starting.
Strong: We were dangerous people.
Silvia: Yes, everybody hated us.

MRR: Why did you decide to start Ultimo Resorte?
Silvia: I don't know, I came back from London, grabbed a guitar and wrote "Peligro Social."
Strong: Yes, she went to London and got in a fight with Sid Vicious' girlfriend…

MRR: So that story is true then.
Silvia: It's true. I went to a club where Sid arrived later. I took a picture and thought that it didn't come out right, so I tried to take another one. Then, Nancy jumped over me so they would both be in the picture, and in doing so threw my camera to the floor. That camera was a present from my grandmother! I picked it up from the floor, checked that it was OK, and then saw Nancy moving away from the scene. So I kicked her in the arse. Then Sid kicked me in the stomach, and then Nancy and I started a fight with nails and all. Nothing serious, but that's what started the legend.
Strong: It was at the Johnny Moped show.

MRR: There is another story about Silvia that I have to ask about. Is it true that when you went to London in 1977, you followed the punks around just to see where they went and what they did?
Silvia: I wasn't punk when I went to London, so when I saw those punks around I had to know where they went. That's how I ended up at the Roxy, the Vortex, the Marquee, and other clubs. That's the way I discovered punk bands. I was 20 years old at the time.

MRR: How old were you when you started playing?
Silvia: I was born the same year as Sid Vicious, 1957. I was 21 when we started the band.
Strong: I joined at 16.
Juan: I was 19; I started the band with Silvia.

MRR: So Juanito and Silvia formed the band. Can we say that Ultimo Resorte was your band?
Juan and Silvia: Yes.

MRR: Is that why the line-up changed so much? Juanito and Silvia are the only ones that lasted the whole of Ultimo Resorte's career.
Strong: Nope, the line-up changed so much because no one could put up with them!
Silvia: Everybody hated us!

MRR: Why were Juanito and Silvia so hard to put up with?
Silvia: We used to do strange things.
Strong: They weren't insufferable but they definitely formed a strong core during those years.
Silvia: We were against everything and did lots of odd things.

MRR: Did a lot of time pass between when you discovered punk and when you decided to form a band?
Silvia: No, it was pretty straightforward.
Strong: Punk was something different here back in the very beginning. It wasn't a movement yet. Bear in mind that we are talking about Cornella, Hospitalet, Saint Boi *[immigrant-filled suburbs around Barcelona where poverty was an everyday reality —Ed.]*, and in those years there were a lot of macho bad boys among the people who lived there. Punk was a strange wave of violent people trying to justify their violence. At some point along the way the London aesthetic came along and some people named the movement, which was here for a long time; what Ultimo Resorte was doing was a part of it. It wasn't called punk yet, it was something different.
Juan: There were few of us and we all knew each other really well.
Strong: If you saw them now in the streets you wouldn't call them punks, they were more like delinquents or gang members.

MRR: Something like La Banda Trapera Del Rio?
Strong: Totally, we used to hang out with Morfi *[LBTDR singer —Ed.]*, hang out with La Trapera; it was our band, the band we used to go and see.
Juan: We always went to their gigs.
Strong: We used to go to their shows to do what you did in those times—spit at the band and get into fights. Many of the people around us were pure delinquents, into robbery and shit. Then punk started mixing the people who came for the music, the aesthetics, the social movement, etc. with people who were just plain bad. Truly dangerous people and we all hung out together. We even robbed each other! We got our practice space broken into twice and it was people from our own gang. People whose names I am not gonna say but we all know who they are.

MRR: So it wasn't like the early days of punk in Madrid where most people came from rich families, the bourgeoisie?
Juan: It wasn't like that here.
Strong: At that moment the different scenes became more defined but still you'd still find us fighting amongst ourselves. It was so easy to go to a gig and have to fight. For example, when we went to Madrid to play Rockola *[Madrid venue key in the early '80s music scene —Ed.]* the show lasted only four or five minutes because everybody started fighting straight away. They fought amongst themselves but also with us and the public.
Juan: Madrid was different—you went to play there and people spit on you non-stop. You'd end up like a Christmas tree, full of things hanging off you!
Strong: We'd start playing and a shower of gob would pour on us, which of course made us mad.

After the Madrid show we ended up at the police station without getting paid and with the venue trying to sue us for damages.
Juan: We ended up at the police station with someone with his head split open because a bass guitar fell from somewhere…
[Massive laughs from everyone]
Juan: There are great pictures of that day with me holding the bass as an axe with a rather threatening face.

MRR: Can you tell this story with more details? There are all sorts of rumors going around about it.
Juan: Well, when I saw people pull Silvia off the stage and start ripping her clothes, I obviously couldn't stand still and not do anything. So the show lasted for four minutes…
Strong: Someone took the microphone from Silvia. She tried to get it back and then they pulled her down and ripped her T-shirt off. The next thing I remember is Juanito hitting people with his bass to get the crowd to release Silvia. Imagine—spitting, violence, and then they took the mike stand away and Silvia ran behind it. They pulled her down and started ripping her shirt off, so Juanito start hitting people with his bass. Silvia came back without a T-shirt and from there on things only got worse. On top of that that, the mic got stolen and they tried to make us pay for it—it was $250-$300 that they were trying to make us pay!!!
Juan: So we ended up at the police station with the venue asking us for everything but autographs. Without dinner, hungry and in Madrid, blacked out. By the way, we weren't always that way…we didn't go to shows to break peoples heads. *[More laughs from everybody.]*

MRR: Perhaps we are going too fast. I wanted to ask you more about the early days. What pushed you from listening to music and hearing about a new movement that was shaking up another country to deciding that you had to be a punk?
Silvia: I was a huge music fan. I loved music from over all. Then one day I saw the cover of the first Ramones LP and pictures of Nina Hagen. I went to London in 1977 and saw that all those people weren't musicians and yet were playing onstage. On top of that, they were playing something so over-the-top—it was more interesting than any other music anywhere in the world and that was incredible. It got me crazy.
Juan: I was listening to Deep Purple, Jethro Tull, and Genesis, so when I discovered Ramones, Vibrators, or The Saints it was revolutionary. I used to play the first Ramones album in one of those mono portable turntables before going to sleep. I thought it was impossible to play that fast. For me, it was amazing coming from listening to all those dinosaurs to listening to music that made me feel like I could do the same.
Strong: What happens now, 30 years later, is that everything gets labeled. Everything is classified to have a start and end point. It wasn't that way back then. It seems that we are talking about music but it was also something else. For me, the thing that stood out the most when I was going to see Ultimo Resorte was that it was *more* than music. I had my musical interests and liked things with lots of energy, but when I went to Ultimo Resorte gigs and saw the people around them—the way they dressed, their attitude—that was incredible. They was something else: pure energy. Attitude. Later on that would be called punk.
Silvia: When punk first started it didn't have a name. Back then, the word "punk" was a label— something the punks didn't like. We were pranksters who wanted to play pranks.
Juan: In fact, when Ultimo Resorte started, punk didn't exist anymore. The media said it was dead. I remember Silvia coming back from her second London trip in 1978 saying that it was totally different.

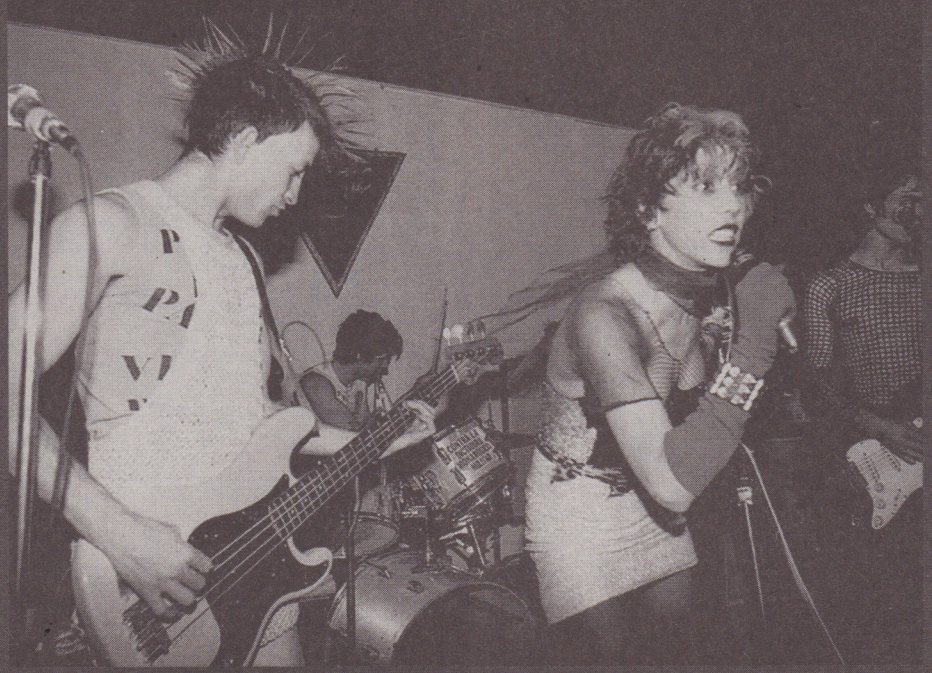
MRR: So, it was your turn at re-inventing punk then.
Juan: No, things changed.
Strong: We kept trying to play and write songs. At that moment the only thing that mattered was having a practice space, rehearsing, and playing shows. We weren't calling people in London to know what was going on there. Now it's easy with the internet, but back them we only had a couple of rich kids that used to go to London and come back with bracelets, belts, records, etc., and then we'd rob them.

MRR: Do you hold memories of La Banda Trapera Del Rio?
Silvia: Yes, we always went to see them.
Juan: And fight with them too.
Juan: I remember going from Saint Boi to Cornella walking along the motorway to see them.
Strong: I remember Morfi having the biggest coke bag I've ever seen in my life…
Juan: Every time we went to see them we ended up in fights. When Kaka De Luxe *[early Madrid punk band and along with La Banda Trapera Del Rio and Basura one of the first punk bands in Spain. —Ed.]* came it was the same. Although we didn't go to our shows to start fights. Years later I met Morfi and he still remembered me, in a good way though!
Silvia: Morfi loves me. We get along well.

MRR: So basically violence was another way of interaction.
Strong: Totally.
Juan: It wasn't violence for its own sake.
Strong: I hated it. I was scared of leaving my house. Every time I went out I was scared. Every fucking day.

MRR: But that was the day-to-day life of punks here back then, right?
Silvia: Yes.
Juan: Getting the underground back home at night was always trouble.
Silvia: You had people giving you shit right and left. People in cars stopped to beat you down.
Strong: That happened to me a lot on the underground. They'd stop you and beat you.
Juan: Like our friend Cholin—they got out of a car in Plaza Cataluña *[center of Barcelona —Ed.]* and stabbed him in the arse just for looking punk.
Marc: I remember a show with Brighton 64 *[Barcelona Mod band —Ed.]* and Frenopatikss and the concert ended up in brawl with the locals because they joined the mods and started chanting, "We are the mods!!" and fought every punk there.

MRR: How do you remember Barcelona back



then?
Juan: It was a period of transition. It was grey. There was nothing.
Silvia: There were no bars, clubs, squats. Nowhere to go.
Juan: There were some bars on Plaza Real like Texas, Abracadabra, el Patatitas.
Strong: There weren't streetlights at night. Everything was dark. And those little things mark you. I remember walking from Plaza Cataluña to Gracia and there was no light. Gracia was all dark at night.
Juan: We used to hang out around the Texas Bar because we were friends with the girls who ran it. It was a titty bar. They treated Silvia really well and I have great memories from that bar.

MRR: Silvia, there were two women in the band. What was it like fronting a band as energetic as Ultimo Resorte? What were peoples' reactions when they saw a woman as powerful as you? Was it a shock for them?
Silvia: I had a terrible time. I never had fun and people made my life miserable. I won't lie, that's how it was.

MRR: Why didn't you quit?
Silvia: Because I love punk—for me punk was everything. I'll be a punk until I die. In my own way, even if people don't think I am a punk anymore. I'll be a punk until I die.

MRR: Did you have a defined ideological agenda with Ultimo Resorte? Some of your songs have a strong social element.
Strong: Well, we were left wing.
Marc: Nihilists.
Juan: We didn't think much about politics back then.
Silvia: We were against the police, we thought what they were doing was terrible. But not much besides that.
Juan: Remember that the police were always in the streets. Wearing grey and stationed on top of Las Ramblas *[Downtown Barcelona —Ed.]* with their vans ready to go all day.
Strong: In that time what we were doing was political already. We were against basically everything. Everything that was happening on the street had strong repercussions for us. We didn't have anywhere to go or anything to do, so everything we did had to be even more radical.

MRR: The first squats didn't happen until later, right? Was there anywhere to meet?
Marc: The first squat in BCN was in Torrent de Lolla. We used to meet beforehand at the Peligros St. Ateneu.
Strong: The first one lasted only one night…
Marc: Twenty-five people went inside, then some left and the police arrived in no time.

MRR: Some of you were in Drama Del Horror. Was that band post-Ultimo Resorte or did it happen at the same time?
Strong: I was in Drama Del Horror but it was after Ultimo Resorte.

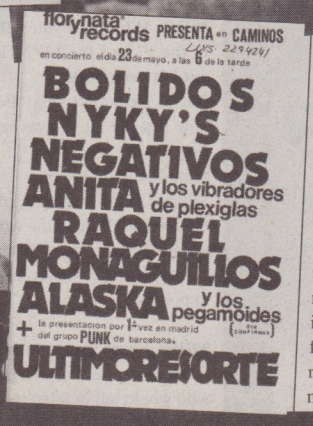
MRR: But with Drama Del Horror you had a really strong political agenda.
Strong: Yes, it was more mature in that sense.

MRR: On the *Una Causa Sin Fondo* 12" there is a song written by Alberto of Drama Del Horror.
Strong: True, by the time that 12" came out (1983) we had been playing together for over three years and back then that was a lot. The lyrics of that song were written by Silvia though, only the music is by Alberto.

MRR: The track "La Estafa Continua" *["The Swindle Continues"]*—was it dedicated to someone in particular?
Silvia: It was at the time of Crass and Discharge, and it felt like everybody had to have a favorite band. Finally people had bars to go to; you didn't have to spend the evening sitting on a bench like before. Everything had changed and everyone had their favorite band, their club, etc. Everything we had started on the streets was over.
Strong: There was Novedades—a place to hang out where mods and rockers would always fight. Every time they showed *The Great Rocknroll Swindle* all the punks would show up and destroy the cinemas…
Marc: I am wondering who decided to show *Quadrophenia* and *The Great Rocknroll Swindle* on the same day at the spring cinemas.
Strong: What I was trying to say is that that song talks about how everything was being defined and labeled. And for us that movie was about how the Sex Pistols sold out.

MRR: I always thought that "La Estafa Continua" was about something else—about how something that was happening on the streets, spontaneous and wild was being commercialized by people that only thought about making a profit. Because it is about then when most major labels started signing independent bands and creating sub-labels for them.
Marc: It was worse when the opposite happened and all the independents would sign to majors like DRO.
Juan: For me that song is more about that—about everything coming out of Madrid, which seemed fake to us.
Strong: The "Movida Madrileña" movement.
Silvia: It didn't have any feeling, it was so predictable.

MRR: Can you tell us more about Drama Del Horror? Was it a fanzine or a band? Were more people from Ultimo Resorte involved?
Strong: At the beginning it was just something to clear up our ideas. Around that time some people we used to hang out with ended up as skinheads, went to London, and came back with really violent attitudes. All studded up with the "Punk's Not Dead" attitude. Drama Del Horror was something more ideological. We weren't interested in that type of punk so Rosa, Alberto, and I decided to start a fanzine looking directly at what Crass was doing in London. We were part of that movement, a bit more aware. We recorded some demos but never released them. Soon after we had to leave for military service and as soon as we came back we formed GRB. The tapes were practice tapes recorded in a four-track but I don't have them anymore…I went through a phase of hating tapes and



SOMOS EL PELIGRO SOCIAL?
SOMOS LA DEGENERACION?
SOMOS MALDITOS...
SOMOS SUICIDAS.....
LUCHAMOS POR CAUSAS PERDIDAS
QUE NOS IMPORTA LA GENTE
NO NOS IMPORTA LA GENTE
SOMOS EL PELIGRO SOCIAL?

throw most of my tapes away. Now I wish I hadn't. Sometimes I spend hours looking at home for things that I know I've thrown away but I keep looking just in case…

MRR: What a shame that you threw them away! Do you think that there isn't enough documentation of that era in general?
Juan: Definitely. We have never been contacted as often as we are now. While the band existed, no one noticed us, especially the media.
Silvia: As proof, there is no film footage of Ultimo Resorte.

MRR: I remember reading that the first show, the one at the Saint Boi Asylum, got videotaped by a priest?
Silvia: No, no.
Juan: Anyway, we only played six songs that day. We had just started. That day we played with Mortimer.

MRR: Did you play with all of the bands of the first wave of Barcelona punk?
Juan: No. We never played with Basura, La Trapera, or Peligro.
Silvia: We were friends with Peligro, especially the singer.
Juan: And now I am in contact with their guitarist.
Strong: That was a magical period, the transition between Peligro, Mortimer, La Trapera, etc. and Ultimo Resorte. Going to one of their shows was fantastic; Silvia always wearing those weird dresses.

Juan: Going to Saint Boi Ateneu and as soon as you stepped off the train there was the police station—if you were lucky you'd make it to the concert.
Strong: They'd stop you at the station for wearing a leather jacket and four badges.

MRR: How did the Flor Y Nata deal come out?
Juan: They were the only ones who believed in us.
Strong: They were some strange characters.
Silvia: Fucking cool people.
Strong: The only reason we were able to do those records with them is because they let us do whatever we wanted. In every sense. They suffered more than we did because at any moment the whole deal could have gone sour.

MRR: How did you convince them to press a seven-track EP? It wasn't really normal back then to have that many songs on a 7" EP.
Juan: Because it had to fit. That's what we wanted…
Marc: Bob Dylan's "Hurricane" is longer.
Strong: When it came out there was a note on the cover asking the listener to play it at a louder volume than usual. People thought it was because we were punks when really it was because the master wasn't loud enough because of how close the grooves were.
Juan: We went together to see them cut the record.
Strong: What an experience! There was a red light that kept flashing every time the needle jumped to a different groove and it had to start again.

MRR: How important was it to you to mark the record price on the cover to the extent of changing the artwork on the second press?
Strong: It was part of the trend those days of "pay no more." Shows, records, T-shirts etc.—it all had to be cheap. It was part of our policy as a band. Although at the beginning we cared more about music and attitude.
Juan: We didn't want people to get rich off us nor did we do what we did to get rich. Even if it wasn't on the cover of the first press it was implicit.
Strong: In those days if you charged 300 pesetas ($2) for a show they'd crucify you. It isn't that people wouldn't go to the show—they'd go after you!

MRR: Do you know how many were pressed?
Strong: We know what they told us they pressed…
Juan: 1000 copies of each press. There is also a third press later from the '90s on Munster Records that they say is 500 copies.

MRR: What about the 12"?
Strong: More. I've heard high numbers and I am not sure if believe them. It is possible that there are more than 5000 copies. There are several presses and they used to do 1000 copies of each press.
Juan: I think there are 5000 in total.

MRR: What can you tell us about the recording of the 7" and the 12"? The sound is really different between both.
Silvia: I couldn't sing "Peligro Social" because of how fast the music was recorded so Juanito had to sing it.
Juan: She sang it live.
Silvia: On the recording of the 7" they were so fast that I couldn't fit all the words in when recording the vocals. In fact, if you listen carefully, Juanito doesn't say all the words either. He tried but it was impossible.

MRR: There was no producer.
Strong: No, there was no producer. There was no one who would tell us what to do. So I played really fast.

I was sixteen and wanted the record to sound loud and fast; Juanito wanted that too.
Juan: Fast as fuck!
Strong: We recorded separately and had no recording experience, so when it came to mixing we just wanted everything to sound louder.

MRR: That record and the TDK/Panaderia Bolleria Nuestra Señora Del Karmen split 7" EP were probably the first two hardcore records to be pressed in Spain. How did people react to such a fast sound? The change between the demo and the EP is very impressive.
Juan: We just kept speeding up.
Strong: I actually measured the song "Barcelona es Diferente." The *Post Mortem* [demo] version is 2:45 long, the 7" version is 1:45, and live at Zeleste some months later it was 1:15.
Juan: We always played much faster on stage.

MRR: How did punks that listened to '77 style punk see the change? You were probably one of the fastest bands in the country…
Juan: TDK was faster than us.
Strong: TDK was much faster than us, their record sounded very much like the Dead Kennedys.
Juan: The first time I heard a Dead Kennedys record I thought it was at the wrong speed. Not now, because I've heard faster things, but the first few listens…and not to mention GRB.
Marc: We once played 20 songs in 20 minutes in Manresa, and played the set again because it was too short. The ones who knew the songs didn't care, and the ones who didn't know them couldn't tell the difference.
Strong: With GRB there was a time when it was challenge; it was a competition to see who could play faster.

MRR: Continuing with the recordings, the sound

difference between the 12" and the 7" is also incredible, and you still had no producer. How did you get that sound??
Strong: I personally went from being 16 to being 19-20 and thought that since we were going to record, we might as well record something of our own. So I was more careful adding guitar effects besides my over-saturated distortion. Also, by introducing Rosa's synthesizer we had to accept the idea of mixing because the sound had to be more polished. I was personally very excited to try and do something very personal that sounded good.
Juan: Actually, the guitar sound is what rules on the 12".
Strong: The attitude on the single was to get fucked up, play, and go get a drink.
Juan: We recorded it in eight hours.
Strong: With the 12" we stopped, listened and thought about what could be improved. For instance, on the song "Presos," Silvia's voice is doubled, and I love how it sounds.

MRR: Was that the direction in which you were going? If the band had stayed together was that the sound you were going for? Did you have songs in that style that were not recorded?
Juan: We had faster songs by the time Marc joined, but that was already the end. I can't say why, but you could see it coming.
Strong: There were more songs that were not recorded.
Juan: Everything was dying, too many changes, drummers, guitars…
Strong: It was really hard, it was fucked up! I didn't quit because of the band but more because of what surrounded us; I felt uncomfortable.

MRR: So you didn't quit because of your other bands.
Juan: No, actually Strong started playing in GRB later, when Alberto went to the military.
Strong: During the last period of Ultimo Resorte I was both spending my time with the band and with Drama Del Horror, but it was more of doing the fanzine. I kept playing with Ultimo Resorte and doing the fanzine until we recorded the 12".
Juan: By that time we were almost done.

MRR: Did you play a lot outside Barcelona?
Juan: No, just three or four times.
Strong: We played Madrid, Oñate, Bilbao, and Briviesca in Burgos. I remember Briviesca—we played at a bullfighting ring that had a small mountain outside and the people just stood there watching from the outside.

MRR: How was the Oñate gig? It's almost legendary! I think most of the greatest bands of those days played there.
Juan: The show was awesome!
Strong: The thing I remember about Oñate is the great people, a really nice village, and a really cool atmosphere. Before the show the people there had cooked us dinner, and there was this table with lots of food, which was something to appreciate. We felt very comfortable, because usually we were treated like shit because of the clothes we wore. We were often kicked out of places. But we were accepted there and they had even prepared us a feast! Then Fray from Decibelios came in—he grabbed a piece of omelet and threw it at someone. Someone else did the same, and suddenly a huge food fight broke out. You could see the people who had prepared it, the people from the village. That's where I started having doubts about certain things, I felt really bad.

Juan: It was a very small village—you could see the people hidden behind the blinds of their windows watching us, watching the punks walk the streets.
Strong: The show itself was very nice.

MRR: How did you know the people who set up shows outside Barcelona?
Juan: By mail.
Strong: One thing I like to keep from that time are the letters I received.

MRR: Were there a lot of people from remote places you were in touch with but actually never met in person?
Juan: A lot. We were in touch with a lot of people in Donosti, and all of Basque Country.
Silvia: Javi Salles, TNT from Granada.
Strong: This is how later on we sold more than 1000 GRB tapes one by one. People would send us an envelope with a 100 Pesetas bill.
Juan: It was a time in which we would do it all ourselves. When you received a letter you would go ahead and do a booklet, all by mail.

MRR: Which bands did you have relationships with, which bands did you play more with?
Juan: RIP, Vulpess.
Silvia: Desechables, Kangrena.
Strong: Frenopatikss.

MRR: What about fanzines?
Juan: We were in touch with *Penetración* from Madrid, even before Alberto was involved with it. There was some other guy doing it before, a really weird guy, a macrobiotic.

MRR: Did you play with different styles of bands or just punk bands?
Juan: We played with all styles of bands, like Maton Kiki. They were a really weird all-girl band with a saxophone.
Strong: With Lemo, Paralisis Permanente. We never got to play with them actually, but they had a very good vibe. When we went to Madrid I stayed at Ana's place, and when they came here they crashed at our house.
Silvia: Alaska also. I never thought that the comment about her wristbands would offend her, but I know it did.
Juan: There was a show with Alaska Y Los Pegamoides, Sisi, Greta, etc. and we were invited to play without being on the bill.
Strong: You have to know that at that time there was the real deal and there was the cheesy thing. Cheesy was what you would go and buy in London to wear, those pink things from a store. In Madrid everyone was more on the cheesy side, how they dressed...
Juan: It was posh. They had more money and more means.

MRR: Let's talk about your aesthetic. Where did you get the clothes back then? I'm sure it wasn't easy to find studded belts here.
Strong: We made it all ourselves. We used to go to the hardware store to buy studs.
Juan: Biker jackets were hard to find and expensive. I didn't have a biker jacket until way later.
Silvia: I used to make all my skirts.
Strong: The first jacket I had was given to me by Juanito. Rosa was sewing all day.
Juan: Silvia made all her clothes; she would grab some pieces of plastic and make her dresses. People didn't understand her—she made shirts with stocking fishnets so you could see her nipples and people went crazy.

Silvia: I made people mad—they hated me because I made them uncomfortable.
Juan: To be honest—although we regret doing it now—we used to wear swastikas just to make people mad, to be confrontational. We weren't Nazis. We used to walk down Las Ramblas spitting at people, provoking everybody.
Strong: Then we saw people coming from London with their brand new shiny studded bracelets and felt repulsed. We were punks because we didn't want things to be that way, but people were commercializing punk too.

MRR: Granted, aesthetics were really important back then, but were there punks who didn't look punk?
Juan: Totally. Some guy who played with us was super punk but you wouldn't have known it. Choli was his name, and people call him hippie!

MRR: What about Flint, who was he?
Juan: He used to come with us to all the shows. He was our pharmacist…he used to come out with his suitcase full of pills and that was like our pharmacy! There was also another guy called German who came with us.
Silvia: German was our "sound man" once at a show in La Epoca *[Venue —Ed.]*. He brought the echo levels to ten, which started sounding crazy…everybody started screaming as if they were possessed.
Juan: He was into Pere Ubu and all that, he was great.

MRR: What type of drugs did you use to take? Was there ever any kind of criticism towards the abuse?
Juan: We took them all. There were concerts where I would say, "I am getting loaded," and would drink beer with cognac.
Strong: There were no critics at all. The drugs were totally out of control. Lots of people were taking heroin. There was no information at all. Also there were lots of amphetamines—we used to take Dexidrina and Centramina—but also morphine derivates like Pentatozina and Sosegon. People really abused drugs. People were taking lots of fucked up things that made them crazy. Some people went more for the downers and others for the speed. AIDS wasn't around yet and shooting up was a normal thing
Juan: Many people died of AIDS later on, like Kangrena's singer and his girlfriend.
Strong: The way you'd get most drugs was faking prescriptions and going to the pharmacy.
Juan: It was a challenge to find fake prescriptions and to find a pharmacy where the owner was cool.
Marc: The better ones were 15 mg Dexedrina Spansuls. They were made of two colors. Some people used to separate the white from the orange but I used to take them all just in case.

MRR: Did the type of drugs you took influence the sound of the band? Is it true you were all on speed when you recorded the 7"?
Juan: Yes, but speed wasn't around yet.
Marc: When we're talking about speed we're talking about amphetamines.
Strong: Like Rinomade. That was something to clear your nose and you could find both in powder or liquid. It was pure amphetamine sulphate.

MRR: Who did all the artwork for the Ultimo Resorte records, posters etc?
Strong: It was me. I was only 16 and ever since then I've always done artwork. I had supplies available at home. The logo is done with a thin brush by hand. I showed it to my dad and he couldn't read "Ultimo" but rather read it as "Ultino," so he did the second leg of the M. Years later I found the cover of the 7" at the Decorative Art Museum as an example of '80s graphic design. We took all the pictures on the 7" on our friends' rooftop—in one of the pictures we had to cut Juanito out from another picture and stick him in to get the layout right.

MRR: What bands were you listening at the time? Where you aware that there were punk bands everywhere?
Silvia: Lots of punk.
Juan: Mostly UK bands like Subhumans, Vibrators. Also Flipper and Bad Brains.
Strong: At the beginning it was more Ramones, and I liked the Rezillos a lot. When I discovered Dead Kennedys that shattered my world. I liked Crass but not as much musically.

MRR: What about Discharge?

Strong: We discovered them at San Ramon when we had problems with Panko *[Attac singer and previous drummer for Ultimo Resorte who was kicked out of the band for stealing gear from their practice space. —Ed.]*. I liked Discharge.
Juan: He was always wearing that Discharge T-shirt.
Marc: Panko brought me the first five singles from London after one of his trips.
Strong: That was a really macho scene, with all the violence. Mohawks, studded jacket, etc.— those people liked Discharge. Those people couldn't understand that a band with a girl singer would sound like us. People expected a band with girls to sound poppier, and we used to piss them off.
Juan: Also the influences came and went really fast during the four years of Ultimo Resorte.

MRR: Did you go to the Military Service?
Juan: I didn't because I was crazy. I am not crazy anymore.
Marc: I was a conscientious objector.

MRR: Were you pacifist?
Marc: Not me.
Strong: Those days you kinda had to raise that flag just to make people think. Everything was really violent around us. It was more radical to be a pacifist that to follow the norm.
Juan: Lots of bands were really *machista* and we wouldn't take the side of those just singing about beating up mods.
Strong: There were lots of beatings. I remember Xabi Shock *[Frenopatikss singer, RIP —Ed.]* taking out his scissors and cutting girls hair from behind, people robbing each other to get money for drugs, and lots of fights with mods.

MRR: Was eating meat something on the agenda back then? Where there any punks who were vegetarian?
Juan: Crass.
Strong: The people of *Penetracion* fanzine.
Marc: Tina was vegetarian.
Strong: It wasn't a personal option.

MRR: How have you grown up? In what ways has being a punk shaped your future? Are you still punks?
Silvia: To me, it helped in the sense that after suffering so much with Ultimo Resorte and having such a hard time, I learned to enjoy myself way more with other bands. I still play music with Algo Toxico.
Juan: I am still a punk and my ideas are still punk, though I have three kids now and definitely see a lot of things differently than I did then.
Strong: I don't call myself punk anymore. I think we as people are more than punks, more than a label. I definitely don't regret anything I did and consider myself really lucky for being alive.
Juan: We were really irresponsible, we tried everything.
Strong: For us, right after punk came hardcore. We did more bands and were doing the same things, so at some point I disowned it. Fuck, when we were with GRB and everybody was shooting heroin until they all died it went against what we were singing.
Juan: I never disowned it. When we were in GRB we didn't think about whether we were punk, hardcore, or whatever. Everybody had mohawks and we grew our hair long with sideburns.

MRR: Speaking with Alberto from *Penetracion* fanzine, he mentioned that when *MRR* was doing the *Welcome to 1984* LP they asked him if he could get Ultimo Resorte on the compilation. Apparently you recorded something on a shitty tape and sent it to him. In the meanwhile, RIP had recorded for the Eskorbuto split and sent Alberto that recording with way better quality, so he sent that to *MRR* instead of your track. Basically, Ultimo Resorte should have been in that compilation…
Silvia: I can't remember.
Marc: I remember that both bands were asked and I remember that we entered the studio to record for that compilation. The studio was on San Pablo St. and I think it was a guitar shop that had a studio on the back. This time the person who was wasted was the engineer instead of us and Juanito nearly fought him, so we left without paying but without the tape either, so we ended up sending some practice or live tape to Alberto. But it didn't work out. But I also remember that RIP got asked as well as us, so it wasn't a case of either us or them.

MRR: What about BCT Tapes—they released a tape with Spanish bands like MG15, Frenopatikss, IV Reich, Ultimo Resorte, etc. Did you know or remember anything about this?
Silvia: I think Boliche or someone sent Chris from BCT a mix tape with Spanish bands and he released it over there but we didn't know anything about it.

MRR: Do you think there has been a musical movement as ground breaking in the last 30 years as punk?
Silvia: No.
Juan: Yes, hardcore.
Strong: Nope. Hardcore had another attitude, more political.
Marc: Noise.

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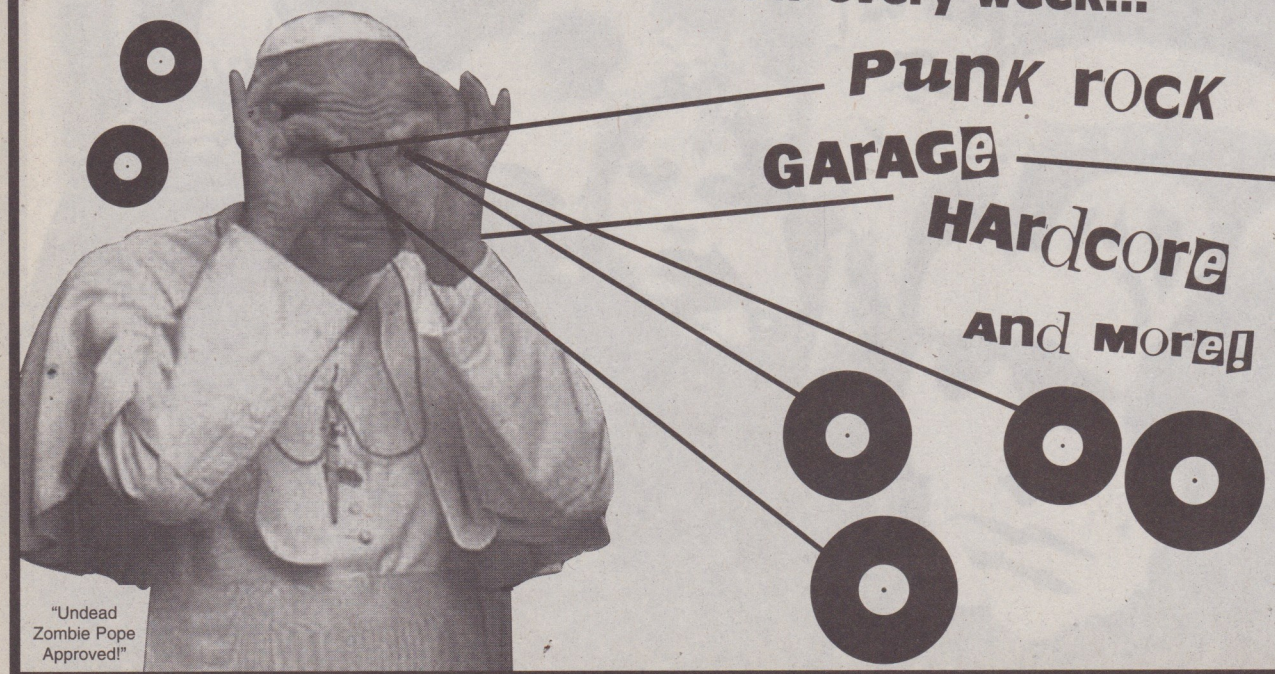


"Undead Zombie Pope Approved!"

social CIRCKLE

THE BOSTON BAND SOCIAL CIRCKLE STARTED SOMETIME IN 2005. THE FOUR MEMBERS HAVE FAIRLY DIVERSE MUSICAL RESUMES AND THEIR PAST HISTORY INCLUDES SLEEPER CELL, BALANCE OF TERROR, GLORY FADES, THE EPIDEMIC AND THE REFUSENIKS. THAT'S JUST FOR HISTORICAL BACKGROUND SINCE SOCIAL CIRCKLE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ANY OF THOSE BANDS. THIS BAND FAVORS A MIXTURE OF HARDCORE AND OLDER PUNK INFLUENCES, ALONG THE SAME LINES AS A BAND SUCH AS THE REGULATIONS. TO DATE, THEY'VE RELEASED AN 8 SONG DEMO TAPE, A FOUR SONG EP, "STATIC EYES," ON NO WAY RECORDS AND APPEARED ON THAT LABEL'S "NO BULLSHIT 2" COMPILATION. I INTERVIEWED THE BAND,CHRISTIAN-VOCALS, MATT-GUITAR, ERIC-BASS AND JEFF-DRUMS,AT THEIR PRACTICE SPACE IN BRIGHTON, MA

INTERVIEW: AL QUINT - PHOTOS: AL QUINT, NICK EFFINVIAU, NGOCLAN TRAN

MRR: Why don't you give me the standard background info. It seems as though you've all played in different types of bands. How did you end up coming together and doing this kind of stuff?

Christian: After I quit the Epidemic, I was looking to do a new band with some friends of mine that, oddly enough, started off as being Elvis Costello-style power pop and we kept switching members. It ended up just being me and this kid Joe and we were sticking up flyers everywhere and telling people we were looking to start a band.

Matt worked with a friend of mine who mentioned to me that he knew a kid who could play guitar or bass. He gave Matt my phone number. Then Joe kind of fell out of things and Matt managed to bring up both Jeff and Eric.

Matt: We hung out. I didn't know if I was supposed to audition or something. I played the Saints' "I'm Stranded" on bass. And we'd just hang out and listen to records and talk. It didn't really turn into anything.

Jeff: I think I just butted in on a conversation you guys were having at Regeneration Records . It was like "Are you gonna start a band?" (laughter)

MRR: Well, in the last couple of years, it seems as though, with some bands, there's been a revival of the late '70s sort of West Coast punk and perhaps getting away from the more straightforward hardcore punk.

Jeff: I think it was a combination of how, in the '90s, hardcore becoming so un-aggressive at some point and, also, the UK82 kind of look becoming so popular. I think it attached a kind of stigma to playing straight punk rock music even though almost all of those bands that dressed that way didn't sound anything like the kind of bands that they put on their jackets, for the most part. And I think maybe, just now, people have gotten the straightforward hardcore out of their system to a certain extent and kind of re-approached some of the other things that maybe seemed like a bad idea for awhile.

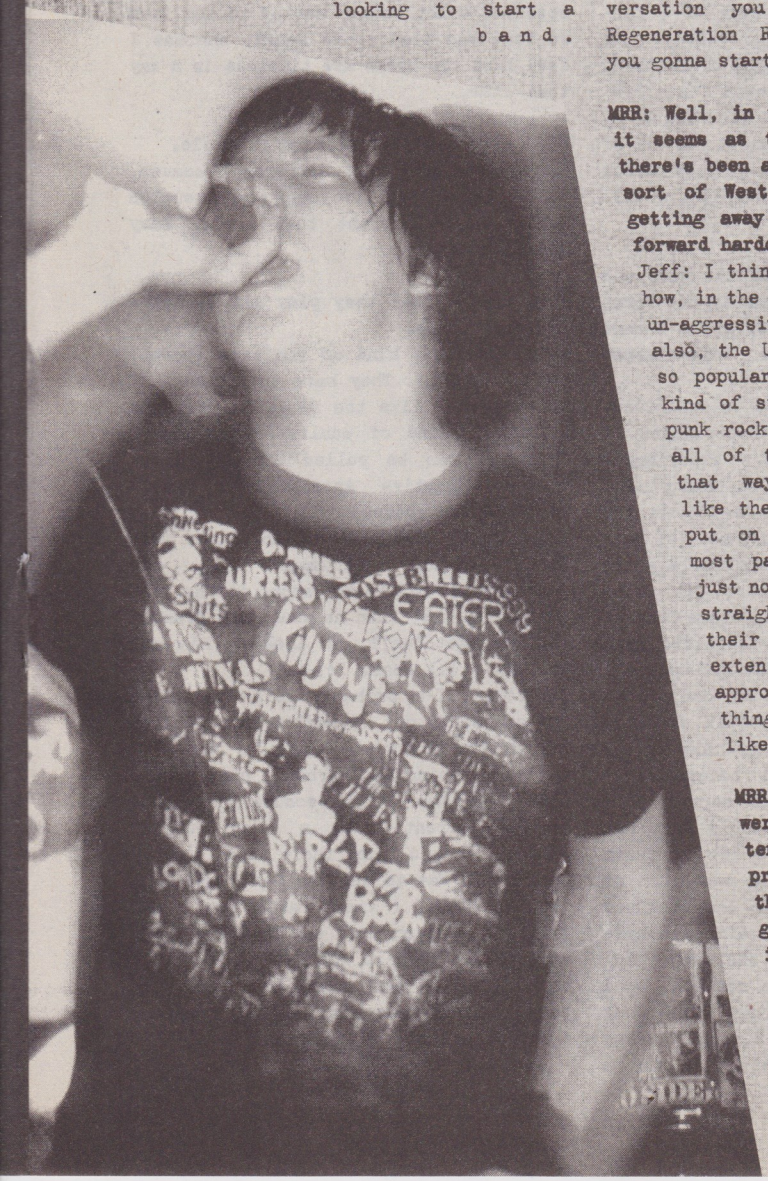
MRR: You said you guys were sitting around listening to records and probably going "Wow, this Saints' record's great." Kind of seeping into your way of thinking, maybe rediscovering it. I think it's really cool that a lot of quote-unquote younger folks are checking out the original stuff and realizing how good it is.

Christian: I could be mistaken but I'm pretty sure that when Matt first suggested Eric playing bass for the band, he said we had a big conversation about how great Radio Birdman was.

Matt: I feel like our recent batch of songs, there's stuff that's significantly faster than our earlier shit but our earlier shit was barely hardcore.

MRR: I was listening to the first demo and there are definitely some hardcore type songs on there.

Christian: Yeah, but I think even though there might have been hardcore songs, we made a conscious effort to play them slower and then I think we finally realized



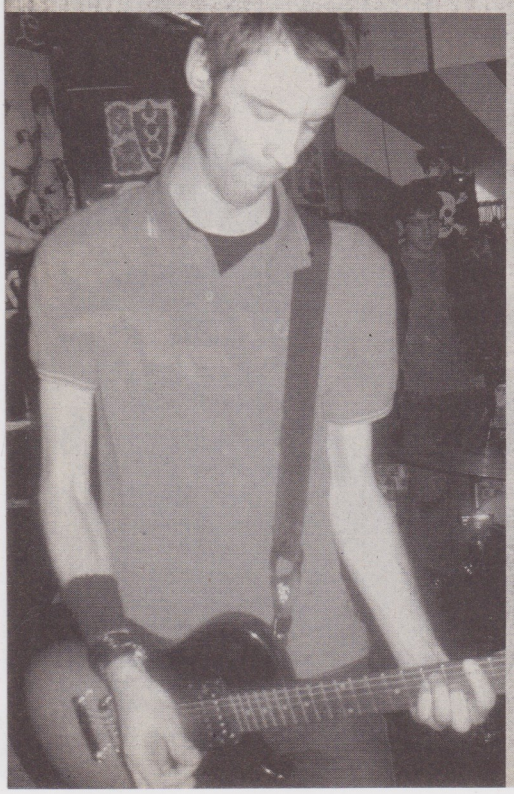
that was kind of pointless to do. (laughter) But it was aiming for a particular sound or an idea of what our sound should be.

MRR: You guys play all-ages shows and you've also started to play some 18+ and 21+ shows. How have you found the experience of playing to the older crowd? How does it compare?

Matt: The free beer balances it out. (laughter) No matter how awkward playing for older crowds can be-and not that we're not old-but older crowds react differently. I feel like the fact that we get free beer and that we get money to pay for this practice space we're sitting in right now...

Eric: I'm kind of surprised at how positive the reaction has been.

Jeff: I think there's been a sort of nice crossover between the people that would have been considered into the garage kind of stuff and people that are more into basement punk bands. I think maybe the rise of more back-to-basics punk stuff has made that possible and, also, maybe garage music is getting a little less bar-rock focused and just a lot of really good labels putting out that kind of stuff. It's somewhat natural but it's also nice that we can play those shows and people are, like, "Wow, you guys only play fifteen minutes. That's really strange but I enjoyed it." Getting paid and getting beer is nice and it's not like we're going on tour and playing 21+ shows where kids can't see us. It's just playing that kind of stuff at home. I would hope there's no one out there that feels they need to see every show we play. That would be a sick, sick person. (laughter)



MRR: Matt, on the topic of band reunions, you said, and I quote, "when are people going to get over these dumb-ass reunions?" But you guys played with the Dicks over the summer. So, how do you guys feel about band reunions? How about the Dicks reunion?

Matt: I don't know-I mean, we were asked to play with them. I probably would have gone anyway because it was the Dicks playing in Boston but it's just, as a rule, I find it easier to get excited about a current band than I do about a band that was at their peak when I was in diapers.

Eric: It kind of depends on what era the band came from. Moving Targets and Outlets, both of those bands were fantastic when they played recently. But there's other bands-I'm kind of thinking of the Lifetime reunion which I'm a little bummed out about. They were one of my favorite bands in high school. A lot of people have been pretty excited about them playing shows again but it's a different feeling for me.

MRR: I think with a lot of the kids who never got to see these bands in the first place, maybe they feel they get a chance to experience what the "old-timers" experienced.

Matt: But I don't think it is experiencing what the old-timers experienced. I think what the old-timers experienced was a certain time and a certain place.

Jeff: I think it depends a lot on the band you're talking about. I sort of have a presumption that any reunion is going to suck. For the most part, it seems like, especially with hardcore bands-hardcore is about a very specific kind of anger. It seems somewhat automatically questionable that you can conjure it back up. Especially for people who have clearly moved on and who are now trying to pick up the gauntlet because they realize their band has some sort of popularity that they never could have had before. Especially with a lot of these power-pop bands and bands who kind of were trying to make it in the business in the first place. It's almost embarrassing to watch them do the same thing over again except they're not even good looking anymore. Something like what Eric was talking about-Moving Targets and the Outlets-that just felt like a reunion of a bunch of people who were good friends. It was like the Boston rock scene from the '80s coming together. There was no sort of pretension about it. It was just a really good party that we were the two youngest people at. And there was barbecue and it was just really laid back. As far as the Dicks go, I guess I'm just willing to make an exception for somebody like Gary Floyd, who I consider a true hero. And while a band like Negative Approach is timeless, in a sense, I'm not really aching to see them re-form and play those songs, whereas I feel like the Dicks are timeless in a way that like...

MRR: It's a different kind of music.

Eric: It's a little different because, well, is a Negative Approach reunion really any different that seeing Easy Action nowadays?

MRR: Except that they play all Negative Approach songs.

Eric: But it's kind of the same lineup, though, almost. They have the drummer.

Matt: I feel like the Dicks had sort of a rootsy, kind of soulful thing and I think it can be pulled off by adults whereas Negative Approach is purely teenage frustration.

Eric: I don't know. I'm thinking of what Chris Strunk drummer for the Conversions had to say about it. He said that, even now, when he sees John Brannon singing "Nothing," you look at him and the guy still means it.

Christian: I'm probably going to bum a lot of people out by saying this but, as far as the Dicks show went, I was more into the seeing the Carbonas play before them than the Dicks because those are people currently in a band putting records out and doing their thing. And as cool as it was to see the Dicks and some reunion bands, I would rather see a lot of those old guys do a new band and write stuff where they're coming from now. I'd be happier to see a new band with old band members than any reunion again. I think it's really played out.

MRR: When I was rooting around the internet today, trying to come up with embarrassing quotes to throw back at you, one thing I noticed is that you all have individual MySpace pages but you don't have a band page for Social Circkle. Do you have any sort of band page yet? I couldn't find one.

Christian: We have a very limited one now.

Eric: That nobody knows about.

Jeff: It doesn't come up in Google yet.

MRR: I'm asking about that because a lot of bands use the internet as the primary way to promote themselves. You guys seem to be doing it a little differently. You actually put out a demo on cassette, for instance. It seems like some bands have reacted to the internet way of promotion by doing things the old-fashioned way. How do you feel about people using only the internet to promote their bands? Good thing? Bad thing? Do you think people should be getting the word out about their bands in different ways?

Matt: Personally, I feel like people are going to find out about our band. We have a record out, we have a demo out. If you're interested, you're going to find out.

Christian: I think pretty much, in any scene right now, there's at least one message board or one website that lists shows and everyone talks about it and I think if you're worthwhile, people will talk about it there and you don't need to go out and heavily self-promote yourself.

Matt: We make flyers. I'm into putting up flyers around the city in hopes that some younger kid that doesn't know where to look for shows will see a flyer and go to a show. Maybe that never happens but I kind of prefer doing things maybe just a little bit old-fashioned. Doing a demo and, just, word of mouth. I feel like having a MySpace profile would be like, who are we going to put in our top friends?

Jeff: The thing I hate about MySpace is the idea that every band has to manifest themselves to the world in exactly the same format. I know that's true to some extent about when everyone has their cassette demo and then there's their 7" and their LP. I think it's a little bit ridiculous to consider, just because one technology came before another technology, that there's something romantic and pure about it. I mean, records are environmentally destructive and they're just the same kind of manufactured product as anything else but MySpace is particularly odious to me. I don't know if it's because I'm too old and I knew a better way. It seems like every page is completely useless and just full of these inane comments.

Matt: I think band profiles on MySpace is a really easy way for... if you're friends with other cool bands, you're considered a cool band. I'm not really interested in doing that.

Christian: As far as the internet goes, as soon as we recorded the demo, we made a download on our website. You could get the whole thing there. I don't think we made a point not to be on the internet. I think it was just to do it a bit more under our control, our way.

Jeff: I think digital technology is great and it can be a really powerful force for freeing up information and freeing up art but, at the same time, you don't want to take advantage of technology just because it's the easiest way to do something. I think that's the pitfall that people fall into and I think it just makes it fucking boring. I could care less about looking at the comments on some band's website. I just want to know where they're playing.

Christian: "Thanks for the add!" (laughter)

Matt: I think it's kind of bothersome how pervasive this whole MySpace thing is. I feel like it's an expected thing that a band would have a MySpace profile. I mean, I've been doing it more lately but the first time I saw a band profile on MySpace, I thought it was the corniest thing in the world. For a long time, if the first place I heard about a band was MySpace, I would just write them off. I've kind of gotten over that recently but I just consider any band that I heard about initially on MySpace to be a "MySpace band." Maybe I'm missing out on some amazing fucking D-beat or whatever.

MRR: You were talking about doing it the old-fashioned way with demos and 7"s. One thing that kind of sucks lately is a lot of these 7"s come and go and go out of print really quickly before you even find out about them. It almost seems like an exclusionary thing where you have to belong to this special club or know the right people to find out about these bands.

Jeff: I agree totally. I think limited records are fucking lame especially when you know you're going to sell more. It's just creating a demand out of its excludability or something.

Matt and Al: Excludability? (laughter and Jeff says it's a perfectly legitimate "Cromulent" word, which is apparently a Simpsons reference... OK, where were we?)

Jeff: Let me rephrase that, then. That's why support MP3s, because there's plenty of records that I only own on my iPod because I don't have the time and money to go tracking down the 300 press of such and such that sold out in five minutes on a message board. It's just like, fuck you if you put out records that way.

Christian: I agree. I mean, I'm not really into mailorder. I've always been a bigger fan of going to record stores and spending time going through things.

Eric: Record stores are a dying breed.

MRR: They're dying and, a lot of the time, they never have new stuff or what I'm looking for.

Christian: Still, I feel like a lot of people are content to release a record and then sell it through the internet and on message boards. It drives me nut because I don't spend my time looking on websites like that and mailordering things. It's not high on my priority to go scoping down when the pre-orders are

up so I can get the limited 300 copy of a band I like.
Jeff: I won't say I'm above doing it when I happen to have the opportunity, but I don't seem to have the opportunity a lot.
Matt: I sort of do it out of habit. There are so many new records. 8 out 10 new records that I buy, I just buy out of habit and I listen to them twice. Then I go back and listen to Menace a thousand times. I feel like if I don't buy my quota of current records, limited or not, that I'm not doing my duty as a punk or something. (laughter)

MRR: What do you guys think about the historical treatments of punk and hardcore? For instance, there's a film about Boston hardcore being made, *American Hardcore*, etc. There seems to be some controversy-I forget if it was Matt or Jeff, but you mentioned some reservations about punk needing to be validated. But shouldn't the history of it be written down or put into visual media?
Eric: I don't think that punk or hardcore has ever really been an academic field. Because so much of it is from individual perspectives, you can't really come back with a definitive history.
Matt: That's what I think is cool about it. Just because of the nature of punk, I think a big part of it is your own history and your own involvement. So anyone's attempt at trying to do a history of punk or even a local history of punk is going to be their own personal view. Like if I did my own history of punk, the most important band would be the Casualties. And I felt like the bands who were going to be involved in that the Boston film , a handful of old bands and a handful of current bands and, just because current bands were Boston punk bands, that didn't mean they have anything to do whatsoever with bands like SSD and Jerry's Kids.

MRR: Well, the main emphasis was going to be on the older stuff and he Lewis Ingham, the filmmaker said the last 15 minutes or so was going to bring it up to date and cover what was going on with the local DIY hardcore or punk scene.
Matt: But what does the local DIY hardcore scene have to do with any of that stuff? I feel like that just, "Oh, hey, punk's still around now."

MRR: What about *American Hardcore*?
Matt: HR, man!
Eric: The exuberation of jubilee.
Matt: I mean, that was dumb too. There were some funny quotes and cool footage.
Christian: I think with stuff like that, it's one thing to watch *The Decline of Western Civilization* or the Don Letts' *Punk Rock Movie* and see stuff that was filmed in the midst of the current scene. I think it's another thing to wait 20 years and go back and talk retrospectively about it and try to fit it into some sort of framing against what's currently happening. We talked about it. We would have been more likely to do it if it was just about what Boston punk is now. Like what is currently happening. Not trying to connect everything.
Matt: I think what I said was I have absolutely no interest in someone else trying to contextualize or validate our band. That's why, when there was an open invitation for specific current bands to be involved in that, then I just had absolutely no interest in doing it whatsoever.
Jeff: I just think there's a bad trend in documentary filmmaking in general right now that falls into what I was talking about earlier of just doing something because the technology makes it easy. Anyone can download a really good editing suite off of the internet in like ten minutes now, so you get a bunch of old hardcore videos, you throw them together, you put in some talking heads and you've got a historical documentary. And it's like, who fucking cares about that? Like Christian was saying-*The Decline*, whatever sort of exploitative qualities it had, at least someone went and took the effort to find out about something that was going on. Interview the people who were involved in it at the time. That's a document of something.

MRR: It definitely captured the moment.
Jeff: Absolutely. I mean, this sort of nostalgia trip stuff-of course I'm going to go see it because I'm an idiot and I'm obsessed with it.
Matt: Because of that YDI footage, man. Two seconds of YDI footage.

MRR: Two seconds of Poison Idea and Die Kreuzen, too.
Jeff: I mean, I think just the fact that people will go pay to see it doesn't really justify its existence.
Matt: Remember the part with Ian MacKaye talking about they learned how to make a 7" sleeve by cutting open a UK sleeve and then a diagram pops up on the screen and the diagram is fuckin' wrong? (laughter) There's like two extra flaps. So when our second record comes out and the sleeve is done all wrong, we can say we did it Steven Blush style. Steven Blush told us it was cool to be DIY.

MRR: Punk sucks, isn't that what they said at the end of the movie? "Punk sucks." But there they are out on the punk rock oldies circuit.
Matt: I thought it died in '86.
Jeff: I never thought that until I saw the SSD last show footage. No, American hardcore died in '86. They didn't say anything about punk in any other country.

MRR: They didn't really contextualize it either. I mean, come on, Negative Approach-half their sound came from British Oi music.
Matt: I read *American Hardcore*. I read the whole thing in one day. There are interesting stories in there and I saw the movie. I'm interested in seeing old flyers and old footage and old pictures and all that stuff and hearing the stories but the editorial standpoint

is what we all have issues with.

MRR: Let's talk about your songwriting. "USSA" is the one sort of "political" song I can think of. Is it your song Matt?
Matt: I wrote it on the bus on the way to practice. We were throwing around all these band names and I suggested USSA. Christian didn't like it so I was like, well, I've got to use that for something.

MRR: Do you write most of the lyrics, Matt? Do the rest of you contribute?
Eric: I contribute nothing.
Christian: Matt's responsible for most everything. Jeff writes some of the songs and lyrics and I occasionally turn lyrics in but this is Matt's baby.
Matt: I mean, I was in bands for a really long time that didn't go anywhere. I've played guitar since I was into grunge.

MRR: Talking about punk type songs in commercials-you guys may not have the same emotional attachment that I did because I first heard these songs when I was a kid, but what do you think about the Buzzcocks being used in a commercial or Iggy & The Stooges?
Christian: It's weird. I mean, the weirdest commercial I've ever seen is one for Levi's that had a Cockney Rejects song in it. It had "I'm Not A Fool" in it and I saw the ad once and my jaw dropped and I've never seen it again.
Matt: I'm really bummed that Chips Ahoy used that "Punky Chips Ahoy."
Jeff: That was my favorite song.
Christian: I spent $60 on that 7" and now it's on TV and I'm really bummed...
Matt: You're going to heavily edit this interview, right? (laughter)

MRR: Was that the point when you thought, "It's over-punk is really over"?
Christian: That's when I knew cookies sold out.
Jeff: I came from grunge so everyone who listened to that kind of music was indoctrinated to the belief that punk was over. It was in every article, in ever book, every record review written about that stuff. It started off with this cursory mention of some punk band to name-drop for cred because that was Nirvana's M.O. Writing their favorite bands on their notebooks. So it was a shock to me when I first bought an issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* and it was like 500 pages of ads for punk bands and I was confused because I knew punk was dead but yet it seemed to still exist somewhere.
Matt: But it was around '93. There was like two pages of punk bands and a bunch of shitty French garage punk.
Jeff: I think the first one I bought was the Japanese issue.
Matt: The first one I ever bought was that "Maximum Greed and Ego" one, when Green Day was getting all big. I feel like I got into punk at a weird time.
Jeff: Yeah. Same here. I liked all the Riot Grrl stuff because that was still legitimate in the eyes of *Alternative Press*.
Eric: And he went to Sarah Lawrence College.
Jeff: That was later. I did for awhile, then I transferred to NYU.

MRR: How many people committed suicide while you were there? Don't they have a high suicide rate?
Jeff: I didn't hear about that. All the people that wanted people to feel sorry for them just talked about all the people they knew who did heroin.

MRR: One of your more memorable shows was the Halloween show at Regeneration Records in '05 where you played a set of Showcase Showdown '90s era Boston punk band covers. Why don't you talk about that?
Christian: That was amazing but it was also really disappointing to go like, man, this is going to be the best reaction I'm ever going to get from a crowd and it's not my band.
Matt: Three out of the four of us are really into '90s street punk. Compared to a lot of other stuff, I feel like the Showcase Showdown is some of the only shit from that era that really holds up.
Jeff: Also, at that point in the '90s, I was going to the spiky punk shows at the Rat and going to DIY church shows and I was a total outsider to both scenes and the Showcase Showdown was the one band that also seemed kind of normal and smart and witty and went out and played really well and didn't have any of the trappings of being part of the scene. That seemed to be the reason that people liked them-that they were kind of authentic.
Matt: I remember reading an interview you did with them in *Suburban Voice* where they said the two best kinds of music were French pop music and British punk. I thought that was really awesome.

MRR: How would you feel about them doing a reunion?
Jeff: I would be there.
Matt: Holy shit. I would lose it.
Jeff: Eric Yu would be indifferent.
Eric: I never heard Showcase Showdown before we decided to cover all those songs. And I grew up in the Boston area, which is kind of weird but I was always apart from the whole street punk scene. I'm from the Merrimack Valley. It's kind of the essence of where I came from. Bands that came up from there-Converge, Piebald, Bane. That's what I listened to for a long time.
Jeff: Didn't you say after we got through playing the Showcase Showdown set, "Now I know how it feels to be in Bane?" (laughter)

MRR: I assume a Bane tribute band isn't in the offing?
Jeff: I would have to hear them...

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POST PUNK KITCHEN

Isa Chandra Moskowitz and Terry Hope Romero crack me up. The Post Punk Kitchen is their cable access cooking show that's got everyone from dumpster diving punkers to The New York Times talking. It's one of those things that I get addicted to because it combines so many things that I dig (perhaps this is because I'm not a teenager): punk rock and cooking. It's smart, funny, and especially nerdy. I first met Isa years ago when I was in New York with Cringer and was hanging out with the Nausea / Insurgence crowd that she was a part of. The creator of The Post Punk Kitchen, she also wrote the super popular cookbook, *Vegan with a Vengeance*. Most recently, she and Terry have published a book of vegan cupcake recipes called *Vegan Cupcakes Take Over the World*. You can find out more and check out some past episodes at their website, www.theppk.com.

MRR: So, why do you think there is such a connection between DIY punk and cooking? Why are we so obsessed? Is it possible to have a fanzine in this day and age without either a story about bicycles or a recipe?

Isa: Once you live the punk life you can't rely on microwave dinners or food from a can; it kind of defeats the purpose. And what we eat has such a huge impact on the world. So I think it just makes sense to make this thing that you do three times a day a revolution in itself. It's counterproductive to fight against consumerism and corporate culture, then go and give your money to, I don't know, McDonalds or Nabisco. It's impossible to completely avoid it—sometimes I buy my soy milk from some fucked up company, but I do my best. Also, every culture revolves around food to some degree and punk is no different. Cooking is a great way to make community, everyone loves to hang out and talk around a big pot of boiling chili.

Can you talk about your life as a fanzine writer? I'm assuming you didn't just do cooking fanzines.

Actually, my life as a fanzine writer was really brief. I did a crusty zine in 1991 called *Leviathan*, and it was all black ink drawings and interviews with Southern California grindcore bands. I think we had two issues, then my boyfriend and I broke up and that was that. Then I did a "personal" zine about how depressed I was. Nobody cared. My favorite zine was actually a newsletter in the late '90s for these anarcha-feminist potlucks we were having. It was called *Eat Me!* and we clocked in with a whopping four issues. That's what really got me started with putting together what I thought would be a zine but what ended up being my first cookbook.

There seem to be a million punk recipe books these days. Which do you like the best? Are any of them just flat out terrible?

I am not going to shit talk but the answer is yes. Some are terrible, just in that they seem to have the same recipes over and over again. My favorites so far are *Please Don't Feed the Bears*, which has an obvious punk rock and Dungeons and Dragons influence, so it's the best of all worlds. I also like *Hot Damn and Hell Yeah*, which is pretty fun and creative. And, of course, the mother of all punk rock cookbooks, *Soy Not Oi*, which completely changed my life as a vegan teenager. Whatever happened to those guys? Call me!

Do you like any of the "above ground" cook books? I know a lot of vegans used to be really into the *Farm Family Dirty Hippy Cook Book*.

Oh, I'm surprised you know the full title. I think that's what it was called in the early '80s and then they dropped the dirty hippy part because it was implied. You must have an early edition. I love that book! Another staple and life changer. It taught me to love nutritional yeast. Nothing alienates an omnivore more than a little nooch. Also, they weren't afraid to put two sticks of margarine in any given recipe. But that aside, it was a great beginner cookbook and if veganism was a street gang this would definitely be what we used to jump you in. If you can deal with this mac and cheese, then you can make it as a vegan.

I want to say the first punk cooking show I ever saw was, I don't remember the details, but it was a woman from

More Fiends. Have there been other punk cooking cable access shows? Is this a whole subculture the world just isn't aware of?

Yes, Elizabeth Fiend! I have only seen a couple of shows and that was after the fact, I mean, after we did the Post Punk Kitchen. But that show has been around for years and I know lots of girls in Philly who were really inspired by it. She does crafts and outdoor stuff too, which is awesome. She's definitely more Martha Stewart than I could ever be; I'm really lazy. And I actually like Martha Stewart, so that is a compliment. But I wouldn't say that there is a vegan cooking show subculture—if there is, no one told me about it. There is definitely a vegan cooking subculture, with podcasts, blogs, zines, and stuff, but it isn't all necessarily punk.

So, I'm watching this show and you folks can really cook. I guess I assumed it was just going to be sort of a joke punk show or something. Did you ever take cooking/culinary courses? How did you learn to cook?

Thanks! Yeah, the cooking came first and the punk came second, as far as the show was concerned. It's definitely not a joke; we really want to teach people to cook. Since we're old punks (once you're 25 you are old in punk, and we're both over 30), that was just a natural part of it. I never took a cooking class, everything I learned I learned from other people or on my own. Oh, and watching way too much Food Network and cooking shows in general. It's really what I love to do, so I am a lot more patient with that than with anything else in my life. If it takes me forever to get something right—I'm looking at you, pie crusts—then I will just keep at it. Everything else, if I fail I just forget about it.

I watch cooking shows the same way some people watch horror movies, only instead of "No, bitch! Do not go in that house!" I'm shouting, "No, bitch! Do not put hot dogs in that pasta!"

What made you want to do this show? How did the idea start to make Post Punk Kitchen?

At the time, I was working in a cafe and also working in an office job. I was just about to turn 30 and realizing that life in a cubicle could never be the life for me. I was scared that I was just going to become one of those people who ends up in a 9 to 5 job, talking about back in the day and shopping for area rugs. When I was cooking at the cafe I was always doing a cooking show in my head and so I thought, why not? I knew that our public access station offered cheap classes and I wasn't doing anything else, so I just did it. The name came from that, as a joke. Like, we aren't so punk anymore, this sucks, so the name Post Punk Kitchen was born.

How do you know Terry? What made you two want to work together?

I met Terry in 1995 through friends. She was still a skinhead and I was fresh out of rehab. We had a similar social circle, and through potlucks and stuff I really started to respect her cooking chops. I asked her to be on the first show, the sushi and cupcake one, because I knew she made the best sushi in the world. She kind of got roped in from there. We weren't best friends or anything when the show started, so I think that helped with our working dynamic. I think working with people you are really close to puts a strain on things, but with us, we've become a lot closer since starting all this, and the work we do is part of our friendship. We didn't have any previous baggage, and so I think that helped. I'd say now we are at maybe third or fourth best friend status and that's a good place to be.

Was it hard getting a cable access show?

Ha, no! You pay 90 bucks for the class, sign a few forms, and there you have it. You're a star.

Who picks the music on your show? What do you listen to nowadays?

I picked it the first few episodes and our editor, Niharika, added some later on. I listen to so much different stuff. I like to listen to all the peace punk-y stuff I came up on, like The Ex and Crass, and add to that a healthy dose of Ted Leo. But then I also listen to lots of Neil Diamond, some gangsta rap and girl punk stuff, like Third Sex and Heavens To Betsy. My most recent love is the Prids, not only because they're vegan but because they sound a little like a slightly happier Joy Division.

Do you have any aspirations to take the show further? Do you think you'll do any DVDs?

We used to do DVDs but it's a pain. I hate mailing stuff and we ended up giving out refunds all the time and forgetting stuff and losing stuff. I'd like to have the show be on real television if we found the right place for it. Obviously, advertisers want to sell their processed cheese and hot dogs so television is not anxiously jumping at a vegan cooking show. But I think it'd be good for veganism, to have more exposure. And it would be nice if I could quit my job! But that isn't our top priority.

Could you talk about *Vegan Cupcakes Take Over the World*? How did you come to make this book? Were you approached about doing it?

Both Terry and I have always loved cupcakes. We talk about that a lot in the book, obviously. I think everyone likes to have an individual dessert that is all theirs, plus they are so cute and portable. The book came pretty naturally to us. We weren't approached. If someone approaches me, I will mace them. No, we just asked my publisher who had already published the first cookbook and they agreed to do it.

It's really pro-looking. What was it like making the book?

The bookmaking process was completely insane. I tallied up the amount of cupcakes that I baked in that year, and it came to about 5,000! Everything we looked at became a cupcake in our minds: margaritas, s'mores, Boston cream pie. There were as many successes as failures, and so much testing. We had about 20 people all over the country who were testing, so the recipes are really perfect. But I can't tell you how many times I was huddled in my kitchen crying over a dozen fallen cupcakes. I learned so much, I mean I had baked a lot of cupcakes in my lifetime and I thought I knew all there was to know, but I love that in life in general you can always learn more.

Are there more books in the works?

In fall we'll be releasing *The Veganomicon*. We're thinking of it as the ultimate vegan cook book, which sounds really conceited. And then we're going to work on a smaller book that's going to be all cookies.

What's the worst cooking disaster you've ever had?

There are so many. Nothing too dramatic, unfortunately. There've been lots of nails sliced off and burnt fingertips.

Cooking disasters are usually more emotionally devastating than anything else. My most recent was only a few weeks ago, right before I did the *New York Times* interview. I left my seitan skewers in the oven to keep warm before the reporter got there, and they completely dried out so I had to serve something else. See? Pretty mundane. I'll let you know when I puncture an organ.

What's your favorite thing to cook?
That's impossible to say, I go through phases. We're lucky to have thousands of varieties of vegetables and I go through an obsession with each of them. My favorite way to cook is in my cast iron grill pan, and I think everyone should get one. Portobellos, red peppers, tofu, seitan, tempeh—everything tastes great grilled.

The kids these days are so enamored with those prepackaged soy products, in my day we had to make our mock chicken out of yams and beans! Get off my lawn!

What's the easiest meal to make?
I like simple things when I'm just feeding myself. Sautéed greens, mashed potatoes and gravy, and grilled tofu. That's my thing when I'm lazy.

Do you like making snacks, meals, or desserts most?
Again, I go through phases. I love to bake, especially if I'm sad. But I have the most fun sautéing things. I like using my tongs, and the smell of garlic and onions is always comforting to me.

I'm assuming you're vegan. What's your favorite restaurant?
Tough one. I like different restaurants for different reasons. House of Vegetarian is close to my heart but I wouldn't say it's the best food; it's just really nostalgic for me. But they do have the best steamed dumplings in the world—I usually get that and assorted gluten. I used to go there before all these stunt meat products were all over the place and I love their old school chicken made from yams. The kids are so enamored with those prepackaged soy products, in my day we had to make our mock chicken out of yams and beans! Get off my lawn! Other restaurants I've been liking lately are Curly's Lunch and Sacred Chow.

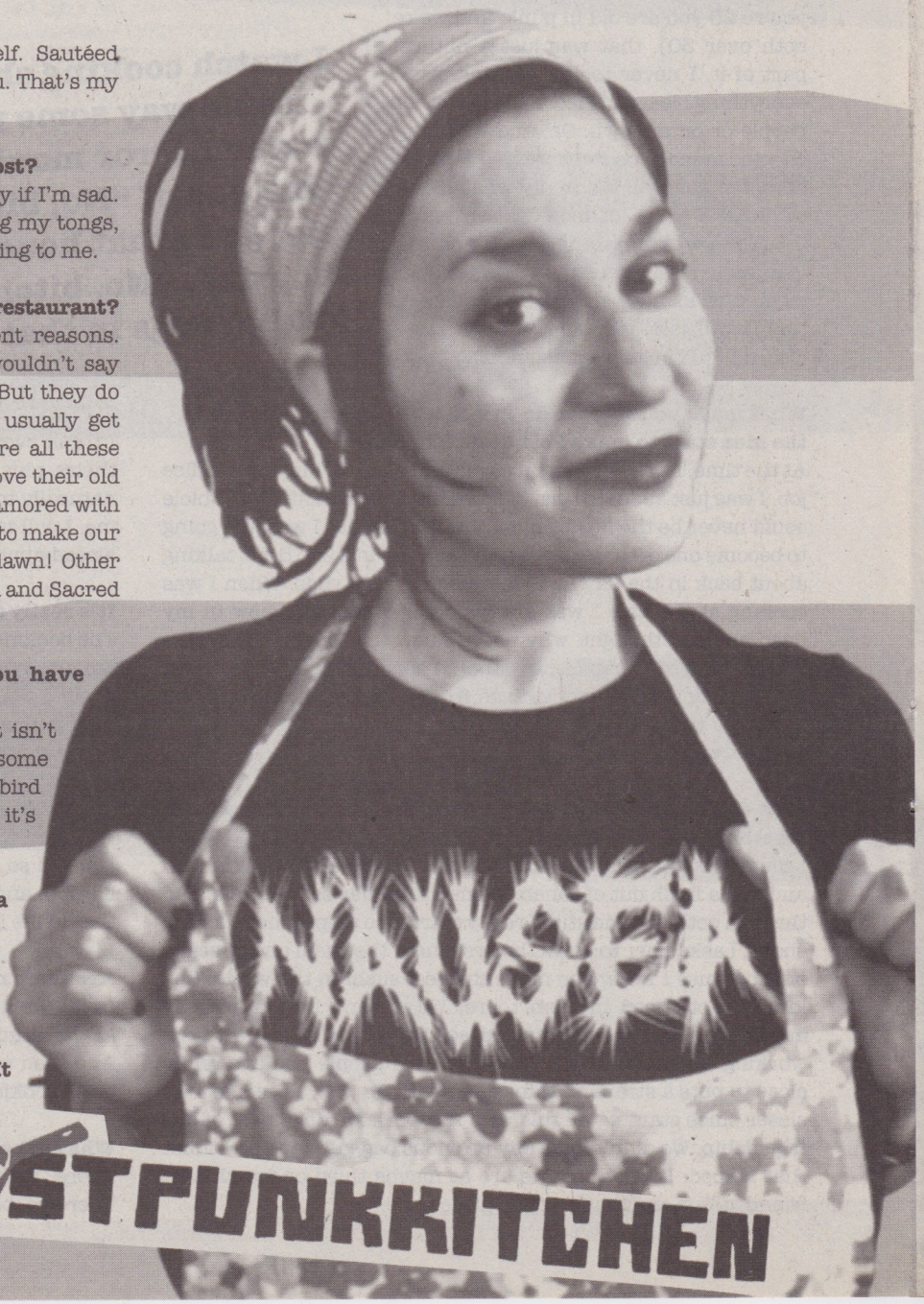
What do you do outside of the show? Do you have other jobs?
I do have a crappy job, but I work from home. It isn't very interesting, I transcribe TV shows. I also do some catering every now and again. For fun I like to go bird watching and play board games. I'm a senior citizen, it's awesome.

Are you able to get any sort of sponsorships for a show on cable access?
Nah, we haven't really tried. Again, we're lazy.

Do you watch any of the Food Network stuff? I know it's mostly food you can't eat. But I do find myself sometimes getting mesmerized by it. It really is porn for the tummy.
Yeah, I already mentioned my addiction to cooking shows. I watch it the same way some people watch horror movies, only instead of "No, bitch! Do not go in that house!" I'm shouting, "No, bitch! Do not put hot dogs in that pasta!" I like the comparison to porn sex, as you watch it you're kind of like, oh, maybe I should try that.

What's the most underrated kitchen utensil?
Tongs! I hate watching people in the first world stir frying greens with a spatula. Get some tongs!

Do you think your show appeals mostly to punks who want to cook or people who want to cook and are a little curious about punk?
I think that it appeals to anyone with a sense of humor who likes to cook. I feel like the word "punk" alienates people. I always get people saying things like "Oh, I'm not cool enough to be punk." Which, to me, is the antithesis of what I mean when I say punk. Only uncool losers become punk—if we were cool to begin with we never would have found punk. But I think once people see the show they realize that we are not "cool" in that sense. Both Terry and I are nerds at heart.



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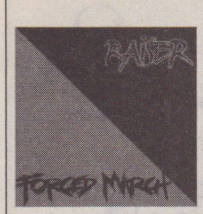

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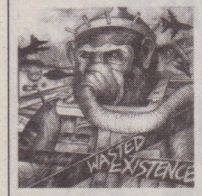

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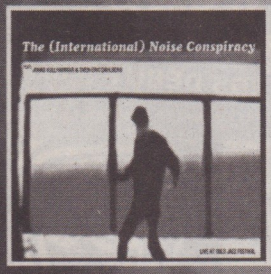

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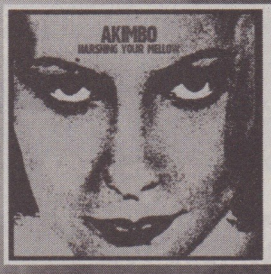

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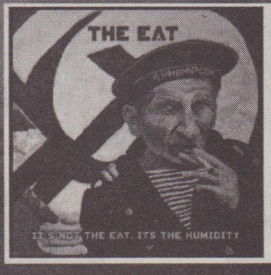

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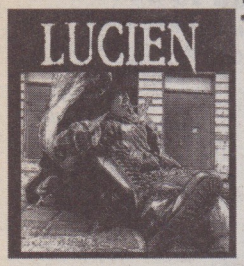

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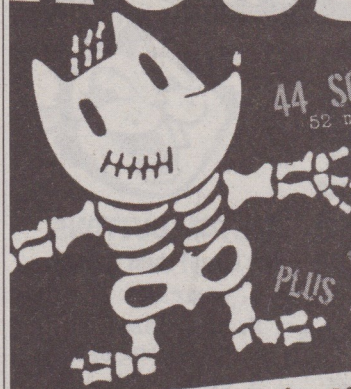

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A talk with a couple of very busy PORTLAND DRUMMERS

by Erin Yanke

We've gotten lazy with the punk interview, my friends. Is the band interview really the best we can do? How about interviewing people with similar experiences who can have a conversation that we, the interviewers, prod along by asking interesting questions? This is an experiment. Seve Sheldon and Keith Testerman are two of the most prolific drummers in Portland, and were interviewed at KBOO Community Radio, February 21, 2007 by Erin Yanke. Most of the photos are from PDX Press, at pdxpress.net.

What bands are you in right now? Describe...

Seve: I'm in AUTISTIC YOUTH, which is I'd say poppy, more melodic punk with its darker sides; PRF is basically '80s style hardcore; SELF ABUSE I couldn't even begin to describe—a little bit of everything; APE SHIT is just a punk band; and TO DIE BY YOUR SIDE is an emo band.

Keith: Bands right now, let's see... HELLSHOCK, LEBENDEN TOTEN, THE ESTRANGED... this is where it gets tough. WARCRY... I'm playing with ABSOLUTE RULERS now, at least for this next tour, and we'll see how it goes after that. I'm definitely missing something. I did a recording with this other band last time I was in Brazil: VIDA RUIM. A single will come out as soon as I get some money. I know there's something else I'm missing. Maybe two.

Seve: That sucks.

Keith: I only remember what bands I'm playing with when we're actually playing, cause they go on breaks, the other guys are in other bands on tour or something. Like LEBENDEN TOTEN, the only reason we're playing is cause Brie is going to be in town for three days. So, uh, HELLSHOCK's more metally punk, kind of Amebix-y crusty stuff; LEBENDEN TOTEN is more noisy hardcore, tupa tupa stuff; WARCRY's more Discharge-y; THE ESTRANGED, I don't even know... it's more post punk, Wipers/Mission of Burma/Joy Division influenced. I mean, it's all over the place. That band, we've played 500, 600 shows together cause we were in another band.

MRR: REMAINS OF THE DAY.

Keith: Yeah. And just the way we write we come up with stuff fast, and it gels really well. ABSOLUTE RULERS... that's just punk. I think Fred has a Dead Kennedys (feel); definitely a little bit in there.

Seve: I saw them described as Tex-ass style melodic punk.

Keith: The faster hardcore parts, I can see that. And maybe LA stuff.

MRR: And the Brazilian band?

Keith: Punk. That one's hard to describe. There's a girl singer and she sings in Portuguese,

and the music was ... punk rock. I wrote the songs on guitar. There's a little bit of Wipers influence, it's closer to the Estranged.

When and why did you start playing drums?

Seve: I was 10 years old and I had to join band in Middle School. I passed a hand foot clap test, and I don't know... I really enjoyed the drums but my dad wouldn't let me get a drum set cause he didn't think I would focus in school good enough. My mom bought me one cause they were separated, so I had a secret drum set for like nine months at her house. I felt pretty badass. I was 11. But after my bar mitzvah I got a huge, pretty drum set with all the money.

Keith: Awesome. When I was younger I played baseball. I went to China to play for the USA team and had scholarships and I actually played a game of Single A ball when I was 13. Then I moved to Portland and went from playing year-round to playing in one league and I tore most the ligaments in my shoulder. My coaches were just dumb, and they didn't really know how to warm up or anything. I was depending on them to teach me new stuff. So I stopped playing baseball. There was maybe one or two punks in my high school and they wanted to start a band real bad, and I guess I was elected to play on this crappy plastic drum set. I started doing that, and it was actually good rehab for my shoulder. I decided to play drums and not go back to playing baseball. I was supposed to have surgery on my shoulder, and I decided not to do that. I think I was 14.

MRR: Where did you go to high school?

Keith: Beaverton.

Seve: Really? I went to Southridge, the new high school.

Keith: My little sister went there ... I didn't know you played baseball either. I was super into sports, but baseball was defiantly my big one. I played for 7 years.

Keith: I was still getting scholarship letters up until a few years ago, when they found out I hurt myself. But whatever, I would probably end up being some baseball player making money and being a jerk.

"I really enjoyed the drums but my dad wouldn't let me get a drum set. My mom bought me one cause they were separated, so I had a secret drum set for like nine months."

Seve: I sometimes think about what would happen if I wrote off the drums, like that's cool, but I'm going to stick with baseball, which would have made sense, I had a lot more experience under my belt. But drums are way sweeter.

Keith: Yeah.

Seve: It's my favorite thing about me.

Keith: If I didn't play I probably wouldn't be doing anything else. Living in some ditch somewhere, feeling sorry for myself.

How are you in all these bands at once?

Keith: How do I have time?

MRR: Yeah, six practices in two days? For real?

Keith: Well, Warcry has to teach songs to our new guitar player; Lebenden Toten, which never plays, has to get ready for Brie; The Estranged is just playing a lot; the Absolute Rulers cause I have to learn the songs; and Hellshock, cause we're writing a new record. It's crazy. It just happens that all these bands that aren't usually active at once just happen to be active this month. After Warcry comes back form tour I'll probably practice once a week. Maybe twice.

Seve: I'm in the exact same boat. If I was to sit down and think about it, I wouldn't jump to be in six bands. Bands are on hiatus or aren't a serious thing, but this month every band I've been in in the last year is playing. I have a show with Ape Shit... oh, I don't play drums in Ape Shit, I play guitar.

MRR: I think it still counts for your massive list of bands.

Seve: Yeah. So we have a show, Autistic Youth is recording, so we've been practicing every day. PRF has a show Friday, so all the dual practices.

MRR: Maybe that's why I thought about this interview, talking to both of you guys and how busy you are, what the hell's going on?

Keith: It's kind of backfiring. Try to make it so you're always doing something while bands are on break. Eventually it catches up to you and ruins your life.

A bit about tour, and the people at home...

Keith: Usually from their perspective you're having a lot of fun, and they're stuck at home. People have it glorified as to what you're doing, but most of the time you're playing a show, go to bed, wake up, drive, play a show ... and 90 percent of the bands I'm in I do almost all the work, with booking and arranging transportation and records and stuff. On the one hand you want a personal life, for sure you do, but it's hard to have it with band stuff. The only reason I play is cause it's fun and it helps me cope with every crappy thing there is out there. Seriously there's so much stuff out there that gets me down and that's the only thing I can count on. I can play and let it all out and have fun, go on tour and meet awesome people. Most of the people I meet here kind of suck, with the exception of a few. Most people anywhere, but you can meet that one person that's really cool in every city.

Seve: Everywhere there's the coolest people you'd never expect to meet. It's great.

Keith: How else is anybody like us going to be able to travel the entire world and have a place to stay? It's awesome. It's an awesome network. People are more interesting in making friends than making money and ripping people off and taking advantage of you. They're going to try to help you out, and you can do the same for them. Any other scene most people want to know you if they have something they can take from you.

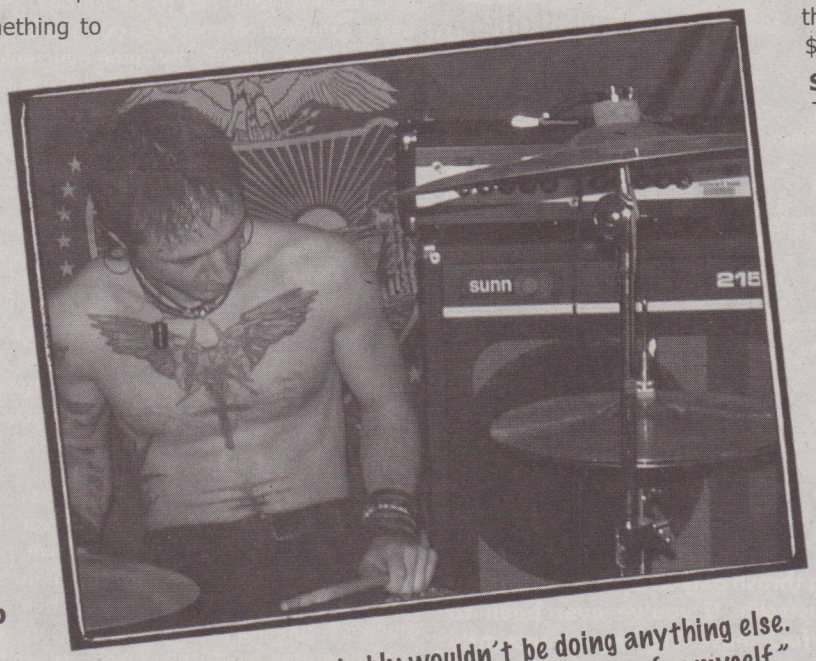
How do you get better?

Seve: I think about drumming all the time, new things I can do... I try and listen to as many different drummers and styles to ultimately make it so I can use it in punk rock. I've been trying to make music and not worry about the punk thing.

Keith: Just watching other drummers. I don't ever play by myself anymore, it's been about four years since I've had the opportunity to sit down and do that. One of the other reasons I'm in a lot of bands is I try to play different styles of punk. With Remains of the Day, that's when I stopped... I reached a point technically where I didn't get anymore out of it from knowing more, so I started trying to be more solid, hitting harder, and making my $400 set sound like a $5000 drum set. But, most of it is style. Like with Hellshock and the Estranged, picking a style and having it completely different from the other. I can play and there's nothing about either style of drumming that's the same. That's the coolest thing about playing with Lebenden Toten or Absolute Rulers, I'm trying to emulate someone else's style and seeing if I can pull it off.

Seve: It gives you something to work with, some structure, besides hearing a guitar part.

Keith: With Lebenden Toten, me trying to play those songs, it would have sounded way different if I would have just gone in there, but knowing how Randy played I liked his style and trying to play like that. It's one of the toughest things I've ever done; it's a lot of fun.



"If I didn't play I probably wouldn't be doing anything else. Living in some ditch somewhere, feeling sorry for myself."

Specifics to help beginners...

Keith: The thing I started a couple years ago was the rim shots on the snare. When you hit the middle of the snare head, you want the stick to hit the rim at the same time. It'll be louder and you'll get a fuller sound, but you'll break your sticks a lot faster. I never really cared, cause I play with my sticks backward anyway and just hit as hard as I can. That made it so I didn't have to hit as hard and I wouldn't get tired so fast.

Seve: The rim shot is the most crucial thing to drumming that I ever learned. If you just hit the snare with the tip of your stick, it's like hitting the crash cymbal with the tip of your stick. You're never gonna get that full sound. It seems like it might be hard to get the angle right with the rim and the snare, but the second you know what it feels like, you're always going to be able to hit the snare like that. It brings the snare from bring with the rest of your drums to being the one thing you hear.

Keith: Another thing, I also play with boots. I don't know if you want to weigh your feet down...

Seve: You play in boots?

Keith: I try to make it as loud as possible. The heaver my feet are the louder the bass drum is. Like the heavier the sticks are... that's why I play with them backwards. Another reason is I feel like I can make a dead head and a crappy drum set sound good just by hitting the hell out of it.

Who do you admire?

Seve: I'm not embarrassed to say Travis Barker. Have you heard him?

Keith: I've seen videos of him playing. He definitely looks like he takes lessons, which to me are cool, but I avoid that too.

Seve: There's a period where I really wanted to have lessons, but I realized, fuck it, it's working.

Keith: I thought about that but the problem is you take lessons from someone and they're going to start you from the beginning cause they want you to play how they're playing.

Seve: They're going to teach you how they drum. Which is probably not how I drum...

Keith: I have better luck asking someone, "How did you do that?" and it didn't cost me $50.

Seve: Okay, Justyn, from The Triggers.

Keith: That dude's rad. That's the whole style thing—if you have an awesome style...

Seve: Drummer for the Marked Men I really like, Jonah from Fucked Up, those are my modern influences.

Keith: The only big named drummer that I'd ever say that about is Mickey D from Motörhead. He's hitting hard and he's having fun and he doesn't care. He's super solid, okay, he drops his sticks every once in a while, but he's just awesome.

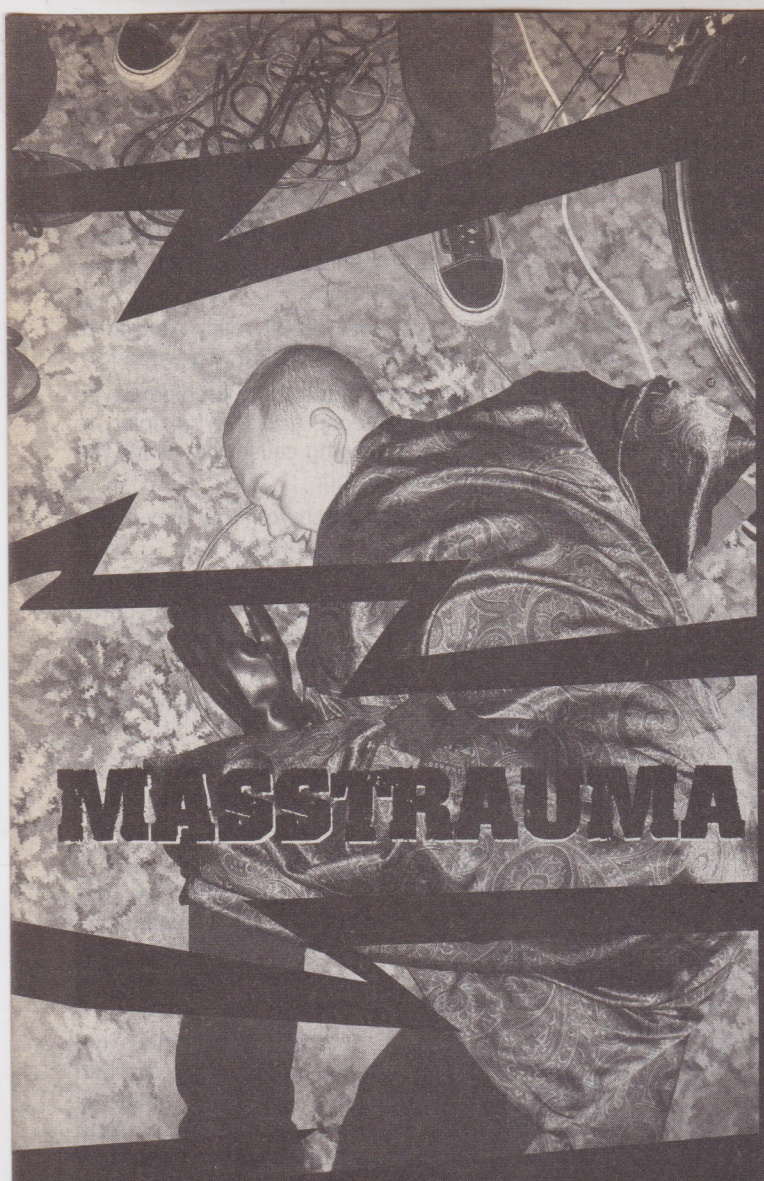
Other drummers, Shin from Framtid, is probably the best drummer I've ever seen. He's just intense. It blows my mind how someone can play that hard, that fast, that good. Amazing. I always liked the guy from New Model Army; I thought he was really good. He plays a steady beat and then every now and then he'll do some five-second drum fill or something where you're, "Wow." Have you ever seen Look Back And Laugh?

MRR: Yeah.

Keith: He's really good! He does some crazy fast hardcore fills where I'll hear them and I missed it, I wish I could have seen what he just did or how he did it. And Chris Cuthbert. He' s awesome, the only guy who could pull off Slayer Hippie fills.

Seve: Oh yeah, Slayer Hippie!

Keith: Yeah, Slayer Hippie is insane. He makes everything looks so easy.



Masstrauma is dirty scumbag thrash played by dirty thrashing scumbags from Sydney, Australia. If you've ever been to Sydney, this band makes perfect sense. The city is constantly threatening to tear itself apart with traffic congestion, yuppie inner-city beautification, racial tension, and all of the usual metropolitan concerns. Like most cities, it's a shithole, but Sydney has a certain class of its own. Bands that come from Sydney that are capable of reflecting this are worth listening to, and Masstrauma are it. To date, they've released a demo and are recording for a 7" in January.

Masstrauma is:
Fingers: Vocals
Alicia: Bass
Kas and Tristan: Guitars
Aaron: Drums

Interview / Introduction: DX
Photos: Pete Hyde

MRR: So, what's with the name Masstrauma?
Aaron: When Alicia asked me to be in the band, she said she wanted to play some raging Swede-core meets hardcore.
Fingers: Swede-core without too much D-beat. Swede core meets America.
Aaron: Yeah. I just wanted to, I just wanted to play fast and Masstrauma sounded like a good name.

MRR: It's the goods. Fingers, what are your lyrics about?
Fingers: I like to leave it really, really vague when writing lyrics. They're all sort of metaphorical nonsense.

MRR: What's "Get Rejected" about? Well, Aaron, how do you interpret it? Let's see if you're right.
Aaron: I got the impression that it's based in dissatisfaction with hardcore punk social life. Would I be right in thinking this?
Fingers: It's about going to revo parties where they have party pashes; I didn't want to be a part of this. Let's pash tonight and be mates tomorrow.
Aaron: I'd like to say that I have no problem with these revo parties. (Laughs)
Fingers: Well, I was always getting rejected, so... (Laughs) I wrote this song about being proud of being rejected.

MRR: Tell us about the lyrics of a few songs... "Catch And Snitch"?
Fingers: Camera phones, instant communication, we are a nation of dobbers. There used to be a certain Robin Hood style criminal ethic most people would uphold. I don't mean keep quiet about domestic violence or anything so stupid as that. It's the little things that we used to be able to sort out or let slide that don't exist now because everyone has to be heroes. There's nothing worse than being grabbed on your way out of a supermarket with your dinner hidden in your hoodie by some overzealous do-gooder who thinks its wrong to steal from a billion dollar supermarket chain. Fuck your heroes.

MRR: "Rank Organization"?
Fingers: So, you're sitting at home with your parents, who aren't necessarily conservative and you're watching TV, the screen flashes to a bloody protest where dreadlocked, rag-wearing punks and activists are attacking police in the street or even at its most mellow are mincing through the street looking like a James Ensor painting. Everyone on that couch grimaces. The concept of what they are protesting and fighting for is more than valid—nobody wants to be further dominated by a global power base or have their work rights stripped back to slave labor, not even counting the environmental issues. My point is most protests shoot themselves in the foot by giving the media the easiest way to make them look redundant, and that's by being radically unprofessional in dress and behavior. None of the worker's whose rights you are defending would want to be associated with barefoot, rag-wearing earth-mothers dancing to drums down George St. You create a spectacle, and that can be the point to grab attention. It's been done to death and pretty much is a running joke now. Most people associate the protestors as temporary—when they finish university they will disappear into real life. I never understood why the hordes couldn't put aside their personal agendas and needs to express themselves for five minutes to rally to the cause a little more conservatively and thus break the barriers between them and the rest of the population. No working adult enjoys university students or dole bludgers, or their wacky behavior. Throw away the useless idiots that come to protests as a party, buckle down and become a real force to be reckoned with. I say that liberally, as menacing cops and providing the news cameras with footage of you spitting at cops pretty much makes you the lowest common denominator and feeds you into the machine to be easily consumed. Take yourselves more seriously if your issues really are serious.

MRR: "Microwaves And Lazerbeams"?
Fingers: So I've done dumb things in the past, and yes, they haunt me. Maybe I'm lame, and not hardcore like everyone pretends to be. But I feel guilt for people I've hit, property I've broken, and general anti-social behavior that was completely unwarranted in hindsight. The reasoning that a situation needs violence to conclude or control it makes me sick to the stomach. We are not cavemen. Shit, it's the digital age and I still have to fight my way out of a pub to get home. As much as I tell myself this shouldn't happen, the notion is still there. I always imagined some form of tin 1950s-style ray-gun that removes the need to be violent from people. And of course I don't mean that the government can use in some malformed Clockwork Orange. Just a chance for people to think before they

punch each other's teeth out. I once broke a man's face into pieces in the street with my skateboard, and he never got up from being a bloody puddle. He tried to rob me for the 60 dollars I was carrying. I was having a bad day. None of that needed to happen.

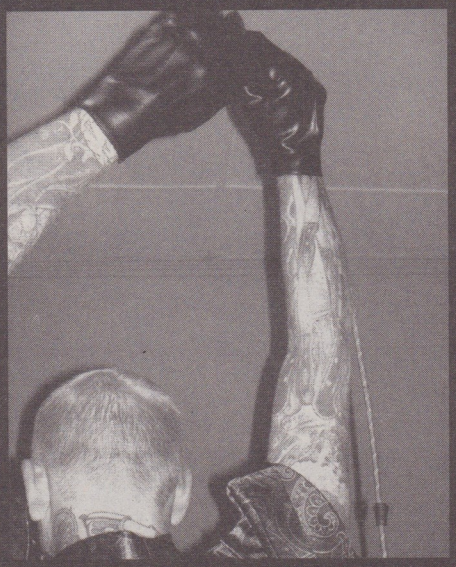
MRR: So where do you fit in in Sydney?
Aaron: We don't!
Alicia: I don't know if we fit into Sydney or anywhere for that matter. I can't even describe to people the style we play. A few people have said the same thing to us—they usually just tell people to go and see us. It's always interesting to see the descriptions people give. For the Punx Picnic we got a description of "Fucked Up Dropdead style," and I also heard "Crossed Out-ish" ...I don't think we sound like either. We kinda got an "either you love us or hate us" thing going on. As far as shows are concerned, we seem to play a mix of shows with all styles of bands, which I'm really into doing. It's good not being slot into a particular group. I'm sick and tired going to shows and seeing four or five bands that all sound the same.
Kas: Masstrauma is old-school hardcore punk with strong crust and thrash influences—Scandinavian crust HC, Japanese, Italian, and North and South American thrash HC. That's my definition at least. I'm not sure how to say we fit into the Sydney scene though. I'm not really that conscious of it. However, since playing and thus, going to more shows I'm becoming more conscious of it. There are some pretty sick bands at present like Smash 'n Grab, Vae Victus, AVO, House Breakers—all bred in Sydney, all purveying the distinct Sydney Hardcore sound.
Tristan: I hope that Masstrauma is a solid entity in the "punk rock world"! I hope that Masstrauma means something to people who come and see us—that it inspires. That might sound cheesy, but really, if that were true in any sense, it would really make me happy, as things in Sydney in the "punk rock world" seem a little dull at the moment. Let's hope not for long! It was really great to get down to Melbourne—the shows there were really an inspiration, and everybody seemed to really enjoy it! I kind of hope the next show in Sydney is just as good!
Fingers: We don't fit in anywhere. Everyone just stands there and watches us. There are people that understand it: "Oh, you're Swede-core meets..."

MRR: You don't sound like that. It just sounds like dirty scumbag '90s thrash from San Diego, like Neighbors, Gehenna.
Aaron: Playing on drums, I wanna try and channel all those bands I love like Capitalist Casualties, and everyone else brings about ten different influences each to the band.
Fingers: Copout, Crossed Out, Slight Slappers.

MRR: So what happened to Sydney?
Fingers: Sydney is good, but you can't play in the hardcore scene, you have to go play with Vae Victus and stuff. They're amazing.
Aaron: How is it that the crust kids are more open-minded than the hardcore kids?

MRR: Maybe because the crust kids are actually playing hardcore.
Aaron: I could get behind this. I seriously could not think of many Sydney bands that I could get behind.

I'm doing the band because there isn't much else to do—walk the dog, eat pizza, watch DVDs, work—so why not thrash like an axe-wielding fucking lunatic as well?



Fingers: There are a few that I like, for weird reasons, like Crime Spree.

MRR: They're fucking great, man. They should come down here.
Fingers: They were going to come down with us. They...they're pretty loose. (Laughter)

MRR: What are you doing the band for? What do you wanna do with it? Do you think you're only gonna do this a couple months till someone gets pissed off and walks out?
Alicia: Apart from wanting to be a part of something obviously fun I just want to write some interesting songs. I'm really, really keen to record and do this 7" as is everyone. I'd also like to go to Europe and New Zealand with Masstrauma if at all possible. I suppose I'm in it for the experience, whiskey, and yelling Snakes on a Plane quotes.
Kas: I'm doing the band because I got sick of not doing one, and to be perfectly honest there isn't much else to do—walk the dog, eat pizza, watch DVDs, work—so why not thrash like an axe-wielding fucking lunatic as well? This is my motivation for being in Masstrauma. I don't really want to think about the music too much. I do attempt to smuggle in the odd speed-metal riff, but I don't really care what I/we play as long as it's a little berserk and sinister and not requiring too much fore-thought.
Fingers: I just wanna go overseas. I don't care. You get to see Headless Horsemen and Pisschrist and a heap of other bands, you can be an Australian band that plays overseas and shit. I'd happily sleep in squats and play with shitty D-beat bands.

MRR: Fuck, our bands are better than their bands.
Aaron: You saw us last night. You've pretty much seen us at our worst. You looked like you enjoyed it.
Fingers: I wanna play shitty squat shows in Sweden.
Aaron: I just wanna thrash. I play in these other bands; I don't get to thrash. I just wanna thrash.

MRR: I love that. Why, why do you wanna thrash?
Aaron: For me, seriously, it's just this undeniable urge. It's beyond any politics you can associate with punk, beyond anything. The feeling that drew me to this music was for this energy. Fast and thrash and make people bang their heads.

MRR: Before you said you wanted to play fast and destroy. What do you wanna destroy?
Fingers: What are you gonna destroy? Other than other people's drum kits?
Aaron: Ha ha. I wanna destroy...well, at this point, coming outta Sydney, I wanna destroy the boring apathy of Sydney punk shows, it's just this fucking meet and greet.
Fingers: With us playing for Simon Slaughter because he's the only person who appreciates what we're doing. [Note: Simon Slaughter is a mythological figure of the Sydney punk underground. Everyone has an S.S. story.] You can talk as much shit about him being crazy, he's at every show yelling at the bands, but he knows what you're doing.
Aaron: There was an old Sydney tradition of loose cannons that'd yell shit at bands, and it's fucking dead, and I want it back.

http://www.garageband.com/artist/masstrauma

FINAL APPROACH

Final Approach from Krshko, Slovenia plays high-energy positive hardcore that, in sound and struggle, picks up the mantle of '80s HC bands such as Unity, Uniform Choice, Insted, and 7 Seconds. Aside from their music, the members of Final Approach are quite involved in building their small but vibrant local scene, setting up shows, working on a zine, and supporting DIY punk culture. This band shows us that not everything is black and desperate in this fucked up world. Check their full-length on Croatian label DHP/AK47 (klasnirat@inet.hr), and read on to find out more from this thoughtful band. Interview by Vaskoxxxobsessed.

MRR: What's life like in Krshko? Please describe the town from your perspective.

To tell you the truth, I am not from Krshko (neither are any of the members of FA, we all live in different villages around the town), but we spend most of our free time here and this is where we rehearse. Krshko is a small town with a population of 8000. During the Yugoslav period, it was one of the towns with the highest average personal income since industry was very well-developed here. When Yugoslavia fell apart, the factories were awarded to the modern capitalists, who sold them to the European capitalists to build shopping malls and sell us their shit. A heap of people lost their jobs, and Krshko went from being the town with the highest average income in the state to a town with one of the lowest. When I went to primary school in the '80s there were five classes with thirty students, and now there are three classes with twenty students left. Most of the students leave Krshko after school, and if they graduate from a college in Ljubljana or Maribor they never come back. The town is slowly degrading. In the last ten years, more and more people have turned to drugs; this in turn leads to increased crime. None of this comes as a surprise when you look at the conditions that some families here have to live in. Still, I hope that things will turn out for the better. I have grown accustomed to this small town where I've experienced a heap of nice things and where every inch reminds me of something. I haven't really ever thought of moving. I don't think I could get used to life in the big city.

MRR: Is the nuclear power plant in Krshko operational? Have there been any problems from radiation or anything else?

The nuclear power plant is working constantly. It produces approximately 700MW of current. There haven't been any problems so far. The people of Krshko aren't really afraid of something going wrong at the plant. The only people that have problems with the plant are the Austrians who insist on us closing the plant so that they can sell us their electricity. Even the environmental movement has come to realize that it's the cleanest energy that we can produce in Slovenia.

MRR: Krshko is a town with a long hardcore tradition. Tell me something about it.

Everything started back in 1983 with the band Polska Malca. Who knows what would become of Krshko punk if they had a youth center back then. Still, there were a lot of HC/punk shows in the '80s where all the active HC/punk bands from Yugoslavia played—I think that Patareni played their first show in Krshko but I am not certain. Polska Malca had two European tours in those years and played with bands like Scream, ALL, Melvins, NoMeansNo, GBH, and more, which was quite incredible for a HC/punk band from Krshko. Gianni from Polska Malca told us that they got a car from the local paper mill for their second tour. There were numerous other great bands that don't play anymore, bands like Spiritual Pyrotechnics, a band that formed from Polska Malca, Dead Smile, DNK, Deratizator....

MRR: Slovenia is a part of the EU. Has anything drastically changed since joining?

So far nothing has changed, except for the fact that if you wanna get something from the EU there are no problems at the border. Everything else is pretty much the same. Oh, and we started using the Euro this year...

MRR: I got the impression that the Slovenians are nostalgic for Yugoslavia. Am I right?

Well, you could say that. Recently, I was looking at results from a poll about what Slovenian citizens think of the marshal Josip Broz Tito and I think that 60% of them think of him as a positive person. I think that's due to the fact that regular people used to live nice lives in that period, and after the fall of Yugoslavia all sorts of shit started happening. Some things that were guaranteed for all citizens during the socialist period, things like social security, aren't as available anymore...

MRR: Little is known about the Slovenian nationalism. How far spread is that?

I think that Slovenian nationalism has a somewhat long tradition; otherwise there wouldn't be a Slovenian state. But it was never really radical. OK, there are some fascist organizations like Blood & Honour, Tu Je Slovenija, etc., but most of their members are kids in need of attention; there haven't been any real nationalist threats. But now that the government is right-oriented it's noticeable how they shift the blame for problems in Slovenia away from the responsible people to foreigners, gypsies, and homosexuals...

MRR: You have a great youth home in Krshko. How's the club organized? What goes on there? Who runs the club and how is it financed?

The club is financed from the town authorities and numerous state and European organizations. The club employs around five people, who are responsible for the program, the finances, etc. There's a lot going on—education, dance lessons, art workshops, a climbing rock, lectures, rehearsal rooms, amateur studio, fitness, and of course punk shows. The guys that do the HC/punk shows have no real connections with the club but they do provide us with the free space and the gear for the shows, which is great.

MRR: I know that there are a lot of places like that in Slovenia and that the Slovenian bands have great conditions, but still the scene is not that well developed. Why is that?

Material help means nothing if you don't wanna do anything. I really don't know why there aren't more bands and people that are involved in the scene. I think that in the last few years things have gotten better, but still there is a lot of room for improvement. In my opinion the real reason for the stagnation of the HC/punk scene is the existence of a lot of modern bands that classify themselves as hardcore punk or emo, but don't really have anything to do with DIY HC/punk.

MRR: There are no big cities in Slovenia. Why is that? Do you like it?

Slovenia is a small state with around two million citizens, which means they could all live in a bigger city. I really like it since I'm not too fond of big cities. It's great to visit a city, but I could never imagine myself living in one. I couldn't even get used to Ljubljana or Maribor since I don't really feel OK among people that rush along the streets or the crowds in the busses. We live life in the slow lane in Krshko and I am pretty used to that.

MRR: Krshko has an active hardcore scene today. Give us a small scene report.

Somewhere around 2000 Krshko was quite dead when it came to the HC/punk scene. I think that there were no active HC/punk bands and no shows were being organized. So we were looking for a place to organize HC shows and along comes Gianni (the oldest punk in Krshko), who asked if we would help him organize shows, which we accepted immediately. That's how everything started all over again. There are four active HC/punk bands in Krshko now. The bands are: Final Approach, Growing Rats, who are super melodic old school HC/punk (the best punk band in Slovenia if you ask me), Three Tone Tamas, who plays sort of Italian styled HC/punk like Wretched or Eu's Arse mixed with Polska Malca, and another band that has members from Growing Rats, Final Approach, and some other kids that has no name yet and that plays melodic HC/punk. We have a collective, Bunthrupn, which is involved in organizing shows and the publishing of a zine.

MRR: Do you see yourselves in the hardcore scene after ten years?

I really don't know what'll happen in the next ten years, but I hope that things remain as they are or change for the better. That means that I have no intention of giving up on what I've started.

Final Approach: jure.zorko@email.si

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DUDE FUCKIN' HELL YEAH
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THE Southern Death Cult

NAGASAKI'S CRYING OUT
The Story of Southern Death Cult
By Lance Hahn

For anyone who has seen the footage of Ian Astbury (then Ian Lindsay) singing for Southern Death Cult on the Tube, you might have assumed that his circle "A" shirt was mere fashion. But Southern Death Cult, the group that preceded multi-platinum rock band, The Cult, came from punk rock, even meeting originally at a Crass gig.

Long before their sparse, tribal vision of post-punk, the band members were involved with the Bradford punk scene.

Aki Nawaz AKA Haq Qureshi, drummer: "My brother had already converted to punk, which was shocking for my parents, especially as he was supposed to be the role model for the rest of the family. I just came home from school one day and picked up a record and played it on our super cheap "Waltham" hi-fi system. I was totally liberated and bought into the rebelliousness immediately. The day after I went to school with a baby dummy attached to my blazer and a fake Sid Vicious sneer—I was 15."

One of a minority of Asians involved in the early punk scene, Nawaz was inadvertently encouraged into punk by his upbringing.

Aki Nawaz: "I was brought up in a liberal but disciplined Asian household and community that I felt was restrictive in expression. Wider British society was also consumed by tacky aspirations in terms of materialism and accepted behavior—for me I was always questioning who decides what path people take in their lives and I found that punk gave you the energy and inspiration to decide on a path that was not the norm, and also one where you can make the rules and break the shackles of conformity. Later in life I discovered that, culturally and religiously, this kind of dissent is also a part of other ideologies if you join the dots in a deeper way."

Nawaz and bassist Barry Jepson first started playing together in the Bradford punk band, Violation. With songs like "Boys in Blue" and "Assault and Battery," the group was largely a local phenomenon, once opening for the Clash in 1980.

Nawaz: "Me, Barry, and Buzz had already formed a band called Violation—the singer "Oxfam Harry" thought we had reached the pinnacle of our career and went AWOL on us so we were looking for a new singer. We were also friends with Justin from New Model Army and we shared rehearsal room in their house and Barry lived with them."

By this point, Nawaz was helping bring punk to Bradford by promoting gigs, which originally led him to Crass.

photo: Lawrence Watson

Nawaz: "I was promoting punk gigs and there was a resistance to Crass as a political anarcho group and I decided to invite them to Bradford and put them on. I had obviously heard about their stances—as I experienced their mindsets it was not as "out there" as had been portrayed. Living in Bradford I had already engaged with many left-field political thoughts so in a perverse way there were many punks from the North who were already extreme non-conformists and there were organizations such as the 1 in 12 Club. Bradford was a great place for dissent. Maybe because my upbringing and rebelliousness was also personal in many ways, so I was already an extremist."

Though interested in Crass, it was their partners in crime, the Poison Girls who were the bigger influence on what would become Southern Death Cult.

Nawaz: "I think there was an air of difference to many other bands I had experienced and in many ways their mannerisms seem to have a uniqueness. Musically I liked Poison Girls a lot. There seemed to be a creative streak that was thought about. As for Crass it seemed to be more disjointed and [with] a seriousness, which did not come across as enlightening or attractive in terms of an alternative thought. I was always looking for a nirvana when it came to non-conformity, and not any darkness. However, the experience with the gig gave me my first drum kit and I thank Crass for that."

It was through that Crass gig that Nawaz also met singer Ian Astbury for the first time.

Nawaz: "My first encounter with Ian was a very bizarre one. It was at the Crass gig I was promoting, at which a big following of Crass and Poison Girls had turned up and the bands wanted everyone to be on the guest list, which was really scary for me because I was still signing on and had no money. I insisted that some people would have to pay the entrance, to which Crass said they would deduct it from their fee. This created a bit of tension and whilst I was sitting in the toilet I overheard two people talking about how "the Paki promoter was givin' Crass a hard time." I walked out of the toilet and it was Ian who had made the remark and I just stared at him and walked off.

"The day after the gig we were rehearsing and suddenly found Ian

sleeping in Justin's house. He stayed in Bradford after the gig. A week later Buzz saw him dancing very stupidly to some David Bowie tracks but liked him and invited him to come down for a rehearsal and that's how we got together."

Rechristened Southern Death Cult, the group was named for a 14th century Native American tribe from the Mississippi delta.

Nawaz: "Ian thought of the name and it was basically a Native American tribe that showed great respect for their dead and their burial grounds. Ian was fascinated by Native American culture but also hated what White America had done to the Indians, hence the reason why his lyrics were immersed in a lot of anti-American politics. He would also use metaphors of the suffering of the Indians in love songs. Later in life I have realized that certain causes have acceptability because the "cause" itself has been made a fashion icon, and if anything, the cause is dead. Would you die for your cause is the ultimate aspiration for the serious, and sadly, Ian never pursued this cause beyond the predictable sell-by date."

The group's debut was at the Queen's Hall in Bradford on October 29th, 1981. Initially championed by groups like the Kill Your Pet Puppy crowd, Southern Death Cult got their start playing with to the anarcho crowd.

Nawaz: "I do not recall a very strong relationship but I think they had covered the band and also, obviously, the name was great. We were probably just part of their scene as they were ours. There was a uniting commonality between all of us and I think that was nonconformity and an alternative lifestyle. It was not a naïve sense but one that seemed to have a focus and vision—maybe we were just punk hippies but a bit more rebellious."

But a lot of the anarchist ideas were coming from Ian and not just via association.

Nawaz: "I think we were that scene or a part of it without knowingly displaying it. The following showed this and also because of Ian's interest in Crass and Poison Girls he carried some of that persona with him."

The band was quick to develop a following, soon opening for the bigger bands, and even before they had a record was headlining packed gigs in London.

Nawaz: "All the gigs were initially just anarcho gigs set up wherever we could play and where there was audience who had a wish to be inspired by something slightly more original. Obviously we were limited by the equipment aspect, but nevertheless, the audience seemed to be able to connect to the concept. Ian was also a very good front man and genuine so people warmed to him—he was a teetotaler and serious with his views, so a bit of an icon was emerging. I was a very demanding and hardworking "manager" and pursued all avenues. Even before our first record we had already supported Bauhaus, The Clash, Theatre of Hate, and Killing Joke—we had even sold out London gigs and many of the bands we supported respected the concept. Many of their followers also began adopting us as the band to follow, so there was a real interest, and not one forced by the music industry. Wherever we played, people genuinely took to the band and the profile grew out of a need of a band that meant something more than just the music. We were probably a bit more accessible than Crass and Poison Girls, obviously younger, and the look of the band meant we were trendy to a certain degree."

Unlike the later incarnations as Death Cult and The Cult, the group was tackling more particularly relevant issues, from anti-imperialism to animal cruelty with songs like "Vivisection."

Nawaz: "I imagine it was about the abuse of animals—it was a song that we had before Ian joined and he had his own take on it, as I think he was a vegetarian for a while. Ian wrote about the subject matter and the rest of us had our own input in terms of instrumentation but it just naturally all worked—there was a chemistry between all of us."

With such popularity, the group was signed up by Beggar's Banquet, and offshoot label of Situation Two. The choice of label seemed to reflect the group's death rock and post-punk support, as the label was also home to Gene Loves Jezebel, Tones On Tail, and Play Dead.

Released in 1982, the *Fatman/Moya* double A-sided single starts as an angry but poetic attack on corporate greed. The imagery can't help but infer that this type of greed was particularly American.

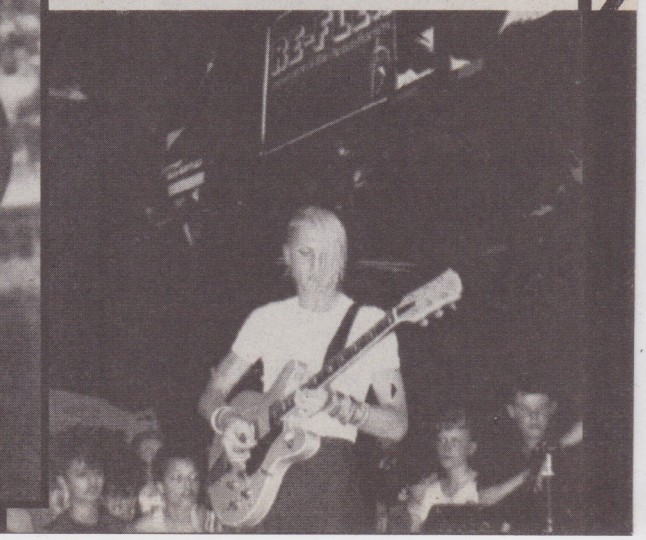
The Fatman cannot see what's going on
For he's not me
The Fatman takes away what isn't his
He weakens you and me

"Moya" is a clearer attack on American corporate imperialism and corporate culture with an unmistakable influence from Crass.

The kids of the Coca-Cola nation
Are too doped up to realize
That time is running out
Nagasaki's crying out
The doomwatch says it's time
To give back what you took away
Uncle Sam meets the reaper
Wounded Knee over again
Kasota Kasota annihilation
Of a nation... of our nation
Of a world population
Of the Indian nation
Paha Sapa goodbye

Nawaz: "People forget that the actual life span of the

photos: Left: Ian Anderson,
Below: James Jacob



band was very short but it grew very fast. I think we were all contributing ideas very quickly—Ian also played the guitar so he would come up with things. If you listen to the structure of the tracks I think it is obvious that all of us had our own identity stamped on each song in various ways. It was a collective input and the excitement came because everything moved so quickly, we didn't have time to get dry on ideas. As for the single it was what we chose as a band and because it had a schizophrenic purpose, with 'Fatman' as an attack and 'Moya' just a song to inspire for something more in this world."

For a group of general novices, the time in the studio was nerve-racking.

Nawaz: "Because I was a crap drummer in technical terms, I remember it as a nightmare. I had lots of ideas but the simple approach that drums were a timekeeping device to give others space to do their thing just was "alien" to me, and therefore timekeeping was a real problem. I think it took two days just to get the drums to an acceptable level and it really confused me, as I was self-taught without understanding the purpose of drumming and the simple aspects of music. But listening to it back I don't think I could do what I did then, as I don't understand what I'm doing—but it works. Overall it was a great experience for all of us as we worked with various producers, like Mike Hedges and others. But we were only happy with the Mick Glossop versions of the tracks."

Parallel to their musical naïveté, the group was also at the youngest stage of their ideological development.

Nawaz: "We were all anti-racist, obviously, and very strong about that. We were just beginning on that political journey so we had the energy to talk about issues without really understanding the deep roots of the subject matter. Nevertheless, I think we really did want to change things for the good and we were at war with those who created conflict and misery. But some of us also wanted to taste the 'rock 'n' roll' element, and as we did we simply began to reject it."

At this point, the group was growing in popularity, with consecutive tours opening for Theatre of Hate and Bauhaus. The group had also recorded two excellent sessions for Radio One (John Peel and David Jensen). But the group abruptly disbanded after a gig on February 26th, 1983.

Nawaz: "It's a weird one. We were doing incredibly well—we were being entertained by some very interesting people and then Ian dropped the bomb that he wanted to leave and form a band with Billy Duffy. For me it was heartbreaking and I remember crying because I had put a lot of work into it and in my naïveté just had no idea what it was all about. I know there was no argument between Ian and I, but there seemed a bit of a strain with one of the other members and that was the problem. To this day I have not asked Ian."

After the break-up of the group, Beggars Banquet released a self-titled LP collecting pretty much everything Southern Death Cult had committed to tape, from the single to radio sessions, to some live material.

Nawaz: "There were big plans in the offering. To be honest, it seemed we were naturally heading for the big time so it was just about doing it and then it just fell apart. We were all involved with the LP that was released."

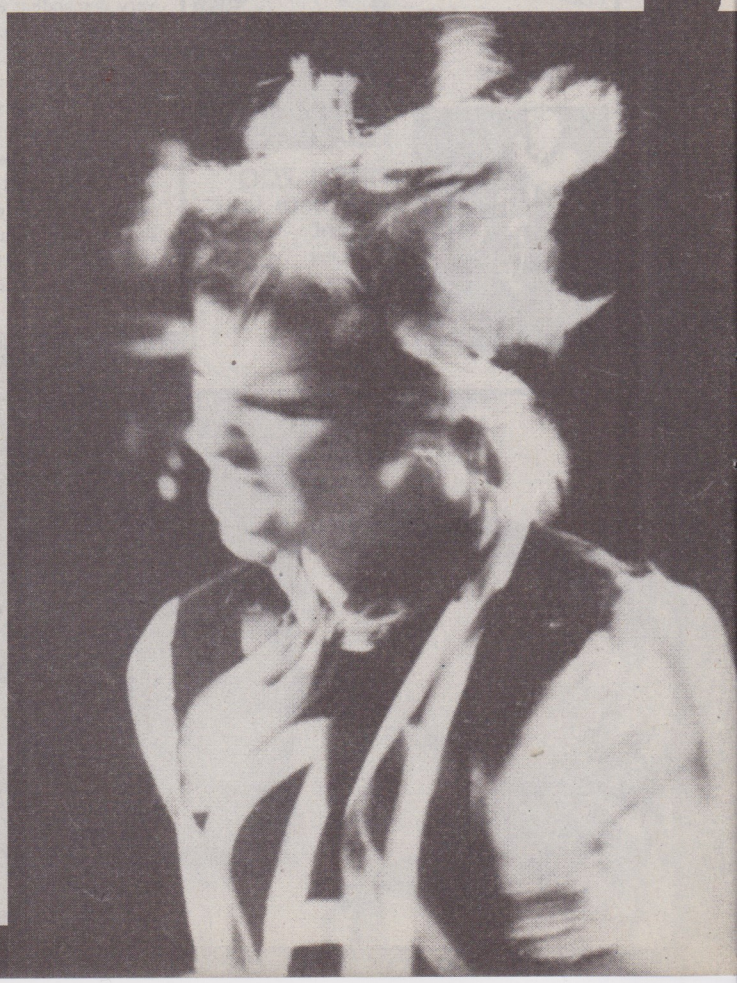
Initially after the split, the remaining trio kept playing in a gloomy band whose name was taken from what generously might be called Charles Manson's "philosophy."

Nawaz: "Yes, we had Getting the Fear after SDC, which was a darker side of life band, well worth the experience and we also made lots of money. But we were really crap and then we did JOY, which was a kind of punk funk band that did not go anywhere."

Of course, Ian Astbury would go on to form Death Cult, which eventually became the stadium rock of The Cult.

Nawaz: "I really did not have a problem with them, although I had to adjust to the "rockier" element that was now a part of it. It's easy and understandable to be critical but now in hindsight I think they

photos: Top: James Jacob, Below and right: Lawrence Watson



constructed some great songs and Ian's voice really gave them an originality and uniqueness. We toured with them in Australia as Fun Da Mental. I was not impressed by the rock thing but musically they still had something."

Of all those involved with Southern Death Cult, Nawaz has been the most active in furthering his ideological beliefs, finding creative and popular success in the hip-hop realm of Fun Da Mental. Starting in 1991, the group has been a smart and radical deconstruction of presumptions and outright prejudices on and about the Islamic and Arab world. This approach culminated with the controversy surrounding 2006's *All Is War (The Benefits of G-Had)* release, with the track "Cookbook DIY" with its instigating take on suicide bombings. Though caustic in its approach, the record, if accepted with intelligence and an open mind, is actually all about love and equality. It just happens to be in a context surrounded by a lot of prejudice.

Nawaz: "It was just the punk of the late '80s and early '90s. I loved the groove and the message of it—there was a great creativity to it and the politics were legendary, especially when they began to bring Malcolm X and others back into the thoughts of young people. The fact that the white power system was being attacked by an art form was a majestic and worthy cause."

With politics and lyrics espousing some of the same revolutionary elements of anarcho punk, Nawaz has come up against a wall of resistance which, not surprisingly, can mostly be attributed to his ethnicity and white media and white culture's response to the Middle East. Fear breeds hypocrisy and so one person's genocide becomes another person's war on terror.

Nawaz: "I relate it in many ways but it's not what I think that covers this question. It's what others refuse to acknowledge, that there may be a connection to what I did and what I do now. It's sad but my stance is somehow judged differently because of my background and color and this is what saddens me the most. I remember how Ian was hailed as a hero because of his stance on the Native Americans and the genocide they went through. However, in the context of current times it seems that "only" white folks have the luxury to stand and give value to these issues—those that are the victims are still at the whim of the white power system.

"This is the reason I cannot stand for the shallowness of Bob Geldof or Bono and many other white bands attempting to stand strong against the injustice of their own people—it seems it's just a fantasy and that's a shame. At least Crass and the anarcho scene had the dignity to realize that it could not exist if it had to compromise."

Despite these hypocritical times, Nawaz still can remember the good times of '80s anarcho punk.

Nawaz: "Just the naiveté and innocence of it all—being the only Asian around and fighting with skinheads alongside my white brothers and sisters. The madness and the real experience of it all. It was the best education I could have had and I learned so much that I still carry it with me and use it as examples of real-time enlightenment."

Finally, while now heading in a new and very different aesthetic direction, Nawaz can still find exhilaration and inspiration from anarcho punk.

Nawaz: "I genuinely loved it and to this day value it immensely. I had wanted to be in a band since I was eleven, but to be in a movement is something special. I think the experience has always been part of my work from those days. Fun Da Mental, to me, is SDC part two, and all the work on Nation Records and the artists were inspired by the punk movement, although my punk is now Islam."

photos: Top left: James Jacob,
All others on this page: Lawrence Watson

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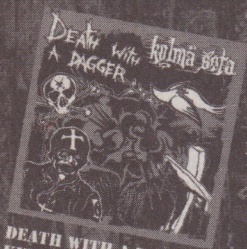

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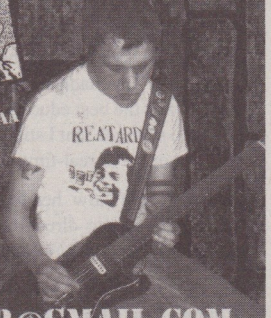

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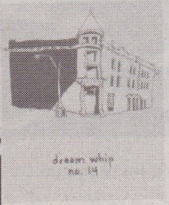

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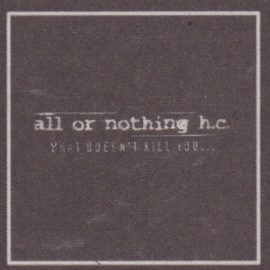

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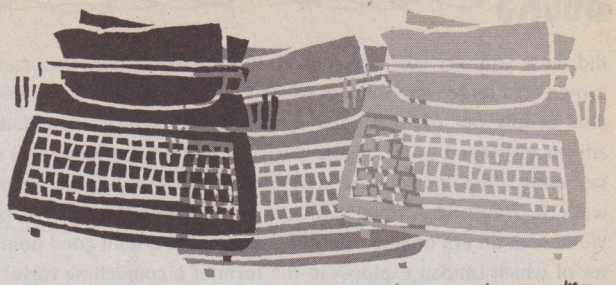

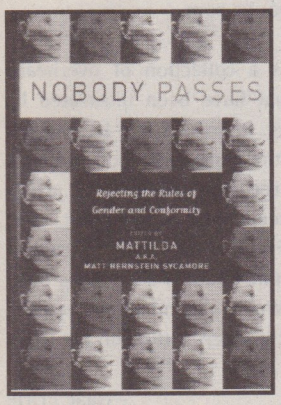

Nobody Passes
250 pgs • $15.95
Mattilda A.K.A. Matt Bernstein Sycamore, Editor
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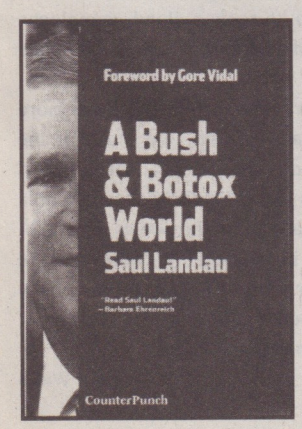
Nobody Passes is a collection of essays on gender and conformity. I think it's really interesting how important ideas about race, class, and gender have become recently. It gives me hope for the world.

I've read quite a few books that look at how people are perceived by the world, and I think that a collection of essays is a good way to present a way of thinking to an audience. Rather than feeling preached at by somebody, reading *Nobody Passes* made me feel like I was part of the thinking process. Not only was I able to read 28 different people's views on passing—which ranged from writing on ideas about "femmes" and the gender spectrum, to experiences being queer and differently-abled, to sex work and identity—I felt that I was given enough differing views on things that I could actively think about the ideas that were being brought up.

I think that this book is a great addition to the dialogue about identity that is happening currently. Mattilda has, as usual, done a bang-up job finding thoughtful authors with insightful essays to contribute to the book. Even if you've never given much thought to ideas of how identities are performances, and how people play both their assigned and chosen roles, I really think that this anthology will probably be useful and informative. And if you have ideas about this sort of thing, I think *Nobody Passes* shake up your accepted ideas about gender, conformity and identity. I know it made me rethink a lot of things, and as far as I can tell, that's a sign of a successful book.

—Thera Webb



A Bush & Botox World
Saul Landau
301 pgs $15.00
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612

There is a tendency among popular leftist writing to pose against each other the two poles of "reason" and "faith" (see Stephen Duncombe's recent book *Dream* for a comprehensive dissection of this phenomenon). Such a binary roughly corresponds in these works to an opposition between "logical" and "illogical" thought, as if the only thing standing between the faithful of the world (and, lordy, there are quite a few) and the cold hard truth is a good old-fashioned debunking, a pulling back of the curtain of unreason, which also includes the emotional appeals of advertising and neoconservative politics, to reveal irrefutable arguments and bask in the light of rationality. Somewhat paradoxically, such critical writings often develop their own views in a huff of scattershot blogger logic, presenting every platitude as if its truth were self-evident, and ultimately denying the reader even the most threadbare traces of actual, "reasoned" argumentation, contrary to even its own ideological position. Author and filmmaker Saul Landau's new collection of writings, *A Bush & Botox World*, is one such book, full to the brim with good intentions and shot in the foot by oversimplification.

Starting off with the admittedly-intriguing notion that the advent of Botox (mild botulism injections intended to smooth out wrinkles, for those punks who have yet to explore the possibilities of cosmetic surgery) and the presidency of George W. Bush share a certain affinity as symptoms of the superficiality of the twenty-first century American predicament, Landau loosely chronicles the events of Bush's second term, beginning with the 2004 election and progressing all the way up to the first months of 2007. The author's remarks exhibit a marked deficiency in the coherence department, jumping from subject to subject sometimes with little justification and pulling a few truly awe-inspiring topical 180s, all while bemoaning that religion, advertising, and reactionary politics have "sucked reason from the modern consumer brain" (11). Indeed, going from Christian dating websites to domestic spying could, in the hands of a more deft writer, bring out interesting connections within the fabric of American society, but to merely juxtapose the two anecdotes as if the linkages were obvious is, effectively, using advertising logic to denounce advertising culture, leaving the reader with a profoundly hypocritical attack on cultural hypocrisy.

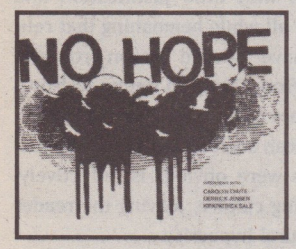
And yet, Landau continues to vigilantly defend the borders of his own false opposition between the rational and irrational, producing some truly unfortunate political consequences, the worst of which is a thinly veiled disdain for the American public on par with the most jaded Madison Avenue execs. While often couched in righteous indignation, the author's condescension sometimes bubbles up to the surface and simply gets the better of him, as he writes of how "US blue-collar workers...remained under the rhetorical magic that convinced them to vote against their interests" (63). Not only does such a statement admit zero self-reflexivity, but its underlying assumption reads as follows: that the American working class is somehow more susceptible to "rhetorical magic" than those who simply know better, who voted with and according to their interests without any rhetorical razzle dazzle of their own. Such political thinking so transparently derides the very people it ostensibly sides with and sticks up for that I can't even believe it has retained its currency for so long (see: some of the most-beloved records reviewed in these very pages), and its productivity and usefulness need to be rigorously questioned.

Even with these consistently debilitating strategies, Landau does manage to offer some original insights and draw the reader's attention to a few rarely examined problems. For instance, he ruminates on the fact that "few people think about how the bar code replaced millions who once did inventory, how e-mail and robot phones have taken the place of millions of women who once toiled as secretaries and switchboard operators. Where

did these workers go?" (55) Indeed, it is fundamentally important, and all too easy to forget, the ways in which increased technological development puts people out of work, and Landau brings similar illumination to the advent of bottled water (whose purity is tested remarkably less often than tap water), the "outsourced mercenaries" currently doing American dirty work in Iraq and Afghanistan, and the complications faced by modern Vietnam in an era of globalization. Again, these are all good points, the latter of which Landau explores in the form of a compelling travel diary, but often they require a better writer and more sophisticated thinker to truly bear out their potential. Additionally, alternative rhetorical approaches, in the form of poetry and an imagined screenplay detailing the Valerie Plame leak scandal, provide welcome variety, but content-wise are simply dead on arrival.

In short, leftist writers *need* to do better than this if we're going to beat whatever "they" we happen to be fighting. From a structuring viewpoint that derives only from empty outrage, down to a seemingly careless approach to presentation, this is not working. Indeed, "they" will present their politics seamlessly, while our lack of attention will result in hypocrisies, defeatism, and outright error on both the macro level, which I have tried to delineate up to this point, and the micro. Indeed, there are times when it seems as if the author didn't even spell-check or proofread his text (Landau describing how Fidel Castro is "recooperating [sic]" (199) from his recent health scare is only the most egregious of innumerable casualties). True, proper grammar is not of tantamount importance, and I draw attention to it half-jokingly, but it does seem to bespeak a certain laziness, illustrated on a larger scale by Landau's reliance upon empty oppositions and simple political cynicism that no one will be convinced by unless they are predisposed to agree.

— Max Tremblay



No Hope
Sam Bain
$5.00
Eberhardt Press
3527 NE 15th Street #127
Portland, OR 97212

No Hope is a short little book (the pages aren't numbered, I'd guess no more than 60 small pages) consisting of dialogues between Bain and three contemporary authors, Carolyn Chute, Derrick Jensen and Kirkpatrick Sale—two through postal correspondence and one, Jensen, (presumably) in a personal interview.

All three dialogues revolve around each respectable author's view of the *hopeless* nature of the world, a hopelessness with which I've had to come to terms myself when thinking about the future of the human condition; I certainly connect with it. Unfortunately though, the hopeless nature is slightly overshadowed with, as least as I experienced it, a prevalent *pointlessness* behind the book. As a piece of history that at the very least represents itself, the ideas put forth suffer the same futility of which the authors speak; nothing new is offered. Towards the end of Bain's introduction, he claims that "the lesson is in connection, and against the postmodern condition of listlessness and alienation," but, regardless of what the preamble states, it seems that one type of relative existential angst and disillusionment is just traded for another. Throughout the reading, I kept wanting to ask why these interviewees said what they said. The strength of their words is severely hindered when the ideas just hang in the aether with little obvious connection to the world that formed them.

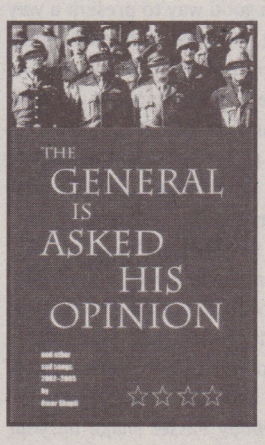
My review may seem slightly harsh, or at least negative, but *No Hope* touches on heavy subjects and represents a harsh and negative reality. *No Hope* certainly got me thinking in that critical method I enjoy as a process. It's a short read but, still, I've gotta say it's worth the five bucks, which you'd probably just smoke away anyhow. I hope this review has been useful to you.

—Spencer

I Keee You!
Benn Ray, Editor
112 pgs • $7.95
Atomic Book Company
www.atomicbooks.com

I Keee You! is a collection of overheard interactions that have been illustrated by some of today's hottest indie comic illustrators. Or so says that back of the book. Indie comics aren't really my thing so the names listed on the back were not particularly impressive to me. I did recognize a few of the artists from the reading material my friend Logan keeps next to her toilet. Even though I would rather have been reading a Frank Miller comic, I tried to approach this with an open mind. It is sometimes funny, sometimes awkward and the art is usually pretty interesting. Would I spend money on this? No, probably not. Would I be happy to read it if I were sitting on the toilet and found it next to me? Yeah, totally.

—Isaac Pririe



The General Is Asked His Opinion (And Other Sad Songs 2002-2005)
Omar Shapli
68 pgs • $9.95
Twentythreebooks
2910 Erie Ave.
Baltimore, MD 21234
www.twentythreebooks.com

Political poetry. OK, it might not be my favorite genre of poetry, and here's why: in general, poets who write politically minded things are old wingnuts. I don't relate to them. Also, as people *love* to remind me (to quote W.H. Auden) "poetry achieves nothing." So, taking my prejudice into account, let's take a look at this book that is essentially poems about the Iraq war.

In general, you guys probably won't read this book, but it isn't actually as god-awful as you might think. Omar Shapli is a theatre professor and also an alum of Second City, the comedy group in Chicago. Rhythmically, the poems are great. Many of them are meant to be spoken aloud, monologue style, and you can tell that the author has had a history in theater. They are also a little overly dramatic.

Thematically, the poems are radical in content which makes them more enjoyable than poems about fluffy kittens and sunsets, but much of the phrasing is really dated, using *'d* instead of *ed* at the end of a word ("ping'd and pong'd"). I would say that *The General Is Asked His Opinion* would be a fine book to go out and buy. Shapli's politics are good, the poems are rhythmic and compelling, and being old fashioned in style isn't the worst thing in the world. For ten bucks, if you're a theater kind of person or somebody who is already into political poetry, this could be enjoyable. For the rest of us, I think there are probably better poetry books out there.

—Thera Webb

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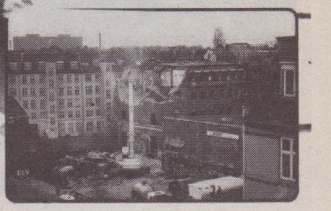

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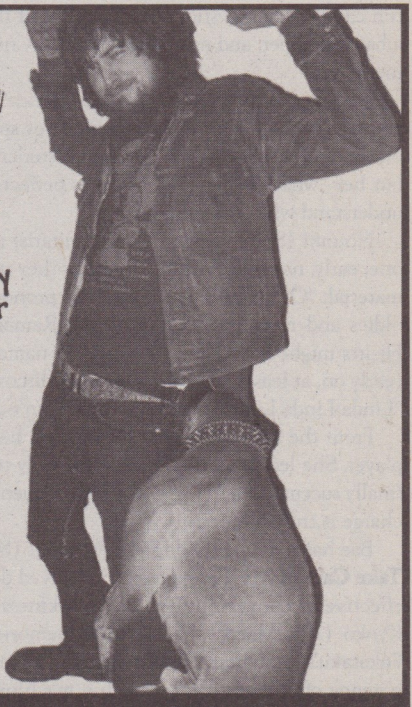

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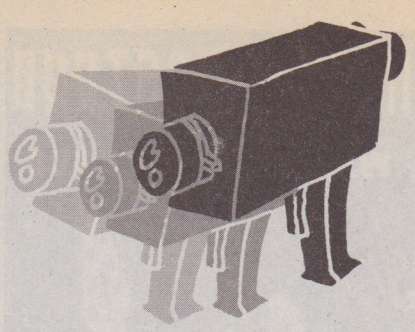
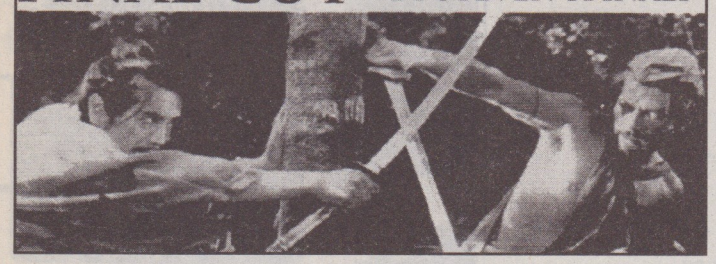


FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



In **Linda Linda Linda**, one of the female leads dreams she's on the stage of the Budokan. She's surprised at how small the famous rock auditorium seems in person. Helping to make up for the let-down, she spots the Ramones in some shadows in the back of the building. They exchange waves.

This odd Japanese indie is maybe the last place you'd expect to find a dreamy, affectionate tribute to the fabbest four of all, but **Linda Linda Linda** covers some unexpected territory as it tries to figure out what pop music is all about. It's all about dreams, however small.

It's near the end of the school year, and the Cultural Festival has taken control over the class schedule. The rank-and-file buy everything from cotton candy to dango sticks. In the midst of the hubbub, a quartet of girls lose a band member, and now there's probably not enough time to find a replacement.

It's hot and they're tired, so they decide the next person who walks by is going to become their new vocalist. They spot Son (Bae Du-Na), who agrees on the spot. She's a Korean exchange student and can barely speak Japanese; but her "what the fuck?" attitude is perfect. No matter that Bae can barely understand what she's singing.

Nozomi (Shiori Sekine), their guitarist and leader by default, makes her one, early, non-negotiable demand as they root through old cassette tapes for material. "Only the Blue Hearts," she pronounces, passing over piles of JPOP oldies and near-hits. Not quite the Ramones, but at their best, the Blue Hearts might have been the only big name to play anything close to punk (early on, at least). The first song they discover is the Hearts' three-chord hit, "Linda Linda Linda"—an oldie that hasn't quite gotten moldy yet.

From the start, wild-eyed Son asserts herself as the film's most engaging player. She learns all the lyrics at the only neighborhood karaoke bar, before finally succumbing to Puffy hits. The sequence of her arguing down the cover charge is truly hilarious.

Bae has some pretty impressive credits (**Sympathy for Mr Vengeance** and **Take Care of My Cat** have both received domestic releases). Her scenes are effective at conveying the film's quirkiness and low-key wit. The drummer Kyoko (Aki Maeda) brings back memories of her performance in Kinji Fukasaku's bloodfest, **Battle Royale**, demonstrating again the defensive potency of cuteness backed with a machine-gun beat. Bassist Sekine, of all the cast, is a real musician is a musician; she swings her guitar around convincingly and seems the most grounded of the bunch.

There's something distinctly undramatic about **Linda Linda Linda**. The girls sit at the back of the train, pretty much silent, on the long ride their town's one rehearsal place. When rehearsals start taking over all the girls' free time, we see them cat-napping through most of their daytime school hours. Amusingly, these four girls in rumpled sailor suit uniforms seem more and more like hard-living rockers who live for those few minutes on the stage. We don't see any scenes of the girls at home with their families—only their evolution into a real band. They don't even have a chance to give themselves a name.

The cool thing about the band is its self-imposed three-chord aesthetic. I have no doubt that it's meant to be a kind of corrective to a generation of over-produced, over-marketed Japanese pop acts that have lost their souls on their way to popularity. (Or like the Blue Hearts as they inevitably strayed from their roots.)

The point is made more obvious on the day of their performance, which they mostly spend sleeping. It's also the last day of the cultural festival, and sheets of rain have coaxed most everyone into the main hall. The girls are late, and the growing crowd tolerates some strained acoustic acts—until the girls finally appear. They're wet and hardly in a position to play, but suddenly the music becomes something special. It's like watching the early '70s pass before your eyes to a time that would admit dreams of the Ramones.

As I watched the film move into its low-key climax—it suddenly ended. Several members of the audience cornered the exhibitor in the lobby and tried to convince him that something was terribly wrong. As it happens, the distribution company had neglected to ship the final reel; the smallish audience had to use their imaginations to finish of off the film. As soon as I got home, I dredged out a fan-dubbed version from my cabinet and watched the remainder, albeit on a smaller screen.

If you watch this on DVD, you're unlikely to encounter this sort of problem**. Linda Linda Linda** comes off as an ultra low-key tale of how lots of small things can combine to make rock 'n' roll magic—and how quickly the magic is lost to time. It couldn't be much simpler, but somehow it works.

Given the history of tension between the two countries, a Korean/Japanese film would have been inconceivable a few decades ago. **The Host** is the most expensive South Korean film of all time (partly funded by Japanese producers), and it's surprising audiences on both sides of the Pacific. Leave it to South Korea to make a globally relevant science fiction thriller.

In the opening scenes, an American pathologist manages part of an army installation at the port of Yonsan. He's working with a Korean trainee, who's been ordered to pour dozens of bottles of out-dated solvent down the drain into the water supply. (Some American manufacturers in South Korea have been shown to be negligent of this sort of abuse—as have Korean firms.) Before long, the drain is smoking from the poisons.

A few years pass, and some local fishermen have begun to notice anomalies in the fishing, not to mention a decline in the catch. A monster movie is the only thing that could emerge from this set-up, though this one's of a different ilk.

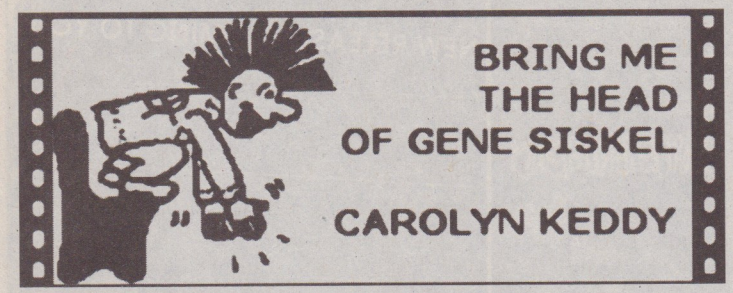
Director Bong Joon-ho has also made **Memories of Murder**—a police procedural with similar notes of humor and random violence. But while Japan has largely given up on the big budget monster film, Korean efforts (like the mostly laughable **Pulgasari**), have mostly been forgettable. Director Bong seems to want to make up for it.

The Host often doesn't seem like a blockbuster. We see the monster in its full glory in the first ten minutes of the film, and the screenplay can thereafter take its time developing its characters—and the creature. The monster looks somewhat like a giant squid, but half the fascination is discovering the habits of the thing—one of which involves stockpiling fresh and dead humans for later feasts.

There's clearly an anti-American sentiment to parts of **The Host** that connects right into the whole 9/11 fiasco, particularly with authorities making schizoid and terribly mistaken decisions in the face of obvious evidence. Song Joon-ho claims that it's just an ordinary monster movie, so you can draw your own conclusions.

The special effects were from the US, though; San Francisco's Orphanage also brought us their wild visuals to "Planet Terror" section of **Grindhouse**. While some critics have faulted the effects, I found that they were considerably more realistic and inventive than well-received genre pieces like, say, **Anaconda** or **Snakes on a Plane**.

In short, go with an open mind and a willingness to have fun. If it makes you think, all the better.



IT'S ONLY UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE, RIK

I really don't need much convincing to see a movie. I went to see **Starter For 10** simply because I read that it was a British film about a guy whose dream was to go on the television quiz show *University Challenge*. All I know about *University Challenge*, aside from the mention in The Undertones "My Perfect Cousin," comes from the BBC TV series *The Young Ones*. When MTV was showing *The Young Ones* in the '80s my brother and I would record the show on Sunday night and watch the episode over and over during the week. We would learn the names of British personalities that had no meaning to us and we would use phrases from the show to freak my mother out. Punk and *The Young Ones* influenced my limited understanding of English culture during my high school years.

Starter For 10 is the story of Brian Jackson, a working class kid from an English beach town who is leaving his hometown and his friends to attend college with the rich kids at Bristol University. When he arrives at his on-campus house and meets his new roommates, they are dressed as women. They are going to a party and so is Brian. An obvious set-up for a quick introduction to college life.

Starter For 10 is set in '80s so it liberally uses music from the time: The Cure, The Smiths, Echo and the Bunnymen, and Psychedelic Furs. I strongly sense that director Tom Vaughn was going for a John Hughes-style teen comedy. Unfortunately, he misses most of the aspects of what made those films classics, though he does get the basic idea. He sets up a romantic triangle. Brian Jackson is instantly attracted to the blonde, beautiful, rich girl Alice who he accidentally gives his place on the *University Challenge* team. She is a girl who is out of his league, though she seems to like him. Then there is Rebecca, the girl who is obviously perfect for him. She is a campus activist, smart and interesting. However, Brian is stuck on Alice.

Vaughn's biggest problem in setting up this triangle is that he doesn't manage to make Alice that much of an opposite of Brian. They both end up on the *University Challenge* so they are intellectual equals. She doesn't seem obsessed with being popular nor have any other superficial personality traits. She doesn't have a boyfriend and is not attracted to an obvious type of the opposite sex. The only scene where the film seems to get the subtle class difference issues John Hughes films were so good at is during the party scene on the night before Bristol's appearance on *University Challenge*. Here it is revealed that Alice is attracted to the bad boy type exemplified by Brian's best friend Spencer and *University Challenge* team leader Patrick sees the lower class as lazy.

So by the time **Starter For 10** actually gets to the *University Challenge* section, I have almost stopped paying attention. Yet, the similarities to the "Bambi" episode of *The Young Ones* are kind of silly. The director had to use it as inspiration. There is the trip to the studio with everyone being edgy and some attempting to study and then the attempted cheating. Of course, *The Young Ones'* version is more hilarious with Vyvyan getting beheaded on the train and Rik admitting to cheating while on air, only to have the whole thing ended with a giant éclair crushing the set. **Starter For 10** ends more realistically. (www.starterfor10.com)

I guess it is well-known by now that I love these cheesy "Under Review" DVDs. During one recent double feature, I came to realize that while I revel in the stupidity of the critics, it usually the background items, the influences on the band under review, that seem more interesting. The two recent DVDs **David Bowie: Under Review 1976-1979: The Berlin Trilogy** and **U2 Achtung Baby: A Classic Album Under Review** both revolve around the city Berlin and Brian Eno. Although Brian Eno's music outside of Roxy Music doesn't really excite me, the odd shots of Eno performing, decked out in a metallic fringe sweater or large feather blouse while twiddling knobs on his oversized synthesizer look too cool. Note to the Under Review staff, let's see a Brian Eno DVD next.

David Bowie: Under Review 1976-1979: The Berlin Trilogy focuses on the years when David Bowie and Iggy Pop moved to Berlin to get away from America and their drug habits. While there Bowie helped Iggy make two albums and then recorded three albums himself with the help of Brian Eno and Bowie's co-producer Tony Visconti. Bowie was already influenced by some of the German musicians Neu, Kraftwork, Can, and Cluster. Bowie wanted to work with some of these musicians but either overprotective management or Bowie himself stopped that from happening.

The result was three records recorded in Germany: *Low*, *Heroes* and *Lodger*. Of the three, **Under Review 1976-1979: The Berlin Trilogy** makes *Lodger* seem like the one you really need to hear. The critics reviewed can't find anything good to say about it. Critic Paolo Hewitt simply dismisses it, "You wrote *Heroes*. That's enough for me." Of course, the whole story told personally by Bowie, Eno and even Iggy Pop would be much more incredibly interesting, but for now we have to settle for a bunch of "experts" giving their two cents. Though the inclusion of German musicians Dieter Moebius (Cluster, Harmonia) and Michael Rother (Neu, Harmonia) is pretty cool.

U2 takes a similar approach in their German recording experience. Instead of running from drug problems, U2 was trying to get away from their giant egos, pretentiousness and holier-than-thou attitude. So they went to Berlin to reinvent the band. What a better way than to record an album influenced by the Manchester ecstasy scene? Of course, this was the '90s not the '70s. Brian Eno was now present as producer introducing some of the different elements David Bowie used on his Berlin records.

Though all the experts on **U2 Achtung Baby** will tell you this is U2's most influential album, I'm still not buying it. Especially when the least believable critic in this series, Nigel Williamson, comes on screen. Every time that Williamson has been on one of these DVDs he seems like he has just read an article on the band is regurgitating some type of generic assumptions about the band. Why do they keep using him? (www.chromedreams.co.uk)

The third DVD in my own Berlin trilogy is **Einstuerzende Neubauten Palast Der Republik**. It is an interesting live document on many levels. I saw a screening of the film at the Berlin & Beyond film festival in San Francisco a few months back. Einstuerzende Neubauten are not a band I would listen to at home, so watching a full concert performance of them hardly seemed like the way I would pass my time. But I went along with some friends and found the performance pretty riveting. This is not the type of band you want to be watching from the back of a giant concert hall. You really need to be close up, seeing all of what is going on. The film manages to show a bit of everything. There is an amazing array of instrumentation and performances.

Einstuerzende Neubauten singer Blixa Bargeld was at the screening. He told of how the band ordered the cameras on-line and arranged the shoot. The performance takes place in the Palast Der Republik in Berlin that was formerly the Parliament building and has since been torn down. Individual donors who were then invited to the performance and participated in the 100-member choir that accompanied the band financed the film. Amateurs shot the film, but sometimes you need the inexperienced to do what the professionals would probably fuck up. (www.neubauten.org)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

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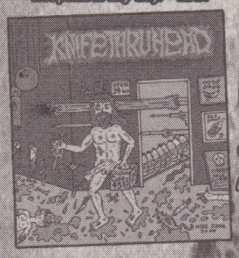

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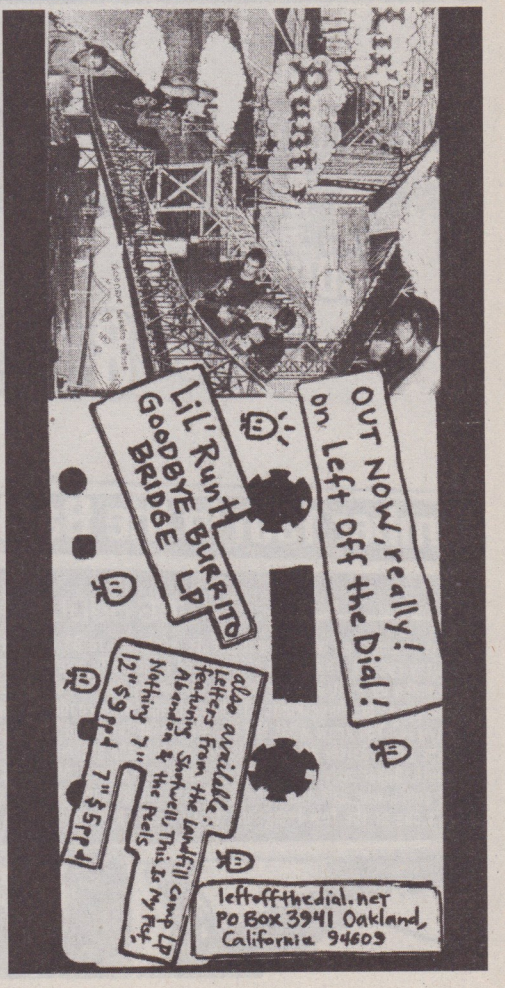
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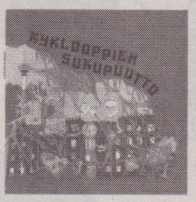

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1000 TRAVELS OF JAWAHARLAL – "Owari Wa Konai" CD

Japanese post-hardcore band with a name that makes them sound like a Japanese crust band. This recording is four years old, and only just coming out now. Not bad but the songs are a touch too long and threaten to wear out their welcome. I think I'm just over post-hardcore. There's been too much "meh," where there used to be "rawarar I'm emotional!" Lyric sheet is in Japanese and English (nothing that great in there, either). Split release from a Japanese and a Czech label. I must be missing something here. (ST)
(www.imomushi.jp, www.dayafter.cz)

12 AULLIDOS — "Discography" LP

Too heavy too be tagged screamo, too all over the place and drawn out in composition to have the concise impact of power-violence, and too modern and freaky in attack to be labeled simply "hardcore." Spain's 12 AULLIDOS steal elements from all these genres, leaving the closest comparison to possibly be IN/HUMANITY. The quiet moody bridges and odd feedback breaks are sandwiched between unrelenting, "all cylinders firing" torrential waves of thrash, and slathered start to finish with screaming vocals. These nine tracks collect their 1999-2004 output from a limited debut EP, which is significantly burlier with the new mastering. Also includes three unreleased, comparatively bare-boned, raw recordings (but no less impact-laden). Nice new painted cover, a blasting release. (KS)
($18/15? ppd: Parade, c/o Daniel Ferrero, Calle Marbella 19 Bajo, 29640 Fuengirola, SPAIN, doce_aullidos@hotmail.com)

THE 222s – "Montreal Punk '78-'81" CD

Glam-influenced Canadian punk outfit that at times sounds somewhere in the neighborhood of a rawer version of the *This Ain't Hollywood*-era FORGOTTEN REBELS (their best period, in my heretical opinion). Mention of a TEENAGE HEAD connection (management) will likely get some oldies fans salivating, but I'd rate the 222s way above them. Unlike a lot of reissues of bands that released a couple of 45s in their existence, this one isn't too heavy on the filler. Good stuff and nice booklet. (DD)
(Sonik's Chicken Shrimp, address printed too small for old farts' eyes, Montreal, CANADA)

ACROSTIX "(A Chain Of) Hatred 12"

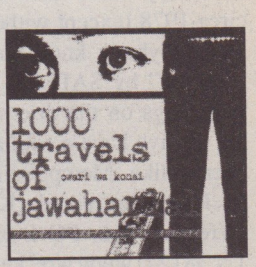
Six tracks of punchy Japanese hardcore; vastly different than the keyboard-laden, AMEBIX-damaged metal-dirge punk on the split with CONTRAST ATTITUDE. This sounds more like it slid off a classic late-'80s/'90s hardcore comp like *Who Chained Up the Dogs of Outrage* or *Starving Dog Eats Master*, with an older, stripped-down traditional Japanese hardcore sound. It retains the metallic riffing and lengthy solos and doesn't entirely shake the AMEBIX comparison riff for riff when it slows—largely doles out an unrelenting, upbeat energy, commanding bombastic vocals, and giant group chorus of the classic-Japanese hardcore style. The delivery has clunky parts, but overcomes through a boss recording, making a totally solid release, especially the title track. Excellent cover by Sugi. (KS)
(Whispers in Darkness)

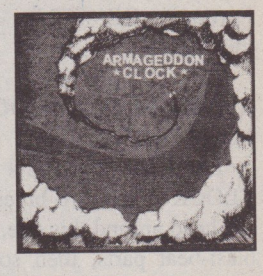
A FLOWER KOLLAPSED – CD

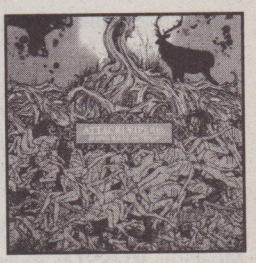
Not the most annoying screamo band I've ever been subjected to, but nevertheless this shit just goes in one ear and out the other. The ten blasts of musical diarrhea here seem to be falling over one another in an attempt to eschew traditional song structures—which is not automatically a bad thing in my book, but I suspect the time it takes to identify whatever intention lies beneath the chaos would be wasted since it doesn't seem like it would be very compelling anyway. Sample lyrics: "His name is Mr. T / He wears gold long chain / He's got those crazy punk hair." You can have your art project, I'll stick with THE RAMONES, thank you very much. (CS)
(Holidays/Gaffer/Shove, www.holidaysrecords.it)

ALARME – "Walk Together Thrash Together" EP

ALARME, from Brazil, do their best to sound exactly like WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? on this 7". Unfortunately, their best doesn't stack up very well







against the band they imitate. This record lacks energy; most of the songs sound like they are stuck in the mud, and the vocals are pretty weak. The DEEP WOUND cover is OK. (BN)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

THE ANGEL SLUTS / THE SIX STRING JETS – split EP

THE SIX STRING JETS come out of the gates swinging. This is a fast-paced rocker that's jammed full of energy and catchy as all hell. Track two is very similar to the first. THE ANGEL SLUTS have a similar style and are every bit as good. Both bands sound as if they could have come from England, circa-1978 (except without English accents). Does anybody know the song, "You Make Me Sick" by SATANS RATS? None of the five songs on the disc sound like that song, but all five have a similar sound and energy. Seems like Memphis is the place to be. Fucking great record. (KK)
(Wrecked 'Em, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124, www.wrecked-em.com)

APE CITY R&B – "Twee Stuk Punkrots" EP

Ja, real fine fucked-up fuzzy screaming garagey R&B-based punk, the kind apes like, just like you'd guess from the name (of the band, that is: "Twee Stuk Punkrots" sails clean over my head, unlike the music). (DD)
(Infringement, 2833 NE Sandy Blvd., Portland, OR 97232, www.infringementrecords.com)

ARMAGEDDON CLOCK – "Armageddon Macht Frei" CD

Tampere, Finland's ARMAGEDDON CLOCK is a weird breed. I can't really get my head around this one. It's got fast, almost blast-beat parts, then some super melodic, almost pop punk guitar parts, and then metalcore-ish parts. It's just a bit schizophrenic and difficult to listen to. At times I'm thinking, I could totally dig this, nodding along pretty groovily, and then comes a big-ass wrench flying at me. I don't know—maybe next time around. (JU)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147, Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oksrecords.com)

ASHTRAY DIRT / MALAKOI – "Double Meat" split EP

Both bands contain the same two people, yet neither band sounds anything alike. Both are just drums, bass and vocals. MALAKOI plays spastic thrash with a Muppet on vocals. They remind me a lot of GODSTOMPER. Seven tracks on their side of the 7". ASHTRAY DIRT's side is one track of pure doom. The song moves at glacial speeds and reminds me of GRAVES AT SEA. The vocals sound forced, and I don't think they pull off their sound as well as MALAKOI. From New Brunswick, NJ. (MH)
(Swabbing the Narwhal, 18 Delavan St, New Brunswick, NJ 08901, writteningasoline@yahoo.com)

ATTACK! VIPERS! – "The Mirror & the Destroyer" CD

The first track of this CD is a short instrumental emo-sounding track. Here I go, reviewing my 100th emo disc… But then the second track started out with a rock 'n' roll guitar riff that sounded somewhere between AC/DC, garage rock, and hardcore. "Our Shark" is faster and sounds like CONVERGE; "One Four One" is slower and heavy with pained vocals; "Group Therapy" is faster, more discordant, and pummeling. By now you've probably realized ATTACK! VIPERS! is not a one-trick pony. While all the tracks are hardcore, they also have thay rock sound in the guitars. I listened to this disc a few times for enjoyment, not just to review it—that's rare. (MH)
(Rat Patrol, www.ratpatrolrecs.com)

BACON WAGON / DACTYL – split EP

These two bands (one from Maryland, one from Sweden) complement each other nicely. They both play a variation on noisy, spastic, rhythmic, bass-driven post-hardcore that you used to hear a lot of in the late '90s, but thought was dying out. The BACON WAGON side was nigh-on unlistenable. The DACTYL side is slightly more enjoyable because it reminds me of the English band NERVE RACK. If you like surging, stop-start rhythms, squalling feedback, and over-the-top noise, this is probably for you. Nice packaging as well. (AM)
(Hit Dat, 3233 Sonia Trail, Ellicott City, MD 21043, www.hitdatrecords.com)

THE BAD BLOODS – "The Brew Sessions" CD

Totally solid street punk, maybe like a rougher RANCID (circa-first LP) or THE U.S. BOMBS. Fast 'n' loud, punk 'n' proud—gruff vocals deliver one sing-along chorus after another, while I imagine legions of punx and skins hold their pints aloft and sing along. Check out these lyrics: "Since I was fucking born I never got to learn how to follow any system… / Now I'm a bastard without a surname for the law / You can see the mess inside my eyes." Fuck yes! Perhaps you'll see these Spaniards lauded in pages of Bruce Roehrs' column in the near future… (CS)
(Potencial Hardcore, Apdo: 52059, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.nodo50.org/potencial-hc)

BAD RELIGION – "1993 Peel Sessions" EP

Ha. This one's no mystery. John Peel sesh recordings of "American Jesus," "Recipe For Hate," "Kerosene," and "What Can You Do." I love every era of BAD RELIGION, especially this one, and I'm not afraid to admit it. In fact, this was the year I discovered BAD RELIGION on the Thrasher video *The Truth Hurts*. If I remember correctly the video opens with "American Jesus" (but I may be wrong). *Recipe for Hate* was just as good as *Suffer*. Yeah I said it. Is this necessary though? Only for completists. (JU)
(bootleg, no address)

BIRDS OF A FEATHER / IN DEFENCE – split EP

Not being much of a fan of youth crew HC, I am admittedly no expert on the genre, but I can definitely say Holland's BIRDS OF A FEATHER is the best band of this style around today that I've heard. (In fact, to be quite honest, I would take them over YOUTH OF TODAY, whom I never really liked in the first place, any day.) While obviously not breaking any new ground, they're heavier (though still punk), more powerful, and simply riff-for-riff more solid than any of their peers. The States' IN DEFENCE, while turning in a respectable pair of scrappy HC tunes, ultimately can't hold their side up to the same high standard set by their colleagues from the Netherlands. (CS)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

BLACK FLAG – "London 85" LP

Listening to this reminds me of lying in my friend's apartment on hot New York City nights, listening to the *Get in the Van* audio tape, laughing at the ridiculousness. How pompous is Henry Rollins?? The most self-important man ever. Anyway, irrelevant personal anecdotes aside, this is a poorly recorded bootleg of *Slip It In*-era BLACK FLAG. Henry sounds clear as a whistle, so if you need to get your fill of his deeply meaningful inter-song banter, then this would be a find for you. He dedicates a song to the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS. NEWTOWN NEUROTICS are also overly pompous and self-involved. I don't know. I personally see no point in owning this unless you are a fanati-

cal completist. And bootlegs are kind of annoying, expensive, and exploitative anyway. BLACK FLAG are better than the BEATLES though, so…do what you will. "Say you don't want it, don't want it…" etc. etc. (LG)
(bootleg, no address)

BLACK LIPS / DEMON'S CLAWS – "What To Do/Factory Girl"

ROLLING STONES cover 7"s are always so boring. However, BLACK LIPS does a good job of making their track sound like a BLACK LIPS song. It's all jangly and pretty. DEMON'S CLAWS does the same thing; they make their cover sound like a BLACK LIPS song. I guess I was hoping for some more DEMON'S CLAWS like the *Satan's Little Pet Pig* album. Alas. (CK)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station New York, NY 10276)

THE BLACKS – "Shattered: The Complete Singles Collection" LP

By the mid-'90s, my compulsive record collecting had just finished mutating from its cute infant stage into a zitted-out pubescent fixation. THE BLACKS (the Swedish band, as is customary to point out) were one of the bands I drooled over at the time, having missed out on the initial wave of bluesy, fucked punk perfected by OBLIVIANS a few years prior. After OBLIVIANS' demise, mainman Martin Savage went on to wow poppers with bands like THE LOCOMOTIONS and (currently) MURDER BY GUITAR. But for my money, this is his finest outing by far. While history has already proven the better-known Memphis creeps to be Thee Band Of That Sound, THE BLACKS, if anything, should at least be remembered as their finest imitators. They are possibly even a Swedish extension of the Southern US primitive brotherhood (they *did* do a split with THE PERSUADERS, you know…). I mean sure, THE BLACKS do tend to lean more to the trad-garage side of things than THE 'BLIVS ever did, but the aesthetic and spirit is clearly cut from the same cloth. THE BLACKS have a much stronger grasp on things than the million other bands trying (and failing) at this shit today. This LP, a singles collection and essentially the band's entire discography, is one-stop shopping when it comes to forgotten '90s near-cream of the crop. A great reintroduction to the faithful and a temporary reprieve for downloaders the world over! (MC)
(Gonna Puke, C.ne Casilina 44, 00176 Roma, ITALY)

BLACK TIME / THE HUSBANDS – split 7"

I really want to like THE HUSBANDS because it seems like their record collections are probably amazing, and they seem like cool girls. But it's so RAWK I can't take it. Sarah's voice is almost as brassy as Lulu or Cilla Black's. It's more *Girls in the Garage* than that, but still. BLACK TIME is one of those bands I really like but don't really need to own the records of…but I do really like them. Maybe I will start owning their records. The BLACK TIME side plays at a different speed and is pretty killer garage-trash deliciousness. Totally sinister and slinky and doomed. (LG)
(Show and Tell, myspace.com/showandtellrecordings)

THE BLANKS – "The Northern Ripper" EP

Killed By Death time (OK, it was actually on a *Bloodstains*). Legit limited edition re-ish of 1979 Brit punk etc. Truth be told, it's real good (esp. the title cut) and worth seeking out for musical as well as reliving a bygone era value. Remember those sweet, innocent days, when songs about serial killers still had some shock value? Gee, I miss 'em. (DD)
(Last Year's Youth, no address)

BLOWTOPS – "PS This Is a Zombie" CD

This is a collection of unreleased songs recorded in 2003, dug up to coincide with the band's European tour and now unleashed on everyone else. Goth garage sounding like THE CRAMPS, and then like THE SCIENTISTS. At other times it sounds like a trashy mess. Anyway, this is the best stuff I have heard from them since that first 7". (CK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20165, www.bigneckrecords.com)

BOSTON CHINKS – "Coltrane" EP

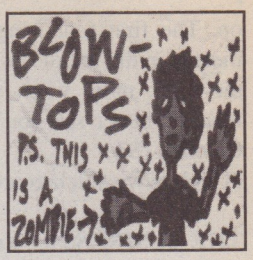
Goner never lets me down. Another great piece of aural trash for my welcoming ears. The first track, "Coltrane" is so amazingly catchy. I could just listen to it over and over again. Although the other tracks don't quite instill that same instant attraction, I know after the first few thousand listens this is going to be one of my favorite records. (CK)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 8104, www.goner-records.com)

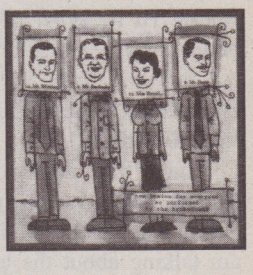
BOYS CLUB – "Girls of Today/Are You Gonna Be My Baby"

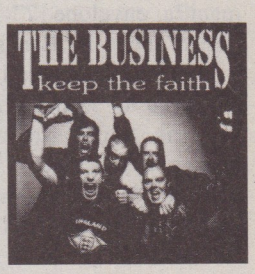
Clean-shaven, pimple-free pop with a nice underproduced garage feel. This is bubble gum punk, roughed up power-pop with a certain *Happy Days* charisma. This even has a *Bloodstains*-retro vibe, which I'm totally diggin'. Two tunes with maximum hum points, toe-tapping charm, and finger-clicking appeal. Shane White would have these boys violated to the creamiest max, but I'll just stick to the two thumbs (and not in the rude way). (SD)
(Douche Master, www.douchemasterrecords.com)

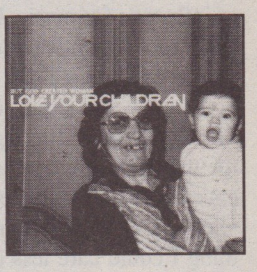
THE BROKEDOWNS – "New Brains For Everyone" CD

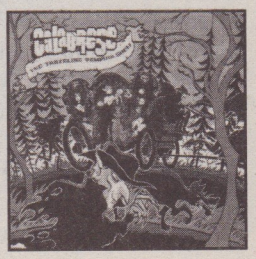
This is the first band that sent me a demo that I passed on and actually ended up on a decent label. Good for you guys. The demo wasn't bad by any stretch. Chicago/Minneapolis stir-my-whiskey-with-a-nail-style pop punk. There was an issue with them touring or something and I've sworn to not put out records by bands that don't play outside their hometown. (See most of my back catalog for the results.) Anyway, enough about my (probably) false memories. I was about to complain about this CD until track five came











on. The first four songs sort of blow. The meat is in the middle of the CD. You guys hit the mark more when you slow it down a touch. I better see you in Gainesville come October. (ST)
(Thick, www.thickrecords.com)

THE BUSINESS – "Keep the Faith" CD

First issued in 1994 on the hardcore label Century Media, this was THE BUSINESS' comeback record for their European reunion tour. I have to admit, for a comeback record this is pretty damn good. Songs like "Backstreet Billy," "Holiday in Seattle," and the title track are as good as any classic BUSINESS tune ("Real Enemy" or "Smash the Discos"). My only complaint is the production, which is a little too slick. If you never got past the early singles, this record is worth checking out. (CC)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, ENGLAND, www.captainoi.com)

BUT GOD CREATED WOMAN – "Love Your Children" CD

I have this much-voiced theory that the "noise" scene—or "art punk" scene, whatever you want to call it—is the new emo. And I am talking about the emo of the '90s—the emo that had delicate leaves pressed into manilla envelope 7" covers, you know? Think about it. Bands with overly overwrought dudes who roll around on the floor a lot? Who all seem to have *really long* nonsensical, super ridiculous band names? Seriously. This band is European but I guess they are into creating mystery, so they do not indicate where they're from or even who's in the band. The artwork is ironic. The music reminds me of XBXRX and maybe ARAB ON RADAR, which is not my favorite source of influence for music, I must say. It's kind of *sassy* too, which is a bummer to me, at least. The vocals are a little too inclined towards, you know, the dreaded screamo influence. The music is a little math-y too. It seems to me that BUT GOD… is a band that is influenced by bands that were influenced by '90s math rock. One step removed from something I could care less about. And is that not the dumbest band name ever? I wish bands like this were really into the fucking MONORCHID or THE FALL or something more interesting and disturbing than CHARLES BRONSON or whatever. (LG)
(Gaffer, www.gafferrecords.com)

CALABRESE – "The Travelling Vampire Show" CD

Twelve tracks of fun, well-played mid-tempo melodic horror punk from Phoenix, AZ. They bounce between echoing the looming, towering "they-who-will-not-be-named" giant of horror punk, and the rocked-out *Change Today*-era TSOL. At worst this gets too "whoa-whoa" in the vocals, and the production is slick. It also begins to uncomfortably remind you that yes, somehow, at one point the OFFSPRING were Top 40 material. A horror movie sample kicks in and the lyrics are about vampires, children of the night, and ghosts. No one from the looming, towering "they-who-will- not-be-named" giant of horror punk has made a record this fun in almost a decade. I wish there was a hint of more grit in the recording and the delivery though. The songwriting often supercedes emulation, and great, campy horror illustrations throughout the artwork tie the whole thing together to make a cool CD. (KS)
(Spookshow, PO Box 93817, Phoenix, AZ 85070-5070, www.spookshowrecords.com)

CAPGUNS'N'COKE / THE GRIZZLEY ENDS – split CD

I'm always impressed with the long reach of cultural imperialism (and pop-punk). Both bands showcased here (six tracks each, including one cover of each other's tunes) are English, so far as I can tell, and both turn in credible pop-punk performances. CAPGUNS sound incredibly like *My Brian Hurts*-era SCREECHING WEASEL. I mean, carbon copy, from the tunes to the vocal inflexion. GRIZZLEY sound more like SCREECHING WEASEL's European progenitors...the APERS, in particular. Don't get me wrong, I love SCREECHING WEASEL and pop-punk. And both these bands do it well. It's just kind of embarrassing in the same grain as RANCID's mighty homage to the CLASH, *...And Out Come The Wolves*—it's both a great disc, and a trifle embarrassing too. (RK)
(Squinty Joe, www.myspace.com/squintyjoerecords)

CAREER SUICIDE – "Attempted Suicide" 12"

This CAREER SUCIDE record sounds exactly like the last four CAREER SUICIDE records: fast, snotty early-'80s LA-style hardcore punk. This record is raging, but this band has been writing the same song for at least five years. I would rather be listening to the CIRCLE JERKS. (BN)
(Deranged, 1166 Chaster Road, Gibsons, BC VON IV4, CANADA)

CCSS – "Punkcore/Punkwhore$" EP

On the surface a band like this may come off as simplistic to hipster punks but I believe that they have tapped the vein of what used to be good about punk rock. Three-chord songs that bounce and rattle with snotty vocals, without pretentious rhetoric or fancy wording. CCSS could easily fit in with UK82 bands or with the early '80s Hollywood bands. Raw, snotty, no-nonsense punk the way it was meant to be played—by punx. If every spiky-haired fashion punk band modeled themselves after CCSS, this world would be a better, slightly inebriated, place to live. Try to argue with the fact that punk is a fucking commodity and that club circuits, contracts, and businessmen have stolen what was good about a counter culture away from us. They hit the nail on the head. "One Lie" is my favorite song on this record, fucking catchy shit. (WK)
(Radio 81, www.radio81records.com)

CHAMPION – "Different Directions" CD

This disc is a live recording of the final show by these Seattle edge-sters. I love this band. One thing about this style of youth crew hardcore is that it's best enjoyed live. The energy is usually bursting at the fucking seams at these types of shows. I unfortunately never saw these guys live. By the time I got into it they were already on the outs. The thing about CHAMPION that attracted me was the fact that their recordings also seemed to capture that tension of being at a show—the power was there. This live recording is obviously no exception. The energy level is sky fucking high and the recording quality is miles above most bands' records. It's a great token for those that were there. For the rest of us it's non-essential but would most definitely not be a waste of your hard-earned dollars. (Oh yeah! It also comes with a DVD of the show. Didn't watch it.) (JU)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

CHARGE – "Who's In Control?!" CD

Hmm, CHARGE plays some NYHC style stuff circa the early '90s: Think the kind of stuff that Norm Arenas was covering in his *Anti-Matter* fanzine. Hardcore with melodic undertones complete with shouted-not-screamed vocals and a weird Jah spirituality. Not bad stuff, but not great either. Does get a point for a "Grow Your Locks" regarding dreadlocks in the thank you notes. (JF)
(Reaper, PO Box 2935, Liverpool, NY 13089, www.reaperhardcore.com)

CONFUSA – s/t LP

When I first pulled this out of the review bin I thought I was in for some Latin American punk—the artwork is heavy on what looks like Mexican Day of the Dead

imagery. Wrong again—CONFUSA are straightforward Finnish punk. For the most part, they sport a pretty one-dimensional, mid-paced sound. The guitars buzz along with a complete disregard for the notion of dynamics and the female vocals are grating. By the fourth song they find a groove and it's the first one that has anything resembling a catchy or memorable hook. Unfortunately, after that it's back to more of the same. It's not that there's anything actually bad about the record, there's just nothing that really stands out. (AM)
(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 65, 11101 Riihimäki, FINLAND, www.combatrockindustry.net)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "Make Sound" CD

THE COPYRIGHTS' *Mutiny Pop* was one of my favorite CDs of 2006, so I have eagerly awaited their new one, even knowing I was setting up my expectations so I high that it would be tough for the band to match. Well, let me say that *Make Sound* didn't disappoint. While not as good as *Mutiny Pop*, *Make Sound* is still one fine pop punk record. The one thing about THE COPYRIGHTS is their sound isn't that desperate so that they remind me more of the PARASITES, TEEN IDOLS and SQUIRTGUN than SCREECHING WEASEL or the VINDICTIVES. Still, the COPYRIGHTS have the hooks and chops to still sound fresh in a genre in which it's hard to do so. I have a feeling this is going to be high up on more than a few pop punk fans' year-end best list. A winner from… (JF)
(Red Scare, www.redscare.net)

CPC GANGBANGS / THE CONFUSERS – split EP

Of these two Canadian bands, THE CONFUSERS focus more on quick, buzzsaw stabs, reminiscent of any number of "tweener-core" bands, though sounding anthemic enough to confuse the '77 clan. Nothing overtly shitty, but nothing I'd find myself spinning repeatedly. CPC GANGBANGS, a band I apparently *have to* review every time a record comes in here or else I'll pout, are so goddamn good that I get pissed at myself for writing them off as a side-project when they originally appeared. Every new release by them pushes their raw, loud-as-fuck guitar-driven punk rock to a new height. Seriously, this band pretty much buries anything this side of BASEBALL FURIES and other like-minded straight-shooters nowadays, if only because they aren't afraid to wig right the fuck out once in a while. Here, CPC GANGBANGS tip the scales into noiseville and I'm pleased as punch. The much-promised full-length better appear quickly…I'm running out of underwear. (MC)
(Radio 81/P. Trash, www.ptrashrecords.com)

THE CREEPY CREEPS – "The Creepy Creeps" LP

In case there was any doubt, the latest wave of-neo garage/surf is officially upon us, which is fine by me. Although they cover THE MUMMIES' "You Must Fight to Live on the Planet of the Apes" (the only cover: these lads have learned from the mistakes of predecessors who loaded down their repertoires with superfluous covers), THE CREEPY CREEPS go for a more polished sound on this biscuit and it works fine for them (especially since there's still some oomph in the production). I'm generally a sucker for organ-laden surf instros, and their forays into that field are mi-tee fine. (DD)
(Inka, www.inkainc.com)

CRIME DESIRE – "In Lucifer's Grip" EP

It's always a good start when a band attempts something beyond releasing a record simply as a consequence of having written enough songs for one. In this case, everything involved—the music, lyrics, artwork—is a part of one artistic vision: Dark and pathologically antisocial. The tempo changes, feedback-laden guitars, distorted bass, and overall negative imagery recall fellow Southern Californians CROSSED OUT or even NO COMMENT—though it's definitely just an influence as opposed to a blueprint, as CRIME DESIRE leans more towards the chaotic side of things. Vocals in the hi-pitched DROPDEAD style. Well thought-out and executed. (CS)
($4.50 US/$5 Canada/$7 World ppd: Life's a Rape c/o M. Colin Tappe, PO Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018, colinrrmf@yahoo.com)

CROWNS OF KINGS / PRICE OF PAIN – split CD

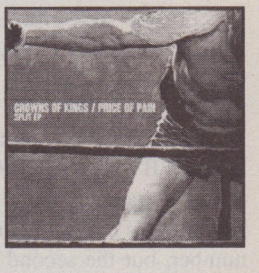
Moshtastic! I still have a soft spot for tough-guy, floorpunch-inducing metallic hardcore. You can take the boy out of Boston but… First, CROWN OF KINGS, the more traditional and in my opinion better band of the two, bring us four tracks of BLOOD FOR BLOOD-influenced brass-knuckle hardcore. On the second half, Western Mass' PRICE OF PAIN aren't as good. Their songwriting is solid, the recording is fine, and they got Scott Vogel and Nick Jett to do back-ups on a song, but there's just something about it that doesn't grab me. That's bound to happen on a split, unless you're one of the only six bands that were on split records where both band fucking brought it! (Actually eight bands—the NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS split got added to that list last month.) (JU)
(Reaper, PO Box 2935, Liverpool, NY 13089, www.reaperhardcore.com)

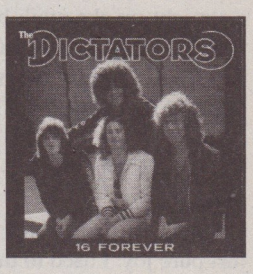
DACTYL – "Teething" CD

You know, I know it wasn't everyone's thing, but I have some fond memories of the noise punk era of the early '90s—the time when you could go from listening to THE CLASH to THE COWS or BIG BLACK without someone gettin' all uppity on you. Well, DACTYL would have fit right in during that time, perhaps even showing up on a one of AmRep's *Drunks, Guns, and Fucking* EPs that were all the rage. I know if this were '91 the kids would be gobbling this thing up, even if DACTYL does do a sub-par cover of STEEL POLE BATHTUB's "Train to Miami." (JF)
(Reptilian, www.reptilianrecords.com)

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR – "Break Through It All" EP

Somewhere between TERROR and pre-*Built to Last*





SICK OF IT ALL lies DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR. The A-side of this record contains two songs off their upcoming full-length, one of them being the scorching track "Count Me In." The B-side contains a re-worked COCKSPARRER cover entitled "Boston Belongs to Me." (CC)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

DEATH WITH A DAGGER / KYLMÄ SOTA – split EP

I happened to throw on the KYLMÄ SOTA side first and was blown away simply by how distorted the recording was. Not that there's a lot of distortion in the guitars necessarily; I'm talking, like, the low-end is so blown-out that whole thing has a stuttered, echo-y feel. Makes THE SHITLICKERS EP sound overproduced. The music, as you may imagine, is raw, DISCHARGE-influenced Scandi-core, played by an international supergroup of sorts—Ronnie on vocals, Breznev on drums, Maggie on bass, and JFK on chainsaw guitar. I'd recommend this for the folks who like LEBENDEN TOTEN and DISCLOSE type stuff. In comparison, DEATH BY A DAGGER's side can't help but sound somewhat tame in comparison—the first track is definitely an unremarkable crust number, but the second is a cool mid-tempo rocker that I must confess was probably my favorite on the record. All in all, a good split albeit with some horrible cover art. (CS)
(Reset Not Equal Zero/Fight/Deaf Forever, deaf4ever@gmail.com)

DESTRUCTOR 666/SUP – "No Parasan" CDEP

Split between two UK bands here. DESTRUCTOR 666 has been around in one form or another since '77 and plays a grizzled punk/Oi! style that is constantly solid. SUP is a straight-up ska-punk band not unlike early AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY. Overall, this was a solid release but not spectacular. (JF)
(Rowdy Farrago Sound Recordings)

THE DICTATORS – "16 Forever/Stay With Me"

Man, there are some pop records that are just pure joy. I used to think that it was an era that it was limited to the power pop stuff that came out in the late '70s and early '80s. Recently, I've heard some pretty great stuff that calls that theory into question. However, when you listen to these two 1978 treasures, you can't help but think that my original theory just might be right. Wow. Both tracks are just fucking amazing. The A-side hasn't been heard before; the B-side is a demo-version. Wow. (KK)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE DIRTBOMBS – "Oh Katrina/ Candyass"

Now I know a lot of you will pay big bucks to hear Mick Collins fart into a bottle, and will be rushing out to stick $7 in an envelope for a couple of ropey live numbers. Me? I'll keep the money. Now, I don't like live shit for the most part and this is no real exception, as the band kinda gets lost in the noise and the mix is a shitty. That being said, THE DIRTBOMBS fucking rule, and even with a shit mix they still sound alive and urgent. They blend a BLACK SABBATH song into what I believe is a BLACK LIPS song… .nice! Flip is a ripping BLACK KEYS cover. So, yeah, I'll give it to them, they still rule but you're still not getting $7 from me. (TB)
(Noiseville, www.noiseville.com)

DISCHARGE – "Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing" CD

To the 300,000 bands out there trying to re-incarnate the sound of DISCHARGE (including DISCHARGE themselves) at the present: Look, recording is a fine art and to obtain the power of this recording you are gonna need analog equipment, classic amplification (not metal amps), tempo changes, bass lines that don't just follow the guitar pattern perfectly—oh, and uh, Mike Stone. This is not some fucking computer-generated home recording—there is loads of money, effort, and skill involved, and this is exactly why most current punk bands will never obtain anywhere near as much ferocity as the classics. Think about that next time you download an album—the money to finance such recording endeavors is gone because of you, and it is you who are suffering for it. (But why try to imitate DISCHARGE? Why not do something original that hasn't been done before?) This is one of the greatest albums of all time, remastered for the worse, on a CD in a slick digipack, with nine extra tracks from the *Never Again* and *State Violence State Control* EPs. If you don't like it choke for all I care. (WK)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, ENGLAND, www.captainoi.com)

DISCHARGE – "Never Again" CD

I don't get this...the CD comes with a booklet featuring a piece written by Ian Glasper (the *Burning Britain* guy) that basically questions the whole reason for this record's existence and goes on about how DISCHARGE turned into shite. (He's right of course—but why would Captain Oi put that in the release?) Okay, DISCHARGE doesn't need much of an introduction, to me they always kind of fell in between the "Destroy" bands (EXPLOITED, GBH, etc.) and the Anarcho bands (CONFLICT, SUBHUMANS, etc.)—music for the thinking glue-sniffer if you like. Of course, it used to be mandatory that "DISCHARGE" would occupy that panel that goes across the bottom of the back of your leather jacket—it was just in the rules. Anyway, back in 1980 DISCHARGE were the shite (as were a lot of bands in those days, yes) and then in 1984 they went from being *the* shite...to just simply *shite* (as did a lot of bands in those days, yes) and in a somewhat desperate attempt to keep up interest (and cash flow) they (or probably their record label Clay) decided to remix all their classic EPs and release it as a "greatest hits" kind of thing. Being fourteen and being largely under the influence of cider and the aforementioned third lung, of course I didn't give a fuck, but it royally pissed off a lot of the (older) punks and for this reason DISCHARGE have always been somewhat of a joke in the serious-minded punk world. So—yes, why re-release *Never Again* again? (Again... Receiver Records re-released it a few years ago, and I'm sure there was a mid-price Castle or Clay re-release a decade or so ago...) If you want to know what all the fuss was about, find the reissue with *Why* and the early EPs and then you'll see why people from Portland to Osaka to Finland go nuts over four geezers from Stoke-on-Trent. (AD)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, ENGLAND, www.captainoi.com)

DISCHARGE – "Why" CD

Finally, the legend has been re-mastered, repackaged, and re-released in a swanky digi-pak. In many ways, it's kind of difficult to describe DISCHARGE. Musically, they were truly groundbreaking and revolutionary in the same way that the RAMONES were, or the CLASH, or MINOR THREAT. They spawned a million imitators (probably literally thousands of "Dis" and "D-beat" bands have been reviewed in these pages over the last 25 odd years, hundreds from Scandinavia alone, I'd wager), and invented "crossover." Their lyrics were overtly political/anarchist, and they appealed to not only the anarcho-punks but, more importantly, pretty much everyone else too. They married the speed and aggression of punk (together with said

social concerns) to the metallic overdrive of MOTÖRHEAD, and added the craziest guitar solos (like GREG GINN on speed). They were it. Everyone else since has only been able to copy, and pay homage to 'em—but never equal them. This (the first of three absolutely mandatory reissues) collects their first three 7"s with the *Why* 12" (and a couple of blistering live tracks), all originally seeing the light of day in 1980-'81 (to give you some comparison, and how ahead of the game DISCHARGE were—both the BAD BRAINS' ROIR sessions and the DEAD KENNEDYS' *In God We Trust, Inc.* didn't surface until 1982). 24 absolute ragers clocking in at 35 minutes. Hearing is believing, and quite frankly, why bother with the second-rate, and second best, when you can now, once again, indulge in the real thing. Too fucking right. (RK)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, ENGLAND, www.captainoi.com)

THE DOWNBEAT 5 – "Smoke and Mirrors" CD

Yikes… I mean, if you are into bluesy garage soul rock 'n' roll with those "Come on let the music get ya movin'" kinda lyrics (OK, so it's a KINKS cover, but it still made my skin crawl) and the energy of live recordings, then by all means check this out. Don't get too put off by it being a live recording—they recorded it live in a studio, so the sound is good. But in a way, I think the quality of sound on this recording kind of ruined it for me… A little more fuzz and grit would put this back into the punk zone, but as it is it just screams happy hour at the retro bar, and I'd be needing at least a pitcher to make it through this one. (AA)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125, www.steelcagerecords.com)

DRILLER KILLER – "And The Winner Is" CD

Next up in Crimes Against Humanity's DRILLER KILLER reissue series comes this behemoth recorded from 2000. I really don't remember this band being this good! Think the current wave of Scandi-beat warriors—(old) WOLFPACK, SKITSYSTEM, and MARTYRDOD—with deeper, crust-growling vocals. The production's great and the pounding never lets up to the bitter fucking end. This is beastly. (JU)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

DRILLER KILLER – "Cold Cheap & Disconnected" CD

Well-produced, maybe overtly, driving brute force of Swedish crust and metal-edged punk core. Proficiently played; the sound is tight, the musicianship is top notch and at times original, but still a lot of the riffs just aren't that good. The song structures are formulaic, cookie-cutter, and too safe, and lyrically this is fairly dumbed-down and aimed at mainstream-minded listeners. (BS)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

DRILLER KILLER – "Fuck the World" CD

The cover of this record is a drawing of the earth with a giant vagina superimposed over it. On the inside is more rockin' metallic Swedish crust from the prolific DRILLER KILLER. Apparently Crimes Against Humanity has re-released every DRILLER KILLER record for the USA; this is their fifth record that originally came out in '97. If you are into brutal Swedish crust-metal you will probably like this, otherwise it is not the most essential record out there. There is a song on here called "Blind, Naked, and Covered With Shit" about how they hate black metal. (BN)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

DRONGOS FOR EUROPE – "Death's a Career: Singles & Rarities" LP

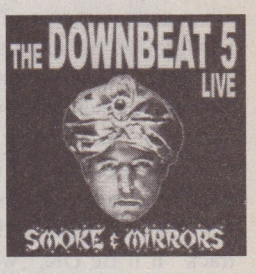
Peter from Pure Punk Records in Parma, Italy has lovingly compiled an LP containing material from the 1981-1984 era of DRONGOS FOR EUROPE. The *Death's a Career* LP includes the four songs featured on the *Adverse Chorus* EP self-released in 1981. This is followed by the Tempest Records EP, *Death's a Career*, circa 1982. Side two rewards you with the strongest three DRONGOS FOR EUROPE songs yet: "Eternity," "British Summertime," and the short burst of pure punk entitled "Violence." "Violence" has some real punk rock teeth! These three songs from Tempest Records (Hell #6) were originally released in 1982 and stand out as the most passionate tunes Peter and DRONGOS FOR EUROPE selected for the album. The LP finishes with unreleased material from 1983-1984. This compilation is a must for DRONGOS FOR EUROPE completists. The rest of you punks should track down the *Eternity* EP. (BR)
(Pure Punk, CP 214, 43100 Parma, ITALY, www.pure-punk.it)

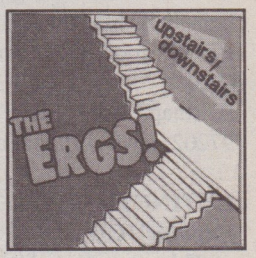
THE EPILECTICS – "System Rejects" CD

Well, Overground Records has released another run of THE EPILECTICS discography CDs they first put out in '96. It's 28 tracks of recordings from the band's two EPs, demos, and a few live shows (with at least ten songs pulling double duty). For the unfamiliar, this is the classic 1978 pre-FLUX OF PINK INDIANS unit that was also known as EPI-X or THE LICKS over their couple years as a band. Don't know how much this is gonna end up costing, but I'll venture to say it'll be worth it for the studio recordings and the few live recordings that aren't too fuzzed out or echo-y. Actually, has anyone reissued their *1970s* EP lately? If not, can someone please get to it? This CD is nicely packaged and all, but there are like 20 tracks I may never listen to again—I just want the three gems on vinyl. Thanks. (AA)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, ENGLAND, www.overground records.co.uk)

THE ERGS! – "Books About Miles Davis" EP

First impression: Why would you have a records called *Books About Miles Davis*—is this fuckin' emo!? No. It's indie-flavored punk, or punk-flavored indie—





since it's in *MRR* I guess the latter applies. The title track isn't much of anything but the flip is pretty good in a broke-ass REPLACEMENTS kinda way. (AD)
(Whoa Oh, 21-36 43rd St. Suite 3, Astoria, NY 11105)

THE ERGS! – "Upstairs/Downstairs" LP

The ERGS! seem to be single-band-edly keeping the tradition of early-'90s pop punk alive and awesome. They don't break any new ground but still manage to remain several notches above your average pop-core band in talent and songwriting ability. Maybe I just appreciate these guys for not being like so many other bands in this genre: sexist, sappy, apathetic, cynical, macho, dumb… This record shows them at their catchiest with the track "It'll Be OK," which will probably be stuck in my head for, like, ever, but also at their most self-indulgent with the 5-million-hour-long title track. In general though, the ERGS! good, this record good. You go buy. (PC)
(Dirtnap, 2615 SE Clinton, Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com)

EXTINCTION OF MANKIND-*"Ale to England"* CD

This sounds a lot like AMEBIX, DISCHARGE, and ANTISECT. Actually these are cover versions of those bands songs with nine live trax included as a CD bonus. I don't really see the point in cover records—usually the original is better. Why not just release your own songs? I do love EXTINCTION OF MANKIND though and they do a good version of "Sunshine Ward" for sure. I guess my preference is their originals to covers of legends that already have seen the light of day in thousands of homes all over the world. The live material is pretty rad. For super fans and completists. (WK)
(Moshpit Tragedy, www.moshpit-tragedy.com)

FADES – CD

The blurb compared these English dudes to GANG OF FOUR, which sounded great to me. Track one is pretty ripping, not GANG OF FOUR by any means, but decent enough punk-tinged indie not unlike THE RAKES. As the CD progressed I realized these fellas aren't punk at all but just a bunch of hipsters who want to get signed. They have THE RAKES/LIBERTINES faux punk swagger…..but I think they just want to be rock stars. The songs become more and more radio friendly as the CD progresses. I'm sure we'll see more of these cats on MTV2. Me? I'll pass. (TB)
(Dirty, 438 North Camden Dr. #200, Beverly Hills, CA 90210)

THE FALL – "Reformation" CD

Finally out off the late-'80s/early-'90s wilderness when Mark E Smith decided to flirt with major label aspirations of chart success, even incorporating beats and mixes. But hey, Mr. Smith ain't God, even though his biting working class cynicism makes me wish he was. I do believe this is the third release on Narack, and yet again another absolute winner. Keeping its kraut rock influences heavy, with a hypnotic riff-pounding, post-psychedelic trance mixed with the biting intellectual snarl of Smith's monotone vocal delivery. If you lost interest in THE FALL way back in those lost years, trust me he's back with his revolving bunch of musicians, sounding as dark and bitter as he did way back then. (SD)
(Narnack, www.narnackrecords.com)

FATALITY – "The Wicked" EP

Hey! This is good! It started a bit emo but quickly kicked into quick raw hardcore. A little thrash, a little emo, and a little early-'90s hardcore sound. The sound is stripped down to hardcore basics, which I think comes from being a three piece combined with not trying to get the currently popular, huge, busy emo hardcore sound. I did see a photo on the band's site of someone bowling… They also get points for that. (MH)
(By Our Hands, 269 Wonder Street, Reno, NV 89502, www.spacementreno.com)

THEE FINE LINES – "Set You Straight" CD

If you're familiar with previous releases of THEE FINE LINES, you should well know what to expect: lot of KINKS influence via MILKSHAKES and HEADCOATS, which is A-OK by me. If you're not, then that handy classic *MRR* musical association should make fairly clear whether they're likely to appeal to you as they appeal to me. Simple, *n'est-ce pas*? (DD)
(Licorice Tree, PO Box 301975, Austin, TX 78703, www.licoricetree.com)

FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN – "It's OK To Be Ugly" CD

This new CD assembles all the early-'80s output of this art-tinged anarcho punk band. Like many of the groups associated with that scene, FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN tried to push the boundaries of what was becoming typical punk rock, and as such this collection is all over the map—from straight-up punk scorchers, to spooky DIY post-punk, to folk and pop experiments, all with a heavy reliance on earnest-sounding vocals. So, musically a mixed bag, but when they were on, they were on. There's a lot of interest in this era of UK punk right now, what with all the books, magazine articles, and reissues. It's only appropriate that FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN get their share of recognition. This is a great first release on a new label, hopefully the first of many. (AM)
(Catastrophe Ballet, PO Box 66876, Portland, OR 97290, catastropheballet@yahoo.com)

FORCED MARCH / RAISER – split EP

Spain's RAISER are raw vocals scraped over dense, compressed thrashing. A plow of distortion tilling up blast-beats and solos. No new tricks, but blasts at high enough volume. On the flip, Portland's FORCED MARCH deliver a great side reminiscent of THE DETONATORS, with their clear, gravel-throated vocals and dead-ahead, powerful hardcore—dragging the sound through the last two decades of hardcore with modern flourishes and songwriting complexity. Killer! Yawn-inducing cover. (KS)
(Humildad Y Honestidad, C/ Iturgitixi, 28-41zg CP, 48991 Algorta (Bizkala), SPAIN, www.humilidadyhonestidad.tk)

FORMOGENHET – s/t EP

I really was not into this. Throwaway joke hardcore with horrible pantomime Jello vocals. Maybe you would like it? I don't know though. There is a Rikk Agnew reference and a "My War" one, and since I can't speak Swedish I am not sure what the intention is—perhaps it's meant to be a hip hop-styled sample thing? Or are they covers? Whatever; this record sucks. Sorry dudes. I can't even think of anything witty with which to diss this. It's just boring. (LG)
(formogenhet@gmail.com)

FUG – "Can I Have Your Skull?" CD

The eponymous FUG plays clean-sounding thrash with hints of metal (a la SUICIDAL TENDENCIES' first LP) and sing about all the stuff they hate: cops, hippies, skinheads, THE BEATLES. There's even three anti-FUG songs, one of which explains their style better than I could: "We think hardcore is still speed, punk and fun / So hate us! Hate Us!" At least they're polite about the skull thing… Bonus points for the STUPIDS cover. (PC)
(Buffalo '66, www.gonnapuke.com)

GEEKS – "Every Time We Fall" CD

Classic '88-style posi-core in the vein of THE FIRST STEP and OUR TURN, who took it straight from late-'80s bands like

YOUTH OF TODAY and SIDE BY SIDE. Although the scene became a parody of itself, especially with all the "stabbed in the back" bullshit, I've always loved the classics and the bands who stuck to that formula. GEEKS have it down pat, and except for the singer's squeaky vocals that start to grate, this is ripping. If you're into this sound, I'm sure you're already familiar with this Korean band; if not, go for broke. (TB)
(Think Fast, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

GEISHA GIRLS – "In the Monotone/Last Touch"

Some of my favorite OC natives return with a neat two-songer. If you've been following this band you'll be familiar with their detached, CURE-meets-GANG OF FOUR post-punk sound. Since their early 12" and single, that style has solidified and taken a more direct route to pure SoCal beach-punk rock 'n' roll rebellion, illustrated best by the B-side MIDDLE CLASS cover and recent live outings of AGENT ORANGE's "Everything Turns Gray" that puts aging revival circuit wrinklies to shame. There's still not a girl among 'em though. (AM)
(Project Infinity, www.projectinfinityrecords.com)

GOODBYE GADGET – "Killing June" CD

Formerly INSPECT HER GADGET, these locals usually go for the rock club circuit as opposed to the punk scene. Rightfully so! Bad mainstream pop punk with a singer who must really worship Gwen Stefani. An all-gal combo with the exception of the drummer, this does sound best with the strings and the keyboards. Drop the punk posturing and go pop a la AVRIL, you seem better at it. (RL)
(www.goodbyegadget.com)

GUNS ON THE RUN – "For Glory" CD

GUNS ON THE RUN play an accessible brand of street punk that has some of the classic Oi! and hardcore sound of yesterday but definitely has a modern feel. If this is confusing, think less US BOMBS or STITCHES and more ANN BARETTA. You know, people who had AVAIL coming right after the ANGELIC UPSTARTS in their collection type of sound. Poppy yet hard enough in a melodic way with plenty of sing-a-long-type parts make this CD a winner. (JF)
(Creep, www.creeprecords.com)

HARPOON GUNS – "Cannibal Eyes" EP

This is fucking great snotty punk from SoCal that brings to mind those bands whose names you can't remember from the first two Mystic Records samplers. The superb recording on this really adds to the authenticity of the sound. One of these dudes probably owns a pair of JFA-esque checkered shorts. Sweet balls/balls of sweetness. (CC)
(Eliminator, eliminatorrecords@gmail.com)

HIT THE DECK – "Walking Backwards" CD

Ah, Christian hardcore, why do you plague me so? I made the executive decision to not write this one off right off the bat for being a Christian band because some of their songs did vilify killing in the name of god, blindly accepting creationism over evolution, and other very non-Christian ideals. But I still have a real schism with it. So, due to their outspoken association with a specific organized religion, no matter how far they try to distance themselves from it, they still proudly wear that badge. A "good" cop is still a cop, a "cool" boss is still a boss, and a "progressive" Christian is still willingly tied to centuries of oppression and bloodshed. The music here is very by-the-book straight edge youth crew HC with some NOFX–ness thrown in for bad measure. (JU)
(Cold Vomit, 2180 Channel Drive, Ventura, CA 93001)

HOMBRINUS DUDES – "Possesed" EP

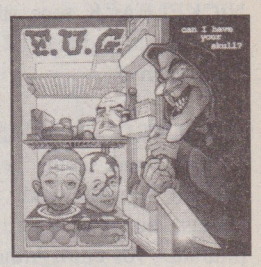
Speedy grindcore, more in the vein of HEWHO-CORRUPTS and PHOBIA than, say, CARCASS. Fast—check that—very fast, with pissed political lyrics. What more do you want? Side B starts with political spoken word piece, then kicks into more of an old death metal sound but does grind for a bit. The internet told me the band has a handful of releases, I'm going to order them tonight. Profits from this 7" go to the Leonard Peltier Defense Project. (MH)
(On the Warpath, onthewarpath517@yahoo.com)

HUMAN EYE – "Dinosaur Bones" EP

Timmy Vulger rides again! And on his most-fabled format, judging by the strength of all those CLONE DEFECTS and EPILEPTIX singles. It struck me odd that HUMAN EYE dropped an LP as their first release (not that it was a letdown in the slightest), but this single (as well as the other new one on Cass) totally murders just about anything claiming to be forward- (or sideways?) thinking punk with its total mindwarp of a title track. It begins straight enough, but moves into some maddening keyboard/synth fuckfest. Unreal and rivaling any moment on the LP in terms of shock and greatness. The flip features a fairly tame (by comparison anyway) URINALS cover and another original that lacks the wallop of the title track, but is no less satisfying. A truly awesome single by a band that's impossible to ignore. (MC)
(Ypsilanti, PO Box 970021, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

ILEGALITY – "Sami Proti Sebe..." CD

Powerful hardcore punk from the Czech Republic. ILEGALITY employs a straightforward, driving attack, with a tight rhythm section and cutting guitar. Stylistically, the music is the Scandi-HC-with-a-twist that Eastern European bands like INNOXIA CORPORA have perfected (and that I love dearly!), with touches of melody here and there. Intense vocal delivery; lyrics scream alienated despair against modern society. Great release from this band with its roots in early-'90s acts OSTROV P and DO NOT X-RAY, if that means anything to you (it didn't to me). (CS)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel, c/o Pavel Friml, Mrstikova 393, 66482, Ricany U Brna, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)



THE INEVITABLE BACKLASH – "Sex For Safety" CD

With a sticker that states "members of ROLLINS BAND and SACCHARINE TRUST," I expected better. Not that I know ROLLINS BAND and I certainly don't recognize any names from the original SACCHARINE TRUST lineup. So we get rock music instead of punk. Rock in a ROB ZOMBIE way mixed in with a little acoustic NICKELBACK type stuff. Yes, this is that out of place and bad. (RL)
(Hegemony)

INFECTED – "Ryu's Determination" EP

This band seems very CRIMPSHRINE/FIFTEEN-influenced, especially in the vocals, but the music is way more like mid/late-'90s emo. Although it's not my cup of Mad Dog, I can say that INFECTED do this really well. It's heartfelt and well-played, and despite being very emotional it doesn't get to that I'm-gonna-cry-now point. As a non-sequitur ending to this six-song EP they do a bitchin', straightforward cover of the CIRCLE JERKS' "In Your Eyes"(!). (PC)
(Eugene, PO Box 1002, Lexington, KY 40588, eugenerecords.com)

KAKKA-HÄTA 77 – "Kakkahata Tappaa" EP

What we have here is some poppy stuff from Finland. I have no idea what they are singing about but the singer's voice sounds sort of like the guy from REDUCERS SF, as does the guitar at parts. Actually after about five listens this record is still hard to peg down as far as a reference point goes, but I can tell you gets a thumbs up. (JF)
(Deaf Forever, deaf4ever@gmail.com)

KAKKA-HÄTA 77 – "WTC Räjähtää" EP

A rocking and rollicking singalong street punk record with nice, raw production. The songs are super poppy—and '77-like, as their name would suggest—like the UNDERTONES or the VIBRATORS; the aesthetic and attitude is more in the early Scandi/Euro vein, like ASTA KASK or SLIME. A perfect combination in my book. Excellent! (PC)
(Combat Rock Industry, Fredrikinkatu 58, 00100 Helsinki, FINLAND)

KATIE KATTY – "Monster Cat Creep Show" EP

This is an intriguing four-song EP from KATIE KATTY from Japan. It's obviously recorded really well but sounds purposefully fuzzed-out and distorted—which gives it a sharp edge that cuts through but also adds an element of tension which is great. This all-female power-trio writes catchy punk tunes coupled with furious shouted vocals, hooky bass lines, and incredibly precise lightning-fast drums that really stand out and grab you. They don't remind me of any bands directly but for the sake of people reading I would say they have elements that seem to work well for bands like THE COMES, DISORDER, THE BRIEFS, LOST WORLD, ORDER, etc. Track this down if you can, I have a feeling you won't be disappointed. (WK)
(Peeping Tom, Pekantie 26, 58500 Punkaharju, FINLAND)

KILL CONRAD – "32 Short Films About Nothing in Particular" CD

Well, certainly five short bursts (the entire EP clocks in at just over ten minutes) of melodic punk/snotty hardcore type stuff. Sort of like a LIFETIME-meets-DILLINGER 4 type thang. Not quite as engaging as either of the aforementioned, but none too shabby either. (RK)
(www.killconrad.com)

KILL TOBY WYATT – "North to South vs. East to West" CD

Dunno about this band thanking the Almighty. I hope they're being hipsterly ironic. I worry that they're not. The ten songs are all about heartbreak, melancholy, and loss, in that sort of rough-edged, cigarettes-and-whiskey emo sort of way. Yknow, popularized by the likes of KNAPSACK, and the better bands that were inspired by the REPLACEMENTS. Musically, these chaps definitely follow in that gruff, melodic vein. A bit patchy, but besides the notebook and half-pint in the backpack, they have the odd good tune lurking… (RK)
(Eugene, PO Box 1002, Lexington, KY 40588, eugenerecords.com)

K.I.T. – "Broken Voyage" CD

K.I.T. are one of my favorite local bands and have been since I moved here. The first time I saw them I was reminded of an even more spazzed-out FISTICUFFS BLUFF, maybe because of the frantic music plus artsy girl vocals… Kristy's somehow not as nasty sounding as Summer of thee FISTICUFFS BLUFF (who had this cool whispered threat bad girl incantation thing). Kristy is *exhuberant*, motherfuckers. She sounds totally psyched and blown away by things, and live she reflects this, being that she is a truly charismatic, exciting front-person. Fucks with people without pissing them off! Throws herself here and there! There are all these cool-looking mystery suburban teenagers that go to K.I.T. shows and freak out completely in the pit that you never see at other shows. *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains*/THE SKUNKS-style for sure. K.I.T. features the Touchton brothers of XBXRX fame, and Chen of George Chen fame also. The guitars are trebled out yr ears, the drums are fully-charged George of the Jungle-style destruction… This is a great record. I know I am biased because I am a super fan, and maybe if like TOTALITÄR are your favorites you would be best avoiding this. But if you like fucked-up art-damaged bratty punk jams with sharp-yet-sweet vocal stylings then you would like this. It sounds excited and ready for something new and it also is fuckin' falling apart, which, as you may or may not know, is my favorite kind of music. It's not hardcore, but it is to me. Go see them play! I kind of wish they hadn't been so minimalistic with the artwork though—what's wrong with having lyrics and band photos? (LG)
(Upset the Rhythm, www.upsetthe rhythm.co.uk)

KNIFE FIGHT – "Crisis" LP

Nothing truly beats a short, ripping, hardcore 12" EP. I'm too lazy to keep flipping and switching 7"s, and full LPs are usually too long, so these little ditties are perfect for me. KNIFE FIGHT seems to have added an almost DISCHARGE-like simplicity to their mix of '80s-Boston-and-Midwest-influenced HC stew. It could be due to the fact that not all the tracks are in the "all go, no slow" style that they were known for in the past and the speed change calls for more of an ability to write memorable songs (and I feel they definitely succeeded at that task). I loved their past records, don't get me wrong, but this effort shows them breaking out of the current flood of bands paying homage to the past. They were one of the torch-bearers of the current scene of '80s worship, I know, but I think KNIFE FIGHT were beginning to get lumped in with all the Johnny-come-lately's and this record couldn't have come out at a better time to show the world that KNIFE FIGHT still rule! O-fucking-K? (JU)
(Lengua Armada, #241 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, CA, 94117)

KVOTERINGEN / PISSCHRÏST – split EP

PISSCHRÏST may be a distorted D-beat band, but most of the time they have more in common with a straightforward hardcore band than any D-beat band I can recall playing that style these days. Totally ripping, fast anthems played with the intensity of bands like MINOR THREAT or URBAN WASTE. The lyrics also aren't just limited to the sub-

ject matter of war and death. Great job. KVOTERINGEN, from Sweden, hold up their country's reputation for always producing great hardcore bands. These three songs are raw and full of energy. The translated lyrics talk of the struggle against corporate interests—specifically, power plants and the damage they are causing to the earth. Perfect split EP. (WK)
(Endless Blockades, endlessblockades_orders@yahoo.com)

LÄRM – "No One Can Be That Dumb" EP

This reissue of the 1986 rarity is a labor of love, including an 11 x 17" lyric sheet and a heavy-duty cover. In this case, the music is deserving. The Dutch have a way with hardcore, but this batch of sixteen tunes (most under a minute) pushes the envelope to a "fast as can be played" sound—quite similar to INDIGESTI. To cap things, LÄRM's lyrics were always a step above the norm, casting a cynical eye toward the worst tendencies in both society at large and the punk scene. Keep your eyes out for additional reissues. Recommended. (SS)
(Way Back When, www.waybackwhenrecords.com)

LÄRM – "Nothing Is Hard In This World If You Dare to Scale the Heights" EP

LÄRM gets the excellent/authentic reissue treatment by Way Back When and Shortfuse Records. Despite their cheesy (even for me!), über-positive record title, this final EP by these Dutch fast-core pioneers arguably showcases their best material. Unlike their first split and EP, these twelve ferocious tracks were recorded by someone that actually knew what they were doing in the studio. Highly recommended for fans of anything from STRAIGHT AHEAD to MANLIFTINGBANNER. (CC)
(Way Back When, www.waybackwhenrecords.com)

THE LEIF ERICSSON – CD

Despite the Scandinavian moniker, THE LEIF ERICSSON peddle UK pop-punk that makes the requisite nods to the twin titans of the style, SNUFF and LEATHERFACE. Trouble is, they're so busy hitting you over the head with obvious "melodic" guitar leads that they have forgotten to write proper songs. Not entirely—there *are* some good songs here ("Broken Bones" and "Twelve Years in the Making" are two that come close to matching SNUFF on their quality songwriting, not just their punchy guitar sound). I don't mean to be too harsh on these boys—for the genre, it's done really well. I'd put it up there with SOUTHPORT or THE JONES, definitely. But if you're going to put certain bands in the press release, you're setting the bar pretty high. (AM)
(Bombed Out, PO Box 17, Leeds, W. Yorkshire, LS8 1UP, UNITED KINGDOM, www.bombedout.com)

LIBERTY — "The People Who Care Are Angry" LP

If I were not having to review this record I doubt I would have made it past the first track of talking over piano and saxophone. I couldn't stop laughing, and then I felt bad because the words were so thoughtful and earnest. I guess I just wasn't prepared for it. Anyway, I was relieved when things picked up a few songs later with some good passionate political punk of the anarcho variety. There's bit of CONFLICT here, a little FLUX OF PINK INDIANS there, but ultimately they have their own enjoyable and idiosyncratic sound going on. The layered speaking is really awesome in some places, and really awkward in others. This repress of the original early '80s Mortarhate release is kind of annoying for a few reasons—only like half the lyrics are on the back, and there is no insert. One of the most important things with a band like this is to be able to rock out to the music and get into it, then be able to go back and read the lyrics and really consider what they have to say. The packaging may be half-assed, but I'll take what I can. I'm into it. (AA)
(Get Back, Via Argentina, 25 – 50065 Sieci, Firenze, ITALY)

LIE AND WAIT / LMF – split EP

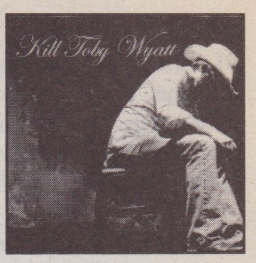
A solid modern hardcore split from these two young Texas bands. LMF brings to mind BATTERY and SICK OF IT ALL whereas LIE AND WAIT falls somewhere in the AMERICAN NIGHTMARE to SNAPCASE emotive metalcore realm. Both these bands have potential; someone from one of these groups will go on to be in a band that rules. (BN)
(Wormhole, 2710 Cleburne Houston, TX 77004)

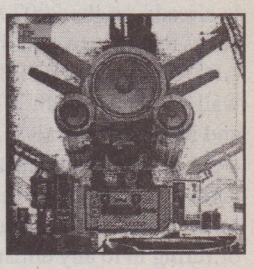
LIGHTHOUSE PROJECT / SATURA LANX – "Come to Accept" EP

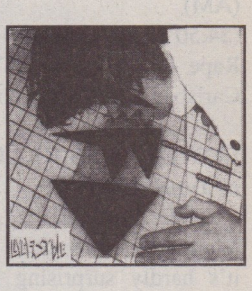
Both bands are from Scandinavia and they're both here to bum you out significantly. No matter how high you climb you will only fall that much farther and rainbows don't mean shit. LIGHT HOUSE PROJECT is somewhat screamy modern Scandinavian hardcore. Sort of like JR EWING or some other band I can't think of at the moment. Maybe the non-techno moments of THE REFUSED. I feel like that's a cheap comparison though. SATURA LANX are fairly similar but heavier and the dude has more of a black metal voice although I wouldn't call this music that. This isn't terrible but I couldn't latch on to a single track. The artwork on this is the true winner. I wish I wanted to keep it because someone did a great job! I hate not liking records like this. You can tell someone put a lot of heart and work in to it. Overall if this was an arm wrastlin' match SATURA LANX would win. Their side sounds like it's recorded a little better and a lot louder. Never underestimate brute force. (ST)
(Brown/Deaf Forever, deaf4ever@gmail.com)

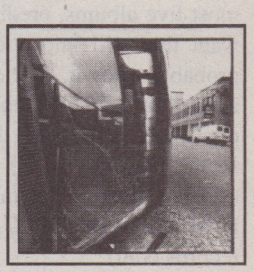
LIVE FAST DIE / WIZZARD SLEEVE – split EP

No distorted, fuzzed-out rumble can disguise the abundant melody spilling from this EP. Its ugly post-punk static still can't hide the punk rock roots—even the tripping psychedelic whirl fails to cover up the basic three-chord rock 'n' roll that we at this magazine love. If THE SPITS weren't so bored, if the A-FRAMES cast









off their art damage front, and if THE BLACK LIPS climbed out of their time machine, it would sound, just maybe, like these bands. Another winner. (SD)
(Jeth Row, 9837 US Hwy 231,Wetumpka, AL 36092, jethrowrecords@yahoo.com)

LOSER LIFE – "I Want The World" EP

Fuck! LOSER LIFE's first 7" made it onto my top ten of 2006, and I think their new one is already on the 2007 short list. Three short songs that improve on their now-trademarked ARTICLES OF FAITH/early HÜSKER DÜ wall-of-noise attack. The lyrics are sparse and reek of desperation, but you'd be desperate too if you lived in Bakersfield. A genuine hardcore punk band that is a million miles away from following any particular fashion or fitting in to any elitist scene. LOSER LIFE is touring the US in May—don't miss 'em. (AM)
($4.50 US/$5 Canada/$7 World ppd: Life's a Rape c/o M. Colin Tappe, PO Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018, colinrrmf@yahoo.com)

LOWER CLAS BRATS – "Loud and Out of Tune" CD/DVD

THE LOWER CLASS BRATS have admittedly never done anything for me, so it's hardly surprising that I'd find a live album a big yawn. But who's to care? Like most live albums, predisposed fans who will want this will know that they want it and probably enjoy it. As the accompanying press release says, "This is the *Kiss Alive II* of live punk rock albums!!" No further comment seems necessary. (DD)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave., Suite 505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tko-records.com)

MAINLINERS – CD

What the fuck?!? I know this CD shouldn't be reviewed in *MRR* as there is not one ounce of punk here, but it's so much easier to write a bad review so why not? There are two main things that come to mind while listening to this. It's overproduced in a very obvious "Who's going to put our music on one of their car or pants commercials" type way. And the band has been listening to too many ballads by QUEEN and AEROSMITH. I picture tabloid stories about the "bad boy" singer of MAINLINERS marrying a famous-because-her-parents-were-famous Hollywood actress who then gets all distressed because of his drinking. Then he goes to rehab and they start having kids. In that case, note to band, if you are going to sell your soul do it for a bottle not a can of wine. (CK)
(Crusher)

MARGARET THRASHER – "Does It Matter?" EP

I really like this band. I saw them play with LOOK BACK AND LAUGH and was not expecting much—you know, support band indifference—and they totally held their own and were raging and rad. It's just good, well thought-out basement hardcore punk with impassioned vocals. It sounds like they give a shit and are also having fun, like they care about what they say and do, and the music reflects that. Maybe in lesser hands it would just be generic rec-room thrash but it totally isn't somehow. It's kind of what you hope hardcore could be. It's still possible to be in a band that is sincere and has a sense of humor and is not populated by morons sharing a brain cell and a six-pack. (LG)
(Clarence Thomas, 1930 SW 13th Ave, Portland, OR 97201)

MASSGRAV – "Stampa Takten Alla Bokstavsbarn" EP

Ultra-limited EP (200 copies) from Stockholm's MASSGRAV. Eight blinding, raw thrash tracks that, like KRIGSHOT, update the MOB 47 style of throttling, depth-charge hardcore. Seemingly even faster than their recent split LP with DISKONTO, MASSGRAV's severe vocal trade-offs, hints of rock (in the song intros), and blistering quick solos push this even further over the top—all sandwiched in between silly "top 40 radio announcer" bookends and other goofy samples. Lyrics are entirely in Swedish. A FINAL EXIT cover and labels in classic Swedish hardcore style (blank! though each side is stickered) make for an instant want-list line, so get hunting immediately! (KS)
(Blindead, c/o Krogh, Edgrensgatan 27, 671 50 Arvika, SWEDEN)

MEERCAZ – "Unlust" EP

I don't know what this is, but I like it. The accompanying note clarifies that it's "Not: '82 Styled HC, sorry; Not: On VICE, thankfully; RIP: ANNA NICOLE, goddess; JUST IN CASE/SEND $$$" How can you not be moved by that? "Lovesick" sounds a bit like some psych rawk with a bit of art punk (like a slightly metallic TWINKEYZ?). "Unlust" is more like a mutant early heavy psych but better, but still goes on a bit too long. Keep at it and conquer! (DD)
($4 ppd: Point Wrex, 6255 NE 17th Ave., Portland, OR 97211)

MIDNIGHT BOMBERS – "Evil Streets" CD

Did you read that column by Felix Havoc in last month's issue? This would fall into the reduction category. This isn't exactly bad; it just doesn't have anything that stands out. I would describe MIDNIGHT BOMBERS as mid-tempo rock-fueled punk easily decent enough to play bar shows, which, from the looks of it, may be the only shows they will play. Not groundbreaking or earth-shattering which is what I need these days to buy a record. Let's face it, there are too many average bands and throughout history there enough extraordinary ones that I couldn't justify wasting time with the average. Reminds me of current DWARVES albums. (WK)
(Wondertaker, www.wondertaker.com)

MODERN MACHINES – "The Right Girl" 45

I am not sure what happened with the MODERN MACHINES, but they went from a band that seemed to ape HÜSKER DÜ's sound without the songs to a band that has more a REPLACEMENTS feel complete with some excellent songwriting. It is like the MODERN MACHINES got it together before their last record on Dirtnap and said, "Milwaukee, we are gonna represent." This record is another winner in the excellent Art of the Underground single series and a just a fine record altogether. I want more!! (JF)
(Art of the Underground, PO Box 250, Buffalo, NY 14205, www.artoftheunderground.com)

MOMO LAMANA – "Two Is a Gang" LP

What the fuck?! This has to be one of the strangest-yet-cool records I've heard in a while and it's growing on me quickly. The music here is keyboard-heavy fuzz with raw guitar distortion, and it sounds like a lost '70s European KBD band that highly revered PLASTIC BERTRAND and SUICIDE. But wait, this was recorded in 2006! Imagine a more avant-garde SPITS, or perhaps the MUMMIES, with a drum machine/beat box, while still maintaining appreciation for lo-fi rock 'n' roll. Imagine lyrics in French, or Spanish, or English. It's pretty raw in quality, but not anywhere near being crappy. I don't know much about this band except it's a male/female duo from Belgium, and it's way more punk than most of the generic shit floating around these days. Only 300 copies of this are on vinyl, so act quick. (BG)
(Gonna Puke, www.gonnapuke.com)

THE MONKS – "Demo Tapes 1965" CD

The same songs released on the *Five Young Upstarts* CD put out by Omplatten in 1999 with the addition of an unnecessary remix track by Jason Forrest from THE MONKS tribute album. Since that CD is out

of print, if you don't already have it you really need this collection. The songs on *Five Young Upstarts* seem a bit cleaner, which could mean they were re-mastered or maybe this release isn't from the original tapes. Either way, it is a minute difference most people probably won't notice. The demos display the transition THE MONKS went through from being a bunch of guys playing garage music for fun into being a band trying to make it in the German scene. There are four songs that do not survive that and were not included on their only LP *Black Monk Time*, plus two songs recorded earlier while they were still called THE FIVE TORQUAYS. The sound is tamer than what they would later produce, but still more realized than most '60s garage bands. The best part of this reissue for me is the booklet that includes dialogue excerpts from the excellent documentary *Monks: The Transatlantic Feedback*. Hopefully, next up on Munster's release schedule is a DVD of that film. (CK)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

MONSTER – "Arms" CD

Two tracks of substandard, gruff-vocalled political hardcore go by and all of the sudden we get heavy. When we get heavy we get good. A few tracks of this go by and the yawn yawn hardcore comes back. Ya'll need to get stoned more often. The artwork on this release is the most solid thing about it. Die-cut slip-cover and fold-out poster sleeve featuring the first real flesh gun I've ever seen. No joke. It's gross and intriguing. Sort of like this band. (ST)
(Sabotage, www.sabotagerecords.net)

MONTECRISTO – CD

I dunno nothing about these black-clad Italian hipsters, other than they dig collage (no lyrics in the accompanying booklet, just collage), and the glam rock 'n' roll sounds of the late '60s. MONTECRISTO turn in a very passable late-'60s rock effort, not a million miles away from *Neurotica*-era REDD KROSS. There's a suitable dash of keyboards, and I bet they'd have been wearing paisley and flares 40 years ago. Which is fine too. (RK)
(www.sleepingstar.it)

MOTHER NIGHT – "Lifestyle/Deathstyle" CD

I've listened to this a couple times and vacillated between digging it and being driven up the wall by the vocals. It's modern hardcore rooted in an early-'90s sound, like UNBROKEN or BURN. The vocals come across as forced sometimes and are barked monotone in a way that you can understand. All the tracks are mid-paced and as with a lot of those heavy early-'90s hardcore bands I did find myself headbanging everyone once in a while. The lyrics are contemplative and often about the larger philosophical issues of every day life. Sometimes they worked great, and other times, like on "Dragging You Down With Me" when they kick into a boogie-rock swagger, they fall flat. Throw in the bad band name, which has nothing to do with the Vonnegut book, and cheap artwork and there is very little here to keep this out of the dollar bin. (MH)
(Off the Books, www.off-the-books.com)

MUDLARKS – CD

Ten tracks of rockabilly-tinged garage punk from Italy. The guitars are muscular but have a kind of sinewy, spooky melody. The vocals fall somewhere between the singer of SLANT 6 and Karen O of the YEAH YEAH YEAHS. Very bluesy and American sounding. You can hear the STOOGES and JOAN JETT influences, but this is probably ten times more vital than the new albums by either of those classic rock artistes. (AM)
(Puke 'n' Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92834, www.pukenvomitrecords.com)

THE MUMMIES – "Peel Sessions" EP

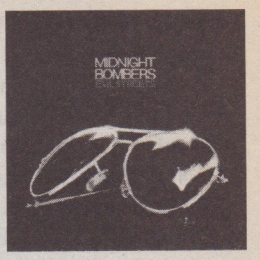
A domestic (according to the label) bootleg of the English bootleg of THE MUMMIES' Peel Sessions (sounding as though it was mastered from one of the old boots). I never thought this captured THE MUMMIES properly, but those who wished to hear them with more pedestrian production might like it. Definitely less vital than the "Running on Empty" LPs. (DD)
(bootleg)

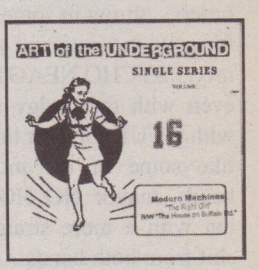
NIGHT COBRAS – "Night Terrors" CD

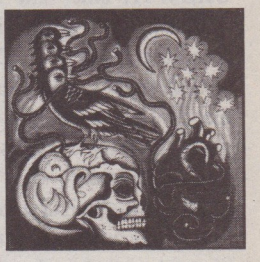
Is it really a good idea to mix NEGITIVE APPROACH-style hardcore with TED NUGENT-style rock 'n' roll? Well, by this listen I think these boys have stumbled across a winning formula. Reckless, loose blues-inspired riffing bulldozered along with an early-'80s aggressive hardcore punch. Produced by Alicja Trout, which makes their formula even more wonderfully weird. (SD)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

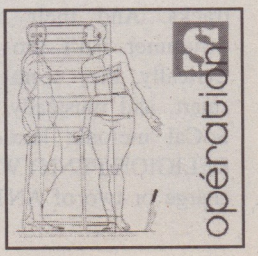
NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE – "My Reality" EP

Holy fuck! These hardcore brutes from Half Moon Bay, California are blistering the fucking surface of the planet! NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE attacks your brain the second the needle goes down! "My Reality" brings you the grim world of a troubled young man with "a disease inside [his] head." This extreme hardcore rant bleeds right into "Better Off." Fuck! This song captures the desperation of a man who feels trapped in bullshit society and ready to blow up at any moment: "Don't talk to me / Don't look at me / You lit the fucking match / You'll watch it burn." Delivered with full-hammer bass and drums with crazed metal-tinged guitar—great! Side two continues the merciless onslaught with "Tension." NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE finishes their bloody marauding with their anthem, "Nightstick Justice," about cops abusing their power. Fuck! These punks are playing over-the-top furious, strong, manic hardcore. Get this EP! (BR)
(Even Worse, c/o Noel de Boer, Saenredamstraat 44-2, 1072 Ch Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.waybackwhenrecords.com)









NOWHITERAG / PSYCHO NEGATIVES – split EP

Two Italian bands wrapped in a swanky black and white gatefold sleeve. The graphics misleadingly point to crustcore, which is way off. NOWHITERAG rip through three tracks of UK82-inspired punk, sounding like MAYHEM or SOCIAL DISEASE—y'know, those semi-obscure bands that actually were a little more ripping and out of control than the big hitters…throw in some early Italian hardcore for good measure and you have a pretty good mix. PSYCHO NEAGTIVES are even better, even with the dodgy recording. They stick with the UK for their influences, but come off like some of the more anthemic Danish bands, maybe NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS but with a more straight-ahead vibe. Great shit from both bands…nice. (TB)
(Pure Punk, www.purepunk.it)

OLD GROWTH / SCIENCE OF YARBA – split EP

Split with two bands from Portland, OR who happen to share a member. First up, the YARBA band, who play a sort of edgy, discordant post-HC style reminiscent of DRIVE LIKE JEHU or the FUGAZI songs that Guy sang. Good stuff, though it sounds like the studio setting might have dulled some of this band's energy. Two songs on the OLD GROWTH side—the first of which, "Taste the Rain," is a great, ringing anthem, maybe sounding like if DEAD MOON had more of a modern pop punk sensibility (and I mean that in a good way). If the band was trying to write the elusive "hit song" (or, perhaps, the punk equivalent—the "mix tape song"), they really hit the nail square on the head with that one. Their other, an instrumental, sounds a bit like one of the slower tunes off *24-Hour Revenge Therapy*—decent but not transcendent. I keep skipping back to that first track… (CS)
(Bakery Outlet/Dead Tank, www.bakeryoutletrecords.com, www.deadtankrecords.com)

ONEWORDSOLUTION – "Impasse as a Failsafe" CD

I like these guys. They have the consummate good taste to include an excerpt from a Chomsky lecture (albeit uncredited as to the source, and the Noam himself) as one of the tracks. And their tribute song to Joe Strummer isn't too cringeworthy either. Lyrically, they seem fairly concerned and smart, and musically, they largely stick to SoCal melodic hardcore territory (BAD RELIGION/PENNYWISE) mixed up with a charge or two of ANTI-FLAG. Good stuff. Which is lucky, 'cos spread over 18 tracks, there's a lot of it. (RK)
(Finger, www.fingerrecords.com)

OPERATION S – "Fermeture Definitive" EP

OPERATION S know how to do new wave right. The songs on this 7" are supercatchy and very poppy. They manage to incorporate that cheesy '80s keyboard sound just enough. It is never allowed to take over the song, and there is always plenty of guitar in the mix to keep the song sounding dynamic. Plus, anything sung in French by a female is just too cool to these American ears. (CK)
(Hate, via S. Giovanni In Laterano 192/ 194, 00184 Roma, ITALY, haters@tiscalinet.it)

OPERATION S – "Je Vois Des Gens/ Processus Aleatoire"

Herky-jerky new wave punk from France's OPERATION S. More experimental without going all experimental (if you know what I mean) than their last outings, almost coming off as a punk rock BERLIN, new wave TUBEWAY ARMY, or a sulking EPOXIES. Possibly their finest release yet as well, stirring up my cockles and muscles way more when they go all dark, vacant stares, and eyeliner. I could listen to this all night but those poor souls at *Maximum* like to shuffle off to bed at Christian hours so I guess five turns is my max. Ten out of ten, my month's Top of the Pops, icing on the cake, and brand new bicycle for Christmas. (SD)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

OSCARS – "Jump for Joy" EP

Now this is the Memphis shit that I am growing to love. There is something very satisfying about punk rock that is played well and is not complicated. This disc features three winners (and no losers) and is over and done with in what seems like five minutes. The songs are straightforward but have a great full sound, particularly where the rhythm guitar is concerned. That it was recorded by Alicja Trout doesn't come as a big surprise. Excellent. (KK)
(Goner, 2152 Young, Memphis, TN 38102)

PERSONKRETS 3:1 – "The Glorious Dead" LP

I don't get it? Sweden produces so many punk bands it is insane. Now it seems like with PERSONKRETS 3:1 and fellow rockers AUKTION, Umea might be seeing a crust uprising. PERSONKRETS 3:1 are pretty rippin', displaying a sort of mish mash of a few styles in the crust realm. As to be expected, they play heavy, metallic music mining some of the melodic guitar progressions that bands like TRAGEDY and KONTROVERS have honed in on, but are definitely not a T-beat ripoff. Personally I would say the vocals shine more when they play more mid- or slow-tempo. I like that there are explanations to all the lyrics and some nice artwork from Steve Visions, who basically seems to be putting every other artist out of business with the shear volume of record covers he is doing these days! Haha. Good stuff. (WK)
(Fight, www.kolumbus.fi/fight)

THE PETS – "Let's Go/I Want Fun"

.....hands down THE PETS are the Bay Area's best pop band!!!!!!!!! A few months back I had the pleasure to review a PETS single ("No Pets Allowed") and I thought it was fab, but this single blows mud all over it!!!!!! The sound production is MUCH better this time around.....especially in the vocal department!!!!!!!!! This here platter is closer to the way these bastards sound live.....clear simple pop with tight catchy hooks and quirky vocalization.....I motherfucking love it!!!!!!! Great lyrics too.....!!!!!! I hope these guys are getting laid for being in THE PETS because they certainly deserve the taste of some ripe and juicy hairy pussy.....no doubt about it!!!!!!! THE PETS sing about wanting to quit their day jobs.....let's make that a reality for them and help them to stardom!!!!!! I would much rather hear THIS kinda pop music on the radio!!!!! Know what I mean, jellybean???? If you don't understand then you're not doing the right drugs.....(SW)
(Douchemaster, www.douchmasterrecords.com)

PILGER – "Begging for a Silver Lining" CD

This US style '80s hardcore band from the UK has always reminded me a lot of 7 SECONDS. The 30 tracks on here compile the split EP with BIFF TANNEN, the *These Times* EP, and the *Begging for a Silver Lining* LP. Good stuff. (CC)
(Go Down Fighting, PO Box 132, Leeds LS6 2RR, UNITED KINGDOM)

PLAN R – "Not a Waste" EP

I am not going to compare any band today to BLACK FLAG, but Portland's PLAN R definitely remind of a band that could have easily had a record on SST in the early '80s. While the B-side is pretty forgettable, "Not A Waste" is definitely a mid-paced punk rock gem that has just enough bite in the vocals to keep me interested all the way until the end.

Good stuff. (CC)
(Clarence Thomas, 1930 SW 13th Ave, Portland, OR 97201, www.bistrodistro.com/label)

PORTERS – "Anywhere But Home" CD

Much as I love the POGUES, DROPKICK MURPHYS, and trad Irish bands like PLANXTY and DE DANNAN, I tend to have little or no time for faux Irish punkers from places like the USA and (in this case) GERMANY. Please, the fallacy of Ireland being full of rosy-cheeked folks all happily boozing down the pub is a load o' shite. Once again, Knockout knocks me for six. This band fucking rule—sure, they are have a lot of the POGUES and the MURHPYS but they are fantastic; imagine if a drunk LEATHERFACE teamed up with a bunch of trad Irish musicians. The songs are super catchy and while not quite being able to avoid the lyrical pitfalls of this genre, the catchy tunes carry them home. Next to the POGUES' back catalogue, and the first couple of MURPHYS albums, this is the best of the genre. See you in the pub fellas, I'll have a Guinness. (TB)
(Knockout, www.knock-out.de)

PROZACS – "Questions..." CD

Loud pop-punk from Massachusetts. I've heard this three-piece a few times now and they're not bad. They're really going for that whole Sonic Iguana sound (SCREECHING WEASEL, QUEERS, MOPES, etc.) which is fine by me. Not the most original record ever, but inoffensive nonetheless. (AD)
(Cheapskate, 297 Stoodley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12303)

THE RAMONES / JOHNNY THUNDERS – "Watch You Head Banging" LP

This has to be someone idea's of a joke of me. Knowing how much I hate all these shitty bootlegs that have been coming through the *MRR* HQ these days, you gotta be kidding assigning me this really lame-looking record: ultra-flimsy gray cover with computer-tinted fluorescent pink and green pictures of Joey Ramone and Johnny Thunders, and on the back cover, naturally, a picture of CBGB. Ugh. And I haven't even put the record on yet. Side one, track one is THE RAMONES "Warm Up." What does that mean? It means that it is a recording of them in the dressing room getting ready for a show in 1988. If you listen really close you can Dee Dee asking Johnny how "California Sun" goes. Then they slowly, instrumentally, and acoustically play a song. The only thing this track really tells me is this boot probably originated in Canada as it is from a backstage in Toronto. Also included—THE RAMONES BBC sessions from '85 (lots of tape hiss on these), Joey's duets with Helen Love and Debbie Harry, THE RAMONES performance from *The Simpsons*, a cover of "Surfin' Safari" in which I cannot hear Joey, followed by a R&B version of "Rockaway Beach," again no Joey. The last two tracks are credited on the record as Joey Ramone and General John and are only for the super hardcore fans. The Johnny Thunders tracks push me more over the edge. I know people are crazy for this guy but do you need a bootleg of him playing guitar and singing backups on RC SUCCESSION's cover of "Secret Agent Man"? Geesh. These guys are heroes to a lot of punks, so don't they deserve better than this? (CK)
(bootleg)

RAZZAPPAARTE – "Il Drago E Il Leone" CD

Straight-up modern day Oi! performed by this Italian anti-fascist band. I can't really comment on the lyrics since I don't read Italian, but they do seem to go with the music. Solid, competent, and if I was into Oi! a little more this might get more spins. Still RAZZAPARTE has produced a record that would probably please fans of OXYMORON, STAGE BOTTLES, KLASSE KRIMINAL, etc. So, if you like those bands this wouldn't be bad to pick up. (JF)
(Anfibio, www.anfibiorecords.tk)

RELICS – "Demo" EP

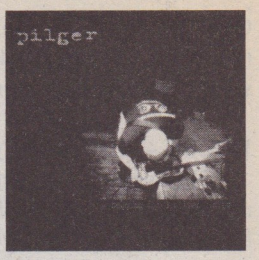
Noised-up, frantic power-waltz infused post-hardcore, from an outfit that can actually make that sound work with head-spinning raw results—good solid fast parts and earnest throaty vocals/phrasing that sounds a bit like HEALTH HAZARD; definitely a good thing. This was originally available as a demo cassette. Dig it. (BS)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 9641, N. Amherst, MA, 01059, www.cleanplate.com)

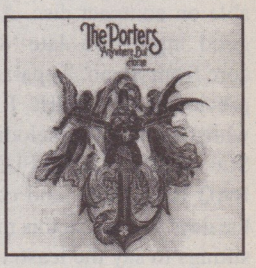
REPERCUSSIONS – "11 Songs" LP

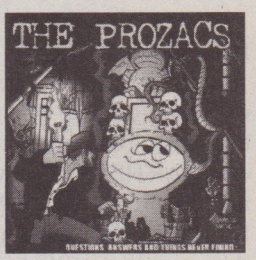
Git your pens out cause you *NEED* this! I really don't wanna cheapen this record or band by mentioning that it features a guitarist of—quite possibly the greatest HC band of what I consider "my generation"—DEATHREAT. It has to be noted though, 'cause if you liked them you'll like this. Hell, if you consider yourself a fan of HC at all you will like this or you're fucking stupid and should go listen to CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH. High fucking energy and as powerful as a bulldozer through a police station, a bank, or fucking city hall. The winner on here is the WHOLE FUCKING RECORD but the creepy-crawling track "Can't Hold Us Back" is especially dope. Record of the year thus far. Hands down. "Not fucking background music." True dat! (JU)
(540, no address)

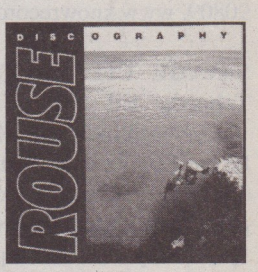
ROT SHIT – "The Worst Kids Ever!!!" EP

Those looking for an exercise in pure punk rock stupidity need only take a look at the sleeve of this turd and be wowed for at least a month: a cut-n-paste mangling of the first KIDS LP cover, complete with "chick with dick" porn and Bigfoot. Yeah, pretty classic. The record??? Tuneless, completely falling-apart-at-the-seams, loud, rude, offensive…and hilarious. Songs about drugs, hot dogs, hate, and being a shitty teenage asshole. LOLI AND THE CHONES and *Wimpy*-era









QUEERS covers. Horrible. I love it. (MC)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

ROUSE – "Discography" CD

It's always funny when you get a band releasing their discography and you've never heard of them... So if you missed them the first time around you'll be delighted to know that all those ROUSE records are now available on compact disc. Actually this is pretty good...up-tempo late-'80s/early-'90s hardcore from Spain. Apparantly these guys were previously in HHH. It's fast and furious whilst remaining melodic, bringing to mind SO MUCH HATE, FUNERAL ORATION, BAD RELIGON, and other good stuff from the day. 44 tracks...this might take a couple of sittings to say the least... (AD)
(Rumble, PO Box 47162, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

RUIDO – LP

This LP collects some of RUIDO's earlier recorded material—blunt, hell-driven punk that drifts between faster street punk with early PARTISANS (by way of SoCal) riffage into more crusty ANTI-CIMEX and DESPISE YOU sounding righteousness. Put it in your dome. (BS)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, www.knowrecords.com)

SAVAGE CITY OUTLAWS – "Tarzan Taborda" EP

I've been liking the Memphis sounds lately, but I'm not sure if I'm on board with this one. This reminds me of that dark time in punk history when hardcore started to borrow from heavy metal, incorporating metal guitar solos, throaty vocals, and that whole fucking "start fast, slow down, speed back up, slow back down, catch me if you can" bullshit. I have no idea that this hits the right spot for some folks; it just ain't me. As for the Memphis thing, turns out they're a Portuguese band on a Memphis label. Somehow that makes me feel better. (KK)
(Wrecked 'Em, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124, www.wrecked-em.com)

SEMI-FOUR – "Boring & Endless" CDEP

First off, the title of this four-song CD is far from appropriate. SEMI-FOUR is a really fucking rad Japanese pop-core band with all the influences you might expect from a really fucking rad Japanese pop-core band: SNUFF, SCREECHING WEASEL, JAWBREAKER, DILLINGER FOUR. But there's also a healthy dose of power-pop (THE JAM), and even some of the great BLUE HEARTS in the mix. Unlike a lot of their compatriots, SEMI-FOUR doesn't sound like they're ripping off one particular band. Their sound is not unique, but it's totally catchy and fun. The performance and recording are tight and clear without sounding too slick. Their lyrics read like Magnetic Poetry, and are possibly brilliant: "I'm relieved to afford to deplore my incompetence." How do you say "Fuck yeah!" in Japanese? (PC)
(Akinori Serizawa, 3-12-22-202 Akatsutsumi, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 156-0044, JAPAN, serignorant@gmail.com)

SEVEN STORY MOUTAIN – "At the Poles" CD

After taking a nice short five-year break from their brilliant *Dividing By Zero* mini-LP, SEVEN STORY MOUNTAIN is back with another fantastic release. More driven then the last but still keeping the mid-period HÜSKER DÜ soaring melody with ARCH-WELDER off-kilter pop. A certain NAKED RAYGUN twang bubbles to the surface, which gives this CD a definite Phoenix-goes-Chicago feel. Made even more special considering it was performed, written, and recorded all by one man—hats off. Welcome back. (SD)
(Thick, PO Box 351899, Los Angeles, CA 90035, www.thickrecords.com)

SEVERE – "Snitch Slaughter" EP

'90s Cali power-violence worship here. Plain and simple. Fast blast-beat part, slow part, repeat. Everything is perfectly in place. Nothing fancy. If you're a fan of the Slap-A-Ham catalogue you won't be disappointed. I'm not. I have a feeling "Baby, I'm An Anarchist" is about AGAINST ME. My sentiments exactly! I also think it's funny that both SEVERE and I know that it's an AGAINST ME song title. Ha! Fuck AGAINST ME and fuck people with bank accounts! (JU)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

SHINING – "Word Is Fiction" EP

This is the second shiny black and white gatefold sleeve I've reviewed this month…is this the new thing? Did I not get the memo? Rip-roaring Euro-core with a slight (very slight) metallic edge. Like COC or the ACCÜSED, they have that searing guitar sound and that speed metal riffage coupled with hardcore vocals. Nice to see some folks with a different sound that really works; good shit. (TB)
(Team Welfare, www.twfrecords.com)

SITUATIONS – "Pressure Is A Pleasure" LP

Let me tell you, I love burritos. Now, if you are a regular burrito eater, you know how important the salsa really is to those things. It's the salsa that determines whether the burrito has that special kick or is just a filled tortilla concoction that fills the tummy. SITUATIONS have produced a record here that has all the standards of today's European "let's rehash early-'80s Los Angeles" scene down. They would be right at home with NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS or THE VICIOUS. Unfortunately, if you have heard those bands you know they are served up with some kick-ass salsa. THE SITUATIONS unfortunately are more like a burrito where the salsa tastes like a generic store brand. It may fill you with the basics, but ultimately leaves you unsatisfied. (JF)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372, Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

SNFU – "Live in the Summer of 1986" EP

This EP has numerous flaws. The first song, "Cannibal Café," isn't even listed on the sleeve. The second song, "She's Not on the Menu" is the crappy "Dunce Mix" version—also not mentioned on the sleeve. The live recording, while not horrible sounding, certainly doesn't warrant being pressed to vinyl. The songs on the other side are not "Live in the Summer of 1986" but are studio recordings from 1983 that already appeared on two other records. And my final complaint: it's a fucking *bootleg*, obviously by some scum who will not give any money to the band or put it back into the scene. Is there really a demand for SNFU boots anyway? (PC)
(Fuck This Dude Records)

THE SONICS – "Busy Body!!! Live in Tacoma 1964" LP/CD

There's a reason why these guys are so legendary. Along with THE WAILERS, RAIDERS, and a few others in the Pacific Northwest, THE SONICS created one of the true foundations of punk by playing high-energy rock 'n' roll with screaming, frenzied vocals. This album captures two live shows that were originally played over the AM airwaves, and fortunately for us, captured by some dude on tape. The sound quality on this really isn't too bad considering its obscurity (found on 40-year-old reel to reels), but it's slightly muffled at times. It's still worth hearing, though, 'cause trust me, I'd tell you about a shitty live recording that wasn't worth your time. 1964 was the year THE SONICS were waning from dance party,

mostly instrumental scorchers and beginning to enter their garage punk "Psycho" era. These live shows capture that transitional period, along with some fun DJ banter between a few tracks, and I would highly suggest this for your collection if you're already down with these cats. If not, you should first check out the studio recordings, reissued on Norton a few years ago, like the *Boom* and *Here Are The Sonics* LPs. (BG)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

SPACEHORSE – "Ghosts of the Civil Living" CD

Manic, fast-paced, off-kilter hardcore, oozing and recoiling with a lot of tightly-wound post-punk breaks, uniquely placed and formed angular guitar leads, and maniacally catchy looped bass parts. Vocally and lyrically falling in line with the more DC-influenced early-'90s hardcore sound, or reminiscent of Guy/RITES OF SPRING era. For some reason took a few listens to get my ears around it, then it grew like a fungus. (BS)
(Day After, PO Box 153, 35201 AS, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.dayafter.cz)

SPEAKER SPEAKER – "We Won't March" CD

If you excised the Mod out of Ted Leo and put in the sort of indie/pop that FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE produce you'd get the sort of Frankenstein we see here. I haven't lived in Seattle for like three years and according to their one-sheet this is what's passing for great up there. What a bummer. I can see this band playing at The Crocodile to no one or opening for someone at the Vera Project on a fairly regular basis. I could be totally off base but I can't imagine these guys actually have fans outside of some friend of theirs at 107.7 The End, who supplies two live tracks to this five-song EP. Decent I guess, but a bit of a yawn. Ya'll need to cut that JAWBREAKER comparison out of your one-sheet though. I don't know who told you that but they were dead fucking wrong. (ST)
(www.speakerspeakermusic.com)

STATIC RADIO – "One for the Good Guys" EP

Raging hardcore from New Jersey a la MINOR THREAT, or maybe a more up-to-date comparison would be REDEMPTION 87. It has its melodic moments, and some group whoa-ohs in the choruses. Five tracks on a one-sided blue vinyl record. (AD)
(Chunksaah, PO Box 977, Asbury Park, NJ 07712)

STOLEN BIKES RIDE FASTER – "Nothing Has Changed" CD

An Italian DILLINGER FOUR here! Speedy melodic stuff with a little early HÜSKER DÜ in the mix too. A six-song disc that doesn't let up. Wow, quite a burst of energy from an unknown who deliver one of the year's best releases. (RL)
(www.stolenbikesridefaster.tk)

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION – "Deathcults" EP

This is a ripper! Traditional HC in the true sense without being a retro rehash clone. It's obviously modern and you can't trace the riffs back to a specific band or scene, which is refreshing because shit like that—tribute core—is way too common with today's "no frills" hardcore bands. The only reference point I could throw out there might be Clevo bands like UPSTAB (whom everyone should check out if they haven't already!), 9 SHOCKS, or GORDON SOLIE. A killer record for sure. (JU)
(PO Box 239, North Carlton, Victoria 3054, AUSTRALIA, straightjacketnation@gmail.com)

STRANGE DOLLS CULT — "Puppets Dance/ Ruins of Western Civilisation"

Classically dark death rock/goth that sounds like a more whimsical DAMNED. The A-side is an interesting, noisy, pulsating number called "Puppets Dance," which I liked better than the more straightforward rock 'n' roll of the B-side "Ruins of Western Civilisation." It was a tad too far on the repetitive, corny side for my tastes…but I have pretty high standards for the goth I roll with. So, not bad. (AA)
(Catastrophe Ballet, PO Box 66876, Portland, OR 97290, catastropheballet@yahoo.com)

STRAY DOG CAFÉ – "Maxamillion/THEME: From Warlock"

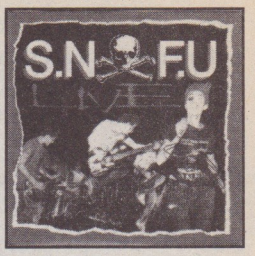
This Wigan group make their first appearance on vinyl with two tracks of self-described "minimal dirt rock." Sparse arrangements and a raw sound bring to mind fellow Northerners THE FALL but the tongue-in-cheek nature of the songs raises the spectre of the likes of HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT and WAT TYLER. Bemusement ensues. (AM)
(Stray Dog Café, c/o Ubik, 106 Bostock St, Warrington, Cheshire WA5 1TU, UNITED KINGDOM, www.straydogcafe.com)

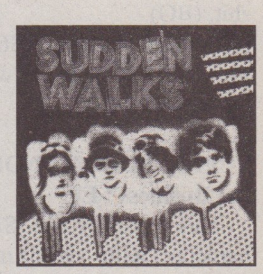
STREET SMART CYCLIST – "Hoods Up" 7"

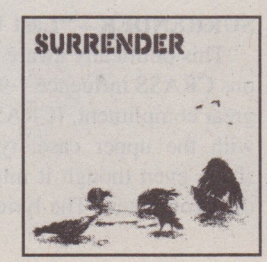
Everything about this reminds me of the late-'90s/early-'00s when emo was fun. I like to be reminded of that time. It was a great time to pick up a cool-looking, handmade 7" and be blown away but what was on it, and then never hear from the band again. Bands could be a little "I'm bummed out and I'm wearing this brown sweater" but they could also crank them out when they wanted. I think early GET UP KIDS is the most recognizable to the masses example of this. I don't give a fuck. *4 Minute Mile* is a good record. I even liked their BEATLES phase. Anyway, this is good and there are only 300. Just the way it should be for better or for worse. Now we wait for the band to get famous after the break up and cash in on eBay. (ST)
(www.myspace.com/streetsmartcyclist)

SUDDEN WALKS – "My Nerves Are Fuckin Shot" EP

Loud and messy songs with a singer who sounds like he is about to run out of breath and fall over. You can almost hear him gulping a breath before he starts the







next line of the song. It cracks me up! Which, unfortunately, makes the music hard to pay attention to. It is muddy, distorted, and as fast as it needs to be to keep that singer constantly in that state. (CK)
(Never Heard Of It, c/o Stefan Christensen, 24 Redcoat Road, Norwalk, CT 06850, jsgc138@yahoo.com)

SUNSET RIDERS – "My Life" EP

Man, it's so cool to see all these new hardcore and thrash bands still popping up and playing DIY shows, putting out vinyl EPs, etc. I don't care if they're run-in-the-mill, as SUNSET RIDERS kind of are, because I'll take this powerful slab of pure 'core over lame one-man-band projects or metallic new school bullshit any day. Seven tracks here on 45 RPM, so you know it's good. The double guitars and solid drumming lead you through tight breakdowns to thrash attacks. Yeah, the lyrics come off as kind of "Don't lose the edge" at times, but I bet this would strike the hearts of many X-handed youth. It's tough to see your friends sell out, and it sucks to have assholes in the scene (a few songs about this), so I applaud the whole effort of keeping it real. Wait until you're in your 30s, or older, and see how many people in the crew are still around! This is raw, straight-up hardcore similar to MUTINY, LEWD ACTS, etc. Cool shit. (BG)
(Suburban Waste, 6865 SW Mayo St., Portland, OR 97223, www.suburbanwasterecords.com)

SUPREME COMANDER – "120 Years in the Business" EP

This record is bad. Six tracks of melodic hardcore with awful mid-tempo bar rock parts and melodic singing. This sounds like what might have happened if DAG NASTY had got really into CREED. I would take it easier on these guys but one of their songs is about how annoying it is when homeless people ask you for money, so screw them. Also their name is SUPREME COMANDER and the cover of the record is a comic book monster guy in a suit who is on fire, what the fuck is that shit? (BN)
(A389, PO Box 12058 Baltimore MD 21281 www.a389records.com)

SURRENDER – "Last White Flag" EP

This politically aware punk bears an obvious CRASS influence—which is, of course, a great compliment. (CRASS is emulated even with the upper case, typewriter-style lyric sheet, even though it might have been done on a computer.) The lyrics are shared among all the members, giving this a "Bloody Revolutions" feel; this applies particularly to the cynical, visionary anthem "What If?"—my favorite of the three tracks. If anything, I think SURRENDER would profit by staking out its own unique musical territory. Cool artistic design. (SS)
($5 US/$8 world ppd: P O Box 301, Berkeley, CA 94701, www.lastwhiteflag.org)

TALK IS POISON – "Condensed Humanity: The Prank EPs" LP

Fuck—alongside their partners in crime DEATHREAT, TALK IS POISON were possibly the best US hardcore band around during their existence in the late-'90s. Featuring members from DEAD AND GONE, BLACK FORK, ANIMAL FARM, and the now-legendary (?) COPOUT, TALK IS POISON somehow managed to forge a whole that was greater than the sum of its parts. Heavy, driving, and fucking pulverizing, they left in their wake a pair of EPs, a split with the aforementioned DEATHREAT, and a track on the *Destroy New Granada* compilation LP, all of which are collected here. To spell it out for ya—if you don't own the original records (now out of print), you need this… (CS)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.prankrecords.com)

TAXI - "Yu Talk Tu Mach" CD

Good old school punk rock 'n' roll from Italy along the ways of the NEW YORK DOLLS and the DEAD BOYS. Pretty solid song-wise, too, throughout this full-length. A keeper. (RL)
(Radiation, C.Ne Casilina 44, Roma 00176, ITALY)

TEENAGE HEAD – "King St. Teddy Boys" LP

.....this live bootleg sure does sound good considering the ugly flimsy piece of shit of a package it comes in!!!!! You can never tell in the bootleg world just what it is you're gonna get....but if you kids follow our tips here at *MRR* then you can't go wrong.....we know what's up, OK....???!!!!! This month *MRR* got a whole pile of some dodgy boots all done by the same goons.....all the covers and inserts are econo-city!!!!! Once again I'm shocked that this one sounds as spot on as it does!!!!! What you got here is bits from three live sets from this '70s/'80s Ontario pop/rock outfit.....!!!!! Pretty nice stuff.....and yes I do happen to be a fan, so this is a pleasure to kick back and groove to.....!!!!! Even though the insert is blurry and shit, there is still a couple of really hot pix of the boys back in their prime.....why don't guys in bands dress sexy anymore?????? Remember back in the '70s and early '80s when all dudes in bands wanted to look like fags!!!!!! Those were better times!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Total bootleg...no doubt about it....no address)

TEN VOLT SHOCK – "6Null3" CD

Right here's the second album from a highly underrated, prolific three-piece German band that would have been the shit about ten years ago, when everyone was digging groups like the almighty DRIVE LIKE JEHU and the magnificent SHOTMAKER. The music on this is intense and driving, yet mid-paced and minimal; the structure of the songs is always bold and experimental, yet never strays away from chaotic, distorted hardcore. This band is up to par with the aforementioned bands referenced, and not some weak, third-rate rip off. I only say this because a lot of shitty bands came out of this genre as well. Definitely check this out if you like the mid-'90s noisy and exploratory hardcore sound. (BG)
(Bakery Outlet, PO Box 4054, St. Augustine, FL 32085, www.bakeryoutletrecords.com)

TERROR LEVEL RED "No Man's Land" LP

Seven tracks of solid, dark, pummeling crusty hardcore from New York. Scathing, shredded-vocal-chord howls versus gruff, monster-chords-screams holler lyrics about censorship, juvenile "correction," punk as inspiration, and other socio-political topics. Intros, interludes, and quiet parts—even a break at one point for cello—all give this recording a ponderous mood, then TRAGEDY-styled melodic momentum, high guitar notes, and metallic riffs sear by a high speed. A locked groove (arrgh!) hides a song on side A, and with the lyrics, there's explanations to each of the tracks, making for a sturdy, well-rounded record that reaches beyond its genre boundaries. Cool. (KS)
(Ed-Man, www.edmanrex.tk)

TIT PATROL – "Robot Pope" EP

Bad melodic punk that wants bad to be SCREECHING WEASEL, but fails miserably. It's scrappy without charm, and snotty without smarts. Avoid. (AD)
(Madison Underground, www.buddhafart.com)

TUNNEL OF LOVE – "Rockin' Rollin' Bitches" CD

This super duper lo-fi, garage-snot LP

from 2003 gets reissued since the original album has become something of a collector's item. I can see why. It's trashy, frantic, and raw punk done by some scrawny shirtless dudes in striped tights and speedos. You gotta check out their video on Youtube and see how awesome they are. The fourteen songs on this all rip, but it does sound like the microphone was plugged into an amp while recording this 4-track demo-quality LP. Picture maybe SUPERCHARGER meets the DWARVES or something like that. This is amazing, if you can handle primitive sound quality. (BG)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

TURBO LOVERS – "Cock of the Walk" CD

This is a studio project by a couple of dudes from Youngstown, OH whose influences are described as RATT, MOTLEY CRUE, RAVEN, and IRON MAIDEN. Unsurprisingly, the album features ten songs of unabashed cock rock, but at no time does it ever reach the (questionable) heights of those aforementioned bands. Well, I don't know if I've ever heard RAVEN, and MAIDEN doesn't really belong lumped in with the others, but if you're looking for rehashed '80s riffs and clichéd lyrics, look no further. (AM)
(Cracked Piston, www.crackedpistonrecordings.com)

THE UGLY BEATS – "Take A Stand" CD

Austin's UGLY BEATS revel proudly in their retro worship, pulling no punches, no cheeky side-swipes, no disorienting twists and turns—just straight-up '60s garage. Going more for the jingle jangle rather then the lo-fi fuzzed-out approach; luckily I'm a fan of both. A slight country feel, which has me harking back to my DOWNLINER SECT and LEAVES records. Enough hooks and harmony to solidify its place in my keeper pile. (SD)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com)

UK SUBS – "Violent State" LP

You fashion punks can have the PISTOLS and THE CLASH—fuck them! The UK SUBS were always a REAL punk band that never stopped working the underbelly of the beast! This is a live record from 2004 with fair sound quality. When you hear Charlie Harper's vocals on "New York State Police" or "Emotional Blackmail," you must acknowledge the man as a major punk influence in the 1977-1981 English punk scene! He's still got the chops! Nicky Garrett's guitar playing on this LP is brilliant!! Mr. Garrett is the most under-rated punk rock guitar player from the early UK punk scene! The fact that these geezers are still playing with such enthusiasm gives all the old punks a sliver of hope! "Live" records are best appreciated by the punks who were at that particular show, but this LP is quite listenable. (BR)
(Dirty Punk, BP 10302, 59666 Villeneuve d'Ascq Cedex, FRANCE)

THE UNLOVEABLES – "Anywhere/Ramona"

I have a kind of love-hate relationship with modern pop-punk. That's probably due to some weird pet peeves I have, such as vocals that are too clean sounding and/or sound like musical theater, and production that sounds like it belongs on Radio Disney. I hate to dis this record based on such arbitrary rules, but I'm hoping there are other people out there who think like I do and need fair warning about this stuff. The rest of you can go ahead love the UNLOVEABLES' brand of upbeat, melodic, saccharine pop with layered female vocals and think I'm an unfair jerk. (PC)
(Art of the Underground, PO Box 250, Buffalo, NY 14205, www.artoftheunderground.com)

THE VIKINGS – "I Need Your Lovin'/Such a Love"

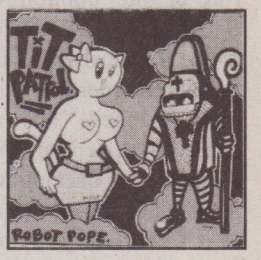
One of the great gods of rock 'n' roll reissues, Norton Records again delivers a platter for us lowly, simple folk to worship. THE VIKINGS hailed from Champion, Ohio, and like most bands of the magical mid-'60s, recorded just a few tracks before disappearing into obscurity. The title track is pure garage punk bliss with WAILERS-styled screaming and total Dave Davies-influenced guitar noise. The flipside is a haunting, gloomy ballad that would be perfect listening on a rainy day while you sit around the house feeling sorry for yourself. It's unbelievable that this hasn't been reissued yet. The quality of the recording is pretty good, considering the rarity of this. Apparently, only two originals are known to still exist out of only a hundred being pressed. Strongly recommended for fans of the genre…and I feel sorry for you if you're not! (BG)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

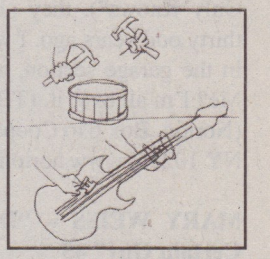
VIOLENT BREAKFAST – "Nient Altro Che Tempo" CD

Contemporary emo from Italy. Melodic guitar, lots of slow sections, and then bursts of speed. I don't know much about Italian emo bands but this doesn't fall far from bands like FUNERAL DINER, adding a few keyboards. I liked this but I also didn't really need another emo band. I know emo gets picked on a good bit but sometimes it's hard not to when they write stuff like, "In a pond made of desperate hands and arms / You are the only hope of stealing a smile." OK, OK, their lyrics are in Italian and there is probably something lost in translation, but I'm not going to be singing along to lines like that. (MH)
(Donnabavosa, www.donnabavoso.com)

VORACIOUS SOUL – "A Blind Color" CD

Fast punk from Osaka, with a sound that is all things '80s Japanese punk, but with unique chord progressions and relentless but sometimes too eclectic drumming. Urgent shouted gang choruses helped keep my attention, still I felt like I was waiting the entire listen for it all to kick into gear. (BS)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/)





WARTOWN – "Prey for Salvation" EP

A blatant TRAGEDY rip, but at least it's well done. Heavy riffs and melodic guitar-lines with only the slightest hint of metal, and the production is top-notch. I didn't dig their first EP, so this was a pleasant surprise. The lyrics still leave me scratching my head at times though (i.e. "Pharmaceutical underhanded semantics"—what is that supposed to *mean?*). Cover art by European artist Marald. (CS)

(Profane Existence/Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702)

MARY WEISS & THE REIGNING SOUND – "Dangerous Game" LP

Not sure how this slipped through the gates of the compound as this is not a punk record. Is it good? Hell yeah, it's amazing. I'm of the opinion that anything Greg Cartwright (REIGNING SOUND) touches is magic. Musically this is unmistakably Greg Cartwright, more in the *Home For Orphans*, country-tinged '60s rock than the full STONES rippers of *Too Much Guitar*. The 'SOUND are backing MARY WEISS of the SHANGRI-LA'S, whose voice is as beautiful as it was thirty years ago. Although all but one of these songs are new (the other being the classic SHANGRI-LA'S tune "Heaven Only Knows"), they all sound authentic to thirty odd years ago. I wouldn't even put this in the garage section, as it's pure '60s pop. Me? I'm all over it. (TB)

(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

MARY WEISS – "Don't Come Back/A Certain Guy" 45

.....what you got here is a single off the new MARY WEISS LP (which I think is a fabulous record regardless to what some of my peers think.....fuckin' cocksuckers!!!) that just came out on Norton recently!!!!!! By now most of you know that this is Mary's first project in decades and the REIGNING SOUND make up for a good portion of her backing band (along with Greg Cartwright writing quite a few of the tunes....lucky motherfuckin' dick smoker!!!!!!!) !!!!! What can I say????? MARY WEISS fucking rules.....she was a SHANGRI-LA for Christ-sakes and if you can't dig that then you got no business calling yourself a punk.....!!!!!!!! Her voice still sounds fucking great!!!!!! Gotta love it folks.....gotta love it.....!!!! The A-side of this seven inch is off the new long player.....the B-side is a throwaway cover that ain't too memorable.....might as well done "Louie Louie".....but I won't hold that against her.....it was probably Billy Miller that suggested it.....!!!!!!! Buy the new LP and feel the love.....(SW)

(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

WE THE PEOPLE – "Time to Operate" EP

Whoa! What's this gem spinning on my turntable that sounds like some dude ripping off Chuck from BLACK SS? Oh shit, it is Chuck, but this time with a different band that has apparently been around for a few years but hasn't recorded anything until now. The musical influence is more early-'80s Brit-punk rather than old school hardcore. Actually, I would say that this sounds like a combination of the two. There're some promo references to bands like BLITZ, but I hear more of an American crossover influence like THE TROUBLE or mid-period SLAPSHOT. All four tracks on this EP are high energy and the lyrics are cool. Unlike the Oi!/hardcore crossover band STARS & STRIPES (sorry about the Choke comparisons, but I can't help seeing them), WE THE PEOPLE have a more intelligent approach to issues such as nationalism and patriotism. For example, there's an awesome song called "I Don't Bleed Red, White, and Blue" that tells of misguided patriotism leading to wounded war veterans. The music here is solid and this is definitely recommended. (BG)

(Stop Whining Start Winning, 58 Belaire Drive, Horseheads, NY 14845, www.swx2records.com)

WHAT REMAINS – "Destroy All Monsters" LP

I was really hoping that a band from Juneau, Alaska would be more bleak and pissed off rather than the wannabe Warped Tour punk that WHAT REMAINS is. Not to say that this is weak, but let's just say that "Destroy All Monsters" makes LAGWAGON sound like POISON IDEA. Seriously kids, where is the anger, angst, and frustration that must come with living in a town that is under darkness part of the year and that is constantly threatened of losing its capitol status. Can't the title track be referring to Ted Stevens? How about at least a song about glaciers and killer whales?! Only buy this if you don't have anything from an Alaskan label and you are trying to collect things from all 50 states. This record is fucking weak. (JF)

(Enchantment Under The Stars, PO Box 35056, Juneau, AK 99803)

WITCH HUNT – "This Is Only the Beginning. . ." CD

Philadelphia crustlords WITCH HUNT have reissued their first 7", split with DEATHBAG, first LP, and some bonus stuff on one convenient CD. Although the newest record is better than this material, I just can't get into this band. The fast parts are lacking in the kind of blackened hopeless brutality I need to enjoy a band with such bleak graphic design. Their attempts at epicness similarly fall short, with the more intricate songs collapsing under their own weight. The multiple screaming and talking vocalists do not complement each other very well, and at times listening to this I feel like I am getting kicked out of a party and everyone is yelling at me. This CD isn't necessarily bad, it is just not good. (BN)

(Fistolo, PO Box 2836, Upper Darby, PA 19082)

WOODEN TIT – "Return to Cinder" LP

Backwoods garage unholiness from North Carolina. I can hear a GUN CLUB influence, but it's more rural than anything they did—it's seedy sounding and was recorded down a well or a catacomb or something… The album art is corny as is the band name; intentionally so? Probably. If you need another lo-fi country-fried basement garage band to collect limited edition puke-colored 7"s of, maybe these are the boys for you. (LG)

(Hate, www.haterecords.com)

ZINC – "Divagando" CD

This Spanish band plays tight, rock-based pop punk (does anyone remember BIG DRILL CAR?) with strong females vocals (TILT?). So, yeah, this is pretty "professional" sounding but it manages to stay on this side of the punk fence. In their shining moments, when they spare the solos and the rhythm guitar takes the driver's seat, ZINC sounds a bit like THIS IS MY FIST. At other times it sounds like Pat Benatar singing for a heavy emo-rock band. That's a major mood swing for listener to have to endure, but if you are up for the challenge you will find something in here that catches your fancy. (PC)

(Rumble, www.rumbleonline.com)

V/A — "A.R.E. Fruendschaft" CD

THE PAUKI from Russia. THE VENDETTA from Italy. SICK OF SOCIETY from Florida. How they ended up on this CD

together I have no idea. THE PAUKI are fairly forgettable punk that utilize a flute in one of their songs. I'd actually love to see this dude bust out a flute in the middle of their set and dance a little jig. THE VENDETTA are pretty wretched metal. Sort of reminds me of JUDAS PRIEST or something of that nature. Maybe a touch of MANOWAR. Definitely on the production side. SICK OF SOCIETY continues what is wrong with american Oi!. Tough-guy, gruff-vocalled, borderline metal. I think TOTAL CHAOS honestly has something to do with this mess we call Oi! over here. Lots of "Up the System," "Hooligan" this and that and the "Oi oi, we're anti-racist" jam "Boots and Braces." Not a SKREWDRIVER cover. Anyway I was always more of a COCK SPARRER or SHAM 69 guy when it came to Oi! myself. Yadda yadda. They've got a guy in their band named "Hardcore Hiram" so they win points with me. This whole thing is wrapped in skinhead imagery for some reason even though I'd only really identify one of them as sort of Oi!. The lyrics in the booklet are all in English but any sort of explanatory text is all in what looks like Russian so I have no idea what the fuck is going on here. (ST)
(www.pauki.nm.ru)

V/A – "Brandon Hardcore: Music for the Kids" EP

Brandon, Florida's Burn Brandon Collective produced this EP of local hardcore bands; the project funds the *Brandon Hardcore* EPs with local benefit shows, and it's available for free (while it lasts…) to anyone with an ear for new local Brandon DIY punk. This one features: GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT with screeched gritty vocals and BLATZ meets MITB (if you could possibly imagine that) riffage; RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS with a catchy sorta nasty early GG ALLIN sound; SMALL TALK DEATH shredding tongue-in-cheek brutality; and low-fi thrash BAD EATING HABITS; to the nut-numbing three-chord, rhyming lyric and duh-punk "fuck you" chorus' of MACHETE ATTACK; and the CONTROL DE ESTADO public service announcement "Skate or Fucking Die." Don't just die, fucking die. Yes. Locals are representing. (BS)
(Burn Brandon Collective, sndidea@ix.netcom.com)

V/A – "Heat Rock" CD

A fun, diverse, overall quality compilation of bands from Chiba, Japan based around a series of "Heat Rock" gigs organized by the band ZERO. As it says in the CD "Heatrock is the big wave which gets up by intertwining the band of various genre to feel such a band a heatsoul"!!!!! Each band contributes one to three song for this purpose. ZERO do one track of standard-issue good, gravel-throated Japanese hardcore and then run the STONES' "Paint It Black" through the Japanese metal/hardcore grinder. THE DISCLAPTIES are throttling pop punk with a cheeky vocals, a dominating tinny snare attack, and melodic sing-along sensibility, a la TOY DOLLS maybe? CHAOS SIDE have a "low-rider" kind of logo and look, and slow the tempo with down-beat metal. ANARCHY CONDOMS' two studio and live tracks are pogo-ready in tempo, but distorted and metallic in attack. ANGELICA features great sung female vocals backed with boisterous and forceful choruses, but it's like everything else on the CD, just crashed in, blown-out fury into biker bar rock. THOUGHT CONTROL is from the GAI/SWANKYS school of DISORDER noise hardcore exploration, and they're awesome at it with a precise delivery. THE DAST are searing metallic hardcore, similar to Nightmare when they're speedy, but overall way more metal-edged. MCR has been doing these kind of local area comps for decades at this point and it's remarkable that they can turn in yet another one chock full of awesome bands!!! Fans of Japanese hardcore, get this. (KS)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/)

V/A – "Punk Occupation 13" CD

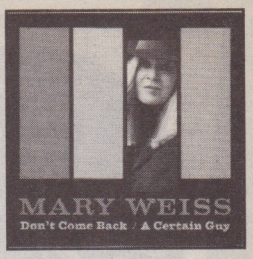
This is a pretty mediocre 34-song international punk CD with mostly Russian and Finnish bands. The majority of the songs are some kind of street punk variant but there is something here for everyone, including a Swiss ska song about soccer. Some of these songs are pretty alright, but most are terrible. (BN)
(www.pauki.nm.ru)

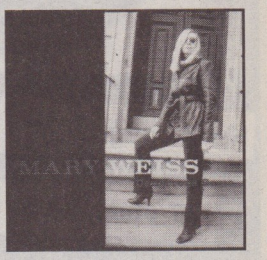
V/A – "We Love The Blowtops" 2xEP

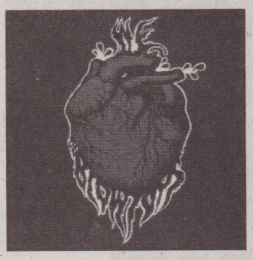
I've always felt that THE BLOWTOPS were unjustly ignored by the record hounds obsessing over whatever is left of the "garage" tag with which bands like this (dark, driving, difficult, and *punk*) were unjustly saddled upon initial impact. Thankfully, some high-visibility names like JAY REATARD, TRACTOR SEX FATALITY and THE MISTREATERS (along with other notables from the Big Neck label) reinterpret these already-great tunes in their own fashion, hopefully convincing those in the dark that THE BLOWTOPS are one of the creepiest, loudest fucking bands to come down the pike in recent years. All the covers work, with JAY's and TRAILOR PARK TORNADOS standing out as the finest. Can't lose with this one. (MC)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

V/A – "Zombie Shakes – 2 3/4" LP

.....this is a "100% Italian Rock N Roll Compilation".....that's what it says on the cover.....and it seems as if these are all contemporary outfits!!!! You got the likes of MITCH & THE SUICIDE GAYS, ALLEY'GATORS, LEECHES, WILD WEEKEND, IDOL LIPS, SINGING DOGS, CETO MEDIO, TRAGICZ, FREAKS, HONEY DON'T, RIPPERS, BAD NEWS and SEMPREFRESKI.....they pretty much all suck cock....and big ones too.....I'm falling asleep here folks.....your mother's twat couldn't even revive me now.....!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Rockin' Bones, Borgo Palmia 3A, 43100 Parma, ITALY, www.rockinbones.it)







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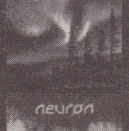

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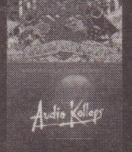

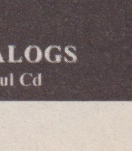

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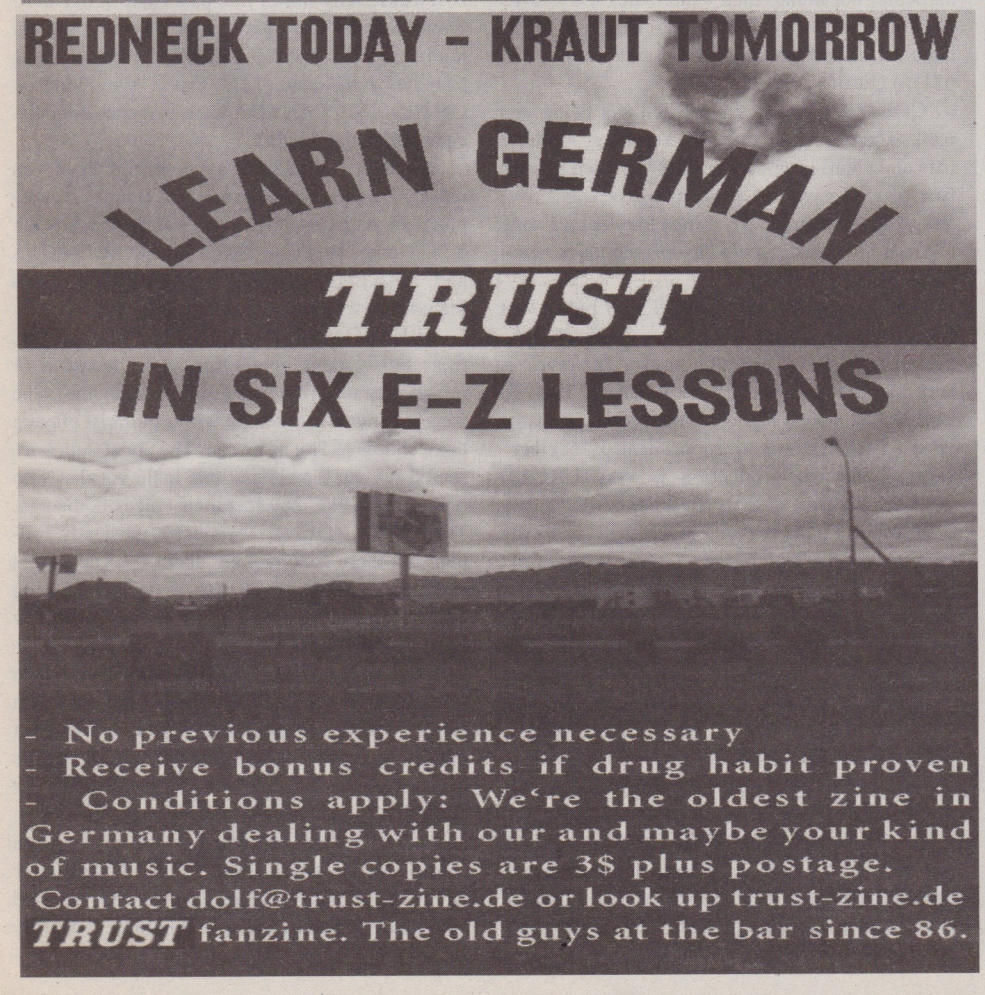

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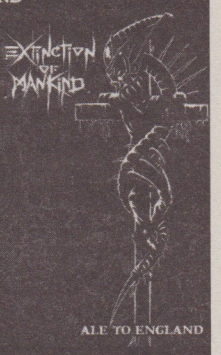

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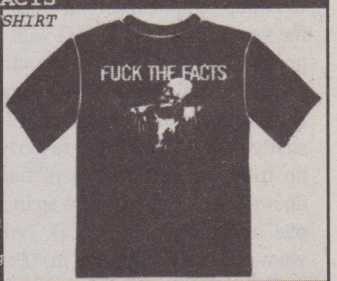

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, and Erin Yanke.

ANTI-CIMEX were pioneers of the Swedish D-beat, and our friends at Black Konflict Records have released an '81-'86 discography cassette of the band! Hell yeah! It's messy and raw and powerful and awesome, and I'm thrilled to have this in my life. Yee fuckin haw! (20-song cassette, some lyrics included. c/o Black Konflik, No. 59, Lorong 3, Taman Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

NYC's **ATAKKE** debut with five tracks of metal up the fucking ass! Not black metal, not metal-core, and certainly not fantasy metal, but sporting elements of all. Moments conjure up flecks of LUDICRA's melody but for the most part it doesn't sound like anything specific. Guitars and vocals aren't necessarily too loud in the mix, I just think the drums may be too quiet. But hey, it's a demo after all and I just think this is the kind of band that needs a good recording to really shine. I can tell the songs are really cool. (5-song cassette, with lyrics. gallowsmarch@gmail.com) (Justin)

Dear **BITTER HOMES AND GARDENS**: I have plenty of damaged digi-packs for you to recycle at my work! Want em? This CD is great. I'm really sick of the dirty kid, crust pop-punk thing at this point and this is exactly that but I like it. Hopelessly optimistic sounding but still somewhat of a downer. Gravelly vocals, catchy riffs. You like RED 40? Order it. ($5 ppd. 11-song CD, lyrics included. 1104 Imperial Rd, Cary, NC 27511, www.helloasshole.com) (Justin)

BLACKOUT SHOPPERS have a four-song CD of up-tempo punk rock tunes. Their sound is in the vein of BLACK FLAG with a little more of a poppy, RAMONES influence in there. The music combines basic three-chord guitar riffs with nifty little bass-lines, straightforward drumming, and snotty vocals. The songs are fairly catchy and with no frills which makes them fun to listen to but doesn't really set the band apart from every other one out there. (4-song CD, lyrics not included, www.blackoutshoppers.com) (Pete)

BLANKET OF M brings us their second demo! They're still playing melodic pop punk that ranges in tempo, with slow songs and bonafide fast songs, too! The opportunity to sing along strikes me as more immediate on this demo than I can remember from the last one. Vocals are singing, clearly annunciated, and real nice. And, they bring another sweet song about Chicago to our world. ($3 ppd. 5-song CD, lyrics not included. OBZ Records, 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75771) (Erin)

THE CHOKE sound like what I think would happen if you took a bunch of older folks that were punks who were peripherally involved with the scene in its early days and put them in their first band 25 years later. Very basic 4 /4 punk rock. Nothing fancy. The production…above average. (2-song CD, lyrics not included. www.the-choke.com) (Justin)

St. Louis, Missouri's **CIVIC PROGRESS** are a good band but when you're trying to describe a music style that was designed to remove all the flourish from the bloated corpse of rock 'n' roll to "rip it up and start again" it's hard to tell the world how its bones look different than the bones of say, hip-hop's corpse, over and over again. I'm not complaining, sorry…This really is cool. You can really feel the anger and frustration flying out the damn speakers. Fast and faster stripped-down hardcore, not unlike their state-mates CARDIAC ARREST. Fuck yeah. (9-song cassette, lyrics included. 5216 Morganford Rd., St. Louis, MO 63116) (Justin)

CORIZA are poppy punk, without being pop punk. There's not enough sap. You know all those riffs and chord progressions that you used in your first band that you've heard used over and over and over again since? Yeah, just like that. (7-song CD, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/corizaa) (Justin)

I think **CRIMINAL INTENT** may be the first band I've ever heard from Nova Scotia. Maybe I'm missing out on something great. The music is very bare-bones, back-to-basics (not the Rick Ta Life record label!) hardcore, the lyrics are of the "I'm-so-frustrated-I'm-gonna-destroy-society" variety, and the production is very URBAN WASTE 7". This style of music is getting really tired, which I think is rather unfortunate as it's my favorite thing ever created (I mean everything! Even food, love, etc.) but I guess it's way better that kids are discovering real punk rock as opposed to whatever *AP* and *Spin* are throwing at them as punk. This band is great at what they do, for sure. If they do a record I'll buy it. (7-song cassette, lyrics included. 6267 North Street, Halifax, NS, CANADA B3L1P4) (Justin)

CULT MAZE has a great halloween costume. They're TELEVISION! Actually after that first "cover song" they switch clothes to AIR SUPPLY or CROWDED HOUSE dressed up as a boring modern indie rock band. Top 40 soft rock for the Don Johnson sport-coat crowd. This is not punk. Their publicist must've sent it to the wrong address. (10-song CD, lyrics not included. 128 Park Ave #5, Portland, ME 04101) (Justin)

DISCLOSE, yep, the Japanese D-beat band, has a cassette release of "the best of Disclose" 1993-'01. It sounds great, and if you know the band, you're already stoked. If you don't, they're fast, total DISCHARGE-influenced punk. Vocals are screamed and yet there's a bit of restraint in the tone. Hell yeah. (32-song cassette, no lyrics included, but they do have a computer link to the lyrics. c/o Black Konflik, No. 59, Lorong 3, Taman Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

Fucking **DISCO ASSAULT**! Skinhead hardcore. Think tough, NA-influenced HC with the bouncy, catchy Oi! bass-lines,. Good recording. Looking at the photos I'm becoming super jealous of how perfect their pants fit. Skinheads find the best jeans! Why can't I find pants that fit like that? Even the tailor can't get it right. Not too tight but not baggy. I'm just too awkward I guess. (7-song CD, lyrics included. 1279 Bruce Ave, Windsor, ON N8X 1X2, CANADA www.myspace.com/discoassaultpunk) (Justin)

DRUNK BY SIX? Why so late? I hope you mean AM! Dang underachievers! Bouncy, catchy pop punk with lots of woah-oh's and a ska number. Somewhere between DROPKICK MURPHYS and NAKED RAYGUN. (7-song CD, lyrics included. www.drunkbysix.com) (Justin)

FREEDOM ASSAULT plays very sloppy, basic crusty punk songs that aren't recorded or mixed very well (the bass drum is killing me). The songs are mostly up-tempo with a guitarist playing three chords as fast as he can. The vocal duties are shared by one female and one male vocalist who both scream like they lost their voices hours ago. Their NEIL YOUNG cover isn't musically brilliant but there is something about the vocals that make me think it's the best track on here. (6-song CD, lyrics included, freedom_assault@hotmail.com) (Pete)

THE FUCKING JACOBS have managed to offend me in so many ways and none of them good. I love being offended if it's done well but quite frankly, this is not. First of all, the CD is called "Listen, Bitch!" which should really be classified under stupid rather than offensive. Secondly, they sent a three-page press package (an annoyance in itself), from which I shall now quote: "Their musical range extends from bass and palm-mute driven ballad style reminiscent of Billy Idol, to hard and fast dance punk of tempos com-

parable to Screeching Weasel with guitar tones verging on metal, all beneath a hard gravelly call-and-response vocal style evoking GG Allin, Tom Waits, and Brandon Tussey in the same sentence." Well, if that is supposed to mean that they sound exactly like early SCREECHING WEASEL (the vocals are even dead on) but even sloppier and with a poor recording, then they've captured their sound perfectly. My last beef is with the lyrics where I shall again quote from the press package: "The lyrical structure is simple and straightforward, with rhyming couplets singing shades of urban strife, covering subjects ranging from unrequited love to unemployment to alcoholism and friendship…and dry wit…" Well if repeated requests in just about every song for people to suck his dick counts as unrequited love and lines like "You're a stupid fucking whore" counts for dry wit then again, right on. (11-song CD, lyrics not included, 324 Preston Ave., Lexington, KY 40502) (Pete)

Heavy slow part/fast part grindcore/metalcore is the name of the game for Singapore's **HUDUD**. You know the drill—play as fast as possible, scream, growl, end. Decent recording, (20-song CD, lyrics included. goxkillxyourself@gmail.com) (Justin)

THE IMMIGRANTS sound like summertime. Catchy but also a bit of beer-drinking-shit-kicking mixed in. SCREECHING WEASEL topics, RAMONES pacing and complexity. Vocals are a tiny bit snotty, about half sung, and up-front. I bet they're totally fun live. (10-song CD, lyrics included. 843 Athens Ave., Oakland, CA 94607) (Erin)

Champaign, IL's **THE INSOLETS** play that brand of punk that was started by bands like the EXPLOITED but has been passed down through so many generations of alley drinkin', Mohawk sportin', reckless youth that it has become its own thing. You know, the Punkcore sound. I'd prefer this to 1000 more AVENGED SEVENFOLD clones any day! I want a pizza! (6-song CD, lyrics included. www.theinsolents.tk) (Justin)

THE KRUSHERS are a bunch of Italian nuts playing old-school, proto-grind style. Think ENT or some of the bands on the *Grind Crusher* comp. All that stuff before grind got ridiculous and was more "crusty" than it eventually became. Not quite BOLT THROWER, but what is? Well done. (11-song CD, lyrics included. www.thekrushers.net) (Justin)

MARAT plays modern dark hardcore, volatile but only explosive about a third of the time. There's lots of pressure building up in the slower and tough parts of the songs, and only that spazzing relief occasionally. Vocals are screaming and drawn-out, sitting well on top of the music while also being a strong part of it. (4-song 3" CD, lyrics not included. c/o Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, Germany) (Erin)

MUCKRAKER have songs that are catchy bar rock, songs that are more lo-fi and garage influenced, and songs that are more despairing, and if they were faster would be in the hardcore family. The songs are usually mid-paced, and they have a few different singers, so the tone of the vocals changes around. Good and solid. ($5 ppd US/$7 ppd world. 9-song CD, no lyrics included. 1000 SW 11th St., Corvallis, OR 97333) (Erin)

PEDOCIDE made a CD so the bass player could buy a new bass rig. How resourceful. Their music is some form of off-kilter, herky-jerky metal hybrid with some stop/start weirdness. You know how the RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS do that one thing? Thrashy, silly, metallic something. How they think this sounds "BLACK FLAG-ish" is beyond me. Wacky. (29-song CD, lyrics not included. www.myspace.com/rsplatpc) (Justin)

Ha! The cover art for the **PREFECTURE** demo is of a woman dancing with a plunger. Men! Who needs 'em? I'm not sure exactly what to say about this…It's competently-played, well-produced, and as you can tell I like the artwork…It's really good. Basic 1-2-1-2, punk rock with a snotty-ass singer who sounds like he's spitting all over the fucking place, and is super drunk. Darby style. Yup. How about that? Snotty as fuck and really punk but somehow melancholic. I do like it. I swear. (6-song CD, lyrics included. stlprefecture@gmail.com) (Justin)

Woah! I expected **PTERADON** to be heavy, or straight-up rock, or indie rock crap. Boy, am I pleasantly surprised. At times it's the good parts of HOT WATER MUSIC and at others it's more ARCHERS OF LOAF. I like it. What are you looking at? (I'm more of a man for admitting I like some wussy music. You can wallow in your self-pity and self-oppression at the gym wondering how much smaller your dick really is than the guy on the next machine!) (6-song CD, lyrics included. myspace.com/pteradonband) (Justin)

Portland's **RED HERRING** have reset the bar as far as originality is concerned. Picture well-crafted punk tunes with a tuba playing the bass parts, a banjo for the guitar, and a couple regular old drums for, well, drums. You get an AU PAIRS cover to boot. I had heard stories of their live shows but couldn't quite grasp it until now. This is good albeit a bit different. Sound interesting? It should. Check it out. (8-song cassette, lyrics not included. c/o Icky A., PO Box 6834, Portland, OR 97228) (Justin)

THE REPTILE DISFUNCTION are the band that plays at the punk bar all the time, with fast and simple punk songs, and rousing sing-along choruses that everyone knows and loves. There are politics and fuck you attitude in here, but mostly they're out for a good time. Not a thing wrong with that. ($8 ppd. 14-song CD, lyrics not included. 542 S. 5th St., Missoula, MT 59801) (Erin)

Italy's **RONDO DELLA FORCA** should really stick to the faster stuff. For real—their fast parts, of which there are many, instantly bring to mind "The Furious Years of Italian Hardcore" albeit with a modern Guitar Center guitar tone and good production. But they go ahead and throw that all out the window with some shit funk metal breakdowns and other weird ass funky mess. You might be able to look past it but it seriously and completely sucked the wind out of the raging ass sails. The singer fucking rules! What are they thinking? I think they just might be *wayyyy* too good at their instruments. *FUUUUUCCK*. I'm so disappointed. Maybe I'll tape it and fade out the bad parts! It's really, really too bad. Adendum: I just played this for others and they weren't so impressed but fuck them anyway. Just a warning. (4-song CD, lyrics included. rondodellaforca@libero.it) (Justin)

Cleveland's **RUN RIOT** is mad as hell but they ain't no RINGWORM that's for shizzore! Fast (but not thrashy), sloppy hardcore with screeching vocals. Not unlike bands like OUTBREAK or AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. Maybe give it a few years. (8-song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/runriotcleveland) (Justin)

SACRED SHOCK pissed-off hardcore with occasional melody that may link this to a plethora of old and now-a-days influences. Let's say about 35% FAITH/VOID second-wave DC hardcore, 20% THE PIST, 10% Old Midwestern hardcore, 15% new Midwestern hardcore, and 20% all their own. Vocals areyelled and sung, piss and vinegar. Played and recorded tight as hell, too. ($4 ppd. 6-song cassette, lyrics included. 3703 Werner Ave., Austin, TX 78772) (Erin)

Austin's **SACRED SHOCK** has arisen from the ashes of ARMY OF JESUS and here is their demo. It definitely picks up where those bloods left off and with these folks what you get is something very original. Take a dash of later BORN AGAINST, something more modern like TALK IS POISON, and some of whatever it is they put in the water in Texas that ingrains an impulse to create something new and not stagnate in their influences. Maybe it's guano from those bats under that one bridge. The bass playing and how its mixed is really cool on this. The parts when it plays full chords really make their songs stand out. Catchy but still bad ass! (6-song cassette, lyrics included. 3703 Werner Ave., Austin, TX 78772) (Justin)

SYSTEMATISK TERROR is angry, mostly crusty hardcore that mixes up tempos and levels of anguish. The vocals add texture through different kinds of screaming and fit-having, and the mix of all the parts has a cresting wave aspect to it, that I wish I could describe better than that. (7-song CD, lyrics included. Swedish, but no address. Use the interweb: www.systematiskterror.tk) (Erin)

Hm…**TIGERSHARK**…I really had no idea what to expect. Pretty cool actually. Sounds exactly like mid period ISIS just when they were getting all shoegazer-y, with some faster blasting parts added. If that's your cup-o tea... Good recording and nice silk-screened DIY packaging to boot. (5-song CD, with lyrics. www.myspace.com/tigershark) (Justin)

TRASH BANDITS sound like they recorded live this time around. There's a bit of BLATZ going on here, and a bit of drunk melodic punk too, but those influences are balanced out by a more straightforward kind of chaos of the lo-fi hardcore family. The vocals are different, depending on the song, and the in-between song banter that you can't hear seems like it may reveal some mysteries about the band. (Will pay YOU to take a

demo off their hands. About 10 songs on this cassette, without lyrics. 6172 Charles ST., Halifax, NS B3K 1L4, Canada)(Erin)

San Francisco's Wizzard Mountain Tapes have sent in two demos this month. The first comes from **TRADITIONAL FOOLS** who play a brand of dirty, punky garage rock that seems made for dancing. Like the BLACK LIPS covering "Louie Louie" over and over again until it becomes a different band and different song. Sounds very swampy and reminds me of the South. It feels like something King Louie Bankston would be involved with but they're from San Fran so that's unpossible. The super raw, gritty production really brings out the charm here. (13-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/wizardmountaintapes) (Justin)

The second is from **TY SEGAL**, who appears to be a one-man band. This is impressive but there's no way this was recorded one-man-band style. That is, with Ty playing all the instruments at the same time. It utilizes traditional garage rock as its platform but also adds quite a bit of drunken nights down at the Whiskey in LA circa 1979/'80. My favorite part is the madman howlin' at the moon vocals. I can't help but think that there's no way this was recorded this decade. Never mind this year. All you garage-sters hide your shamed mugs away and kneel at the foot of TY SEGAL. This is awesome, *so* awesome. Swagger on over to the nearest internet portal and order away from… (www.myspace.com/wizardmountaintapes. 5-song cassette, no lyrics included.) (Justin)

UNSCUM…Hmm…Warriors of weed! Three long tracks of crusty, metallic…well, crust. Bass-heavy, super distorted guitars, two vocalists, lots about the tweed ya'll! (3-song CD, with lyrics included. 21 Easton St, Apt 2, Boston, MA 02134) (Justin)

THE VALOIDS are awesome snotty teenage punk that is straightforward, sloppy, and played with a distinct heartfelt annoyance. It's also kind of chaotic and lo-fi. The vocals are sung and the back-up vocals are group yelling with, I'm sure, enough room for the rest of us to yell, too. This rules. ($3 ppd. 7-song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 55352, Valencia, CA 91385) (Erin)

VOMIT just up-chucked a demo that reminds me an awful lot of those sods SPAZZ. Mr. Lactose from that band had a very distinct voice and one of these schlubs has a very similar one. The music too—very bass driven. Fast, slower, fast again, faster still, end. (12-song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/vomithardcore) (Justin)

WORST CASE SCENARIO plays killer fast crusty Swedish hardcore. They have brutal parts and moody slower parts, and mix them well. Lady screaming vocals are at just a slightly more frantic pace and higher in pitch than regular crusties—hell yeah. (7-song 3" CD, lyrics included. c/o Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, Germany) (Erin)

THE WRECK has a screamo sensibility, mixed with some hard rock moments, some post-punk moments, and also some sneaky sneaky melody. Interesting mix that works well. Vocals, as we said, are screamed like the screamo demands, even on the songs that deviate musically. (5-song CD, lyrics not included. 3733N Goldenrod, Apr 411, Winter Park, FL 32792) (Erin)

I have here in my hands a compilation of bands from Lima, Peru called ***Lima La Podrida***. From the first track of catchy, sing-along, feel-good punk of 3 AL HILO to the last, keyboard-laden, SONICS-fronted-by-King Kong track—"Basura" by MANGANZOIDES—this thing rules. Most of the bands play a brand of catchy RAMONES-inspired punk rock that is urgent, desperate, and has no trace of metal anywhere to be found. The sound quality runs the gamut from pretty good and raw to almost unlistenable. Punk, punk, punk, punk, punk!!!! This is a great comp. If I could speak Spanish, I'd be singing along to this shit for days. But I'm an ignorant, cultureless idiot, so…Might I suggest the female-fronted VULPESS-esque number by LOS MALDITOS GATOS DE LIMA and the first track by 3 AL HILO for mix tapes? This is the first release from a fanzine called *Tu Mama Calata* that is also now a record label. Love it! (26-song CD, lyrics not included. Bruno Guerra, Av. San Martin 852, Dpto 504 Pueblo Libre, Lima, Peru. tumadresinropa@yahoo.com) (Justin)

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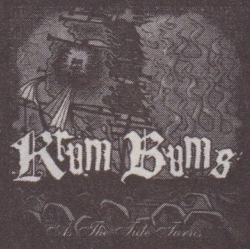

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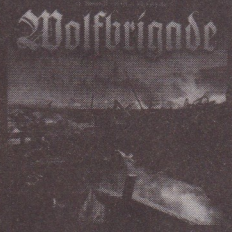

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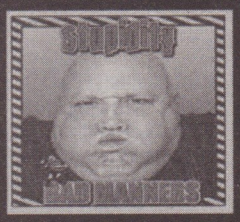

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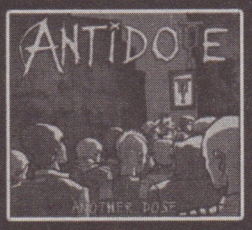

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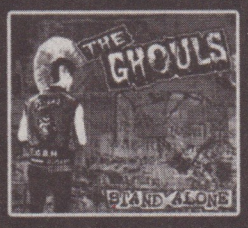

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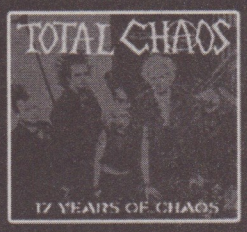

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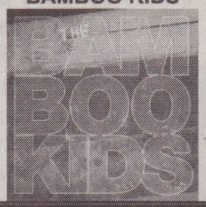

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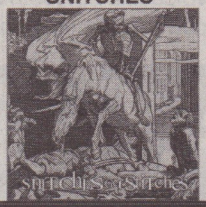

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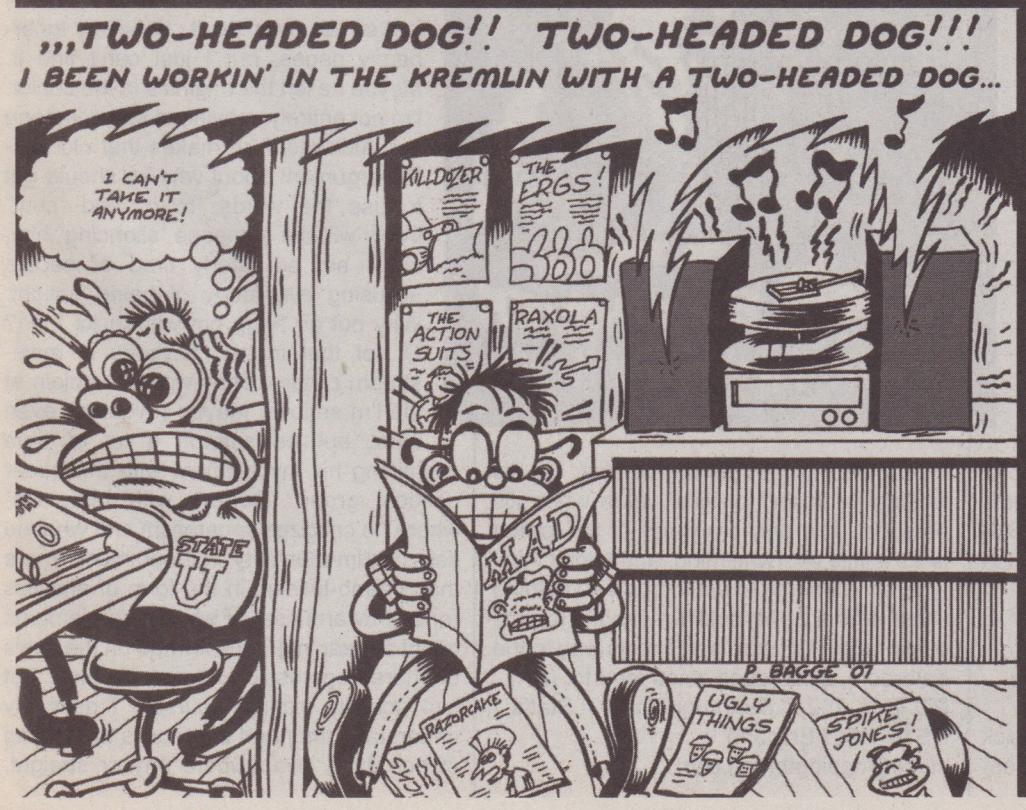

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(AS) Andy Shoup

AGITATE #8 / $2 or trade
5.25 x 8.75 – copied – 24 pgs
Chris (and co.?) have released another quality crust attack. Interviewed are After the Massacre and Besthoven, and Death From Above (Brazil) gets a profile. A moderate heap of (mostly UK) zines are reviewed, as are CDs, vinyl, and a cassette of brutal thrash. All the reviews are positive. There are no ads, but there are a number of photos of bands. Southern Czech's greatest scene reporter, Filip "Fuckin'" Fuchs contributes an extended look at the scene in Gregor Mendel's hometown. If you are put off by the generic crust aesthetic, steer clear, otherwise you are stoked. The price is a mere 40p in person. Keep 'em coming, please. (JM)
PO Box 202 / Shipley / BD18 3WB / UK
chrisagitate@yahoo.co.uk

ANARCHY: A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED Vol. 24, No. 2 / $4.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 82 pgs
This is a magazine of anarchy discussed. The flavor of anarchy here is non-denominational ranging from anarchy primitivized to anarchy syndicated. There are many video and book reviews, which are used as catalysts for discussion elaborated. Also discussed are anarchists deceased: artist Richard Mock and libertarian municipalist Murray Bookchin. In the letter section, Ted Kaczynski reprimands naïve anarcho-primitivist Kevin Tucker on the topic of foraging societies, complete with facts cited. Damn, that Teddy sure is smart. (DH)
CAL Press / PO Box 3448 / Berkeley, CA 94703
www.anarchymag.org

A NETWORK OF FRIENDS #3 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 100 pgs!
A totally great idea, this zine is a big thick compilation of the best of a bunch of people's (at least nine) zines. So if you have particular taste, this zine probably has everything you love and hate in a zine, and I think that's awesome. Band interviews include: Framtid, Kismet HC, Kvoteringen, Ballast, and more. Though there are a lot of voices all put toether in this, and I therefore can't really do a god job summing up or characterizing the feel of this zine, but it's fucking punk and political, even when it's personal. The only drawback of the format is it's a little overwhelming, and I don't think I have the energy to sift through something like this for a while, but it'll make the rounds at my house I'm sure and find its way to the bathroom, as all good zines tend to. (AA)
PO Box 152 / Burton-on-Trent / Staffs / DE14 1XX / England
steve@rippingthrash.com

BARRICATA #15 / €2.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 76 pgs – French
A leftist political magazine with something for everyone—punk rock bands, graphic novelists, Black Panther History, football, activism, Mexican current events. Since there's so much packed in here, it doesn't have enough room to go in-depth into any of the topics it tackles, but it's nice to have so much to choose from. It looks really good too. If you can read French, this is definitely worth your time. (PC)
21 ter, rue Voltaire / 75011 Paris / France
www.contre.propagande.org

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD #5 / €3 ppd
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
The cover says there's "feminist semantics" somewhere in this zine—I looked all over for it, between toner-heavy pages, but I just can't find it. Maybe he left the originals in the copier. I'm not entirely convinced that someone is a fuckwad if he makes that old anti-PC argument about why he should get to use the words "bitch" and "cunt" freely without someone "silencing" him, but I am so utterly tired of people accusing everybody of being uptight. Why not go hang out with jocks then? Or for that matter, anybody in mainstream culture! They won't complain at all! I'm serious. Maybe I wouldn't even care, but he spends a lot of time explaining his involvement with the queer political group "Queers with Molotovs" where he criticizes separatism and what he calls victim-mentality without much more than crumb-tossing in the form of analysis (or self-awareness) of why those elements might appear in groups formed on the basis of shared oppression. I know it's hard, but just actually explain yourself. I definitely understand the need to process the feeling of not fitting in anywhere gay or straight,

but if you condemn everyone then you're really alone. Elsewhere all over this zine Mr. Editor just complains and whines and bitterly curses everybody. At least he's consistent, and I do think he has a lot of important things to say. There are interviews with Doomtown, who think punk is too harmless, and Martyrdöd. (JB)
BTH, c/o Cormy / 45 Beech Hill Drive / Donnybrook, D4, IRELAND
razethestray@hotmail.com

BLACKPOOL ROCKS II #9 / £2
8.5 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
Blackpool Rocks II is a zine from Blackpool, England featuring interviews with The Weakerthans, The Great St. Louis and Steve Lake of Zounds. Also included are CD, zine and gig reviews, all in a very straighfoward black-and-white package. (AS)
PO Box 1025 / Blackpool / FY3 OFA / UK

BLURT #5 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 97 pgs
In these paranoid times, it seems, you can't trust anybody. I know because I have heard so many opinions about this zine and none of them meant anything by the time I actually got to read it. I really like the way that it looks, with intermittant photocopy art, handwriting in sparse places, and neatly placed larger type conclusary statements at the ends of stories. One thing that takes getting used to, or tolerating, is this kid's writing style. He seems to follow a formula of leaving out either articles or prepositions, such as "the," "my," "his," and "a." They tend to be words that may not be necessary to get the meaning across, but that some of us, as English users, come to expect and thus, trip over sentences where they are missing. I have decided it is poetic, but also annoying. The stories in this issue seem to follow a theme of revisiting childhood, but there are moments examining other things too, like libraries, meandering, escaping, finding, and leaving. (JB)
Lew / 1902 E. 9th St. / Austin, TX 78702

CAPITOL CITY ZINE COMPILATION #1 / $5 plus postage
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Why have I never seen one of these before? It's pretty quaint for a compilation, with a single story or comic per zine, of which there are nine, mostly giggle-inspiring, including *Snakepit*, *Blurt*, *Greasespot*, *World Salad*, *Tightrope Laboratory*, *Option Paralysis*, *Surprise Autopsy*, *Clip Tart*, and *Homemade Boat*. I definitely enjoyed going through these pages; zines are usually stronger the more contributors there are because each person is able to give more energy towards content when there is only one thing they are focusing on. *World Salad* gave me a bloody nose—I like nonsequitorial shit. The drawings in *Tightrope Laboratory* remind me of Dame Darcy only more scrawling and less detailed. *Surprise Autopsy* was my favorite because it made the most sense, or, it was appealing to one of my regular needs that someone talk some shit about religion, even if it is totally ridiculous. *Snakepit* made me smile in the usual fashion, giving the punx a lesson about scabies. As much as I like this, I can't really say it is worth $5, but it does have a silk-screened cover and a kickass comic centerfold. (JB)
Lauren Trout c/o Monkey Wrench Books / 110 E. North Loop / Austin, TX 78751

CONSTANT MIGRANE #1 / $2 ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 20 pgs
New zine outta Indianapolis, the first issue of which includes interviews with Modern Life Is War, Shitstorm, Wasteland DC, Hot Cross, Black Arrows of Filth and Impurity, and The Geeks (the latter being from South Korea, the rest being American), plus a couple columns and well-written reviews of recent HC records. All in all the spirit is enthusiastic and this is a good read; once these folks get the layout thing sorted out (hint: you need hi-res photos!) this will be an excellent zine to look out for. Keep it up! (CS)
29 S. Linwood Avenue / Indianapolis, IN 46201
constantmigrainezine@hotmail.com

DIRGE #2 / $1 plus stamps or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Second installment of this NYC zine; I reviewed the first one and this issue is an improvement. Introduction notes it was hard to put out 'cause the author was trying to finish high school! Anyways, the interviews this time around are with Oakland's Stormcrow and Jarad of Rochester's Whom They Destroy, Destrux, and Radegast (not the old Czech band unfortunately), to give you an idea of the type of music covered within. Lots of reviews, plus a ton of photos and weird, cool punk art—all laid out nicely in classic cut 'n' paste style (though the pixilated images from the 'net are always kinda a bummer). Nice job. Next step: Staples! (CS)
147 Rugby Rd. / Brooklyn, NY 11226
projectileppuke@yahoo.com

DOLL #237 / $?
7.75 x 8.25 – printed – 140 pgs – Japanese
I would have liked to have read the interviews with Stachel from Hate/Unsociable (Hate being a European label, I believe, maybe Unsociable is a distro), longtime WMFU DJ Dave the Spazz (he visited Japan to play records in some clubs, by the looks of it), Brazil's Mukeka Di Rato, Japan's own Crow, and maybe the Havenot's Australian tour diary, the piece on the Runaways, or some of the other crap. There is a lot of it, including a Condenada interview reprinted from *MRR* #284. The fucking Stooges are on the cover, and there is some nice photography of them and Iggy's sculpted abdominal muscles. There are a million advertisements, which I also wish I could read, as they tend to have a lot of listings of record and such. Probably you are aware that *Doll* is huge and pro-looking. A wide variety of rock'n'roll is covered. (JM)
www.doll-mag.co.jp

EQUALIZING DISTORT vol. 7, #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs
Seemingly larger-than-usual issue of this long-running newsletter zine. This one

starts off with an interview with the Metal Eddies and also features a cool article on Imants' trip to South America, but the real treats are the pieces with punk photographer Bev Davies and Subterranean Records' Steve Tupper. What's more, there's an eight-page spread on the best releases of 2006 as chosen by the *EXD* staff, along with the usual record/DVD/zine reviews, rumor mill, and show listings. Quality reading throughout, and always a great way to stay up on the current crop of new punk releases as these folks consistently have their collective finger on the pulse. I especially dig their support of bands at the demo stage. (CS)
21 Foundry Avenue, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingXdistort@cuit.fm

FODIDO & XEROCADO #1 & #2 / free + postage, or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
An excellent little limited-run punk rock photozine from Brazil. Mateus and Daigo are great photographers and they make all the bands look really exciting, even ones that I think probably weren't. There's a good variety of bands, young and old, Brazilian and international, from different genres. Highlights include Clorox Girls, Trust, Iggy Pop, Sguardo Realto, and I Shot Cyrus. Get 'em! (PC)
Mateus Mondini / Rua Iporoig 561, Apto 134 / Sao Paulo, SP / Brazil
fodidoexerocado@gmail.com

FREE SOCIETY #18 / $3 ppd US, $3 (Canadian) ppd Canada, $4 ppd world, or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 64 pgs
Excellent, content-packed cut 'n' paste (from computer print-out) zine from Canada. After a couple brief introductory pieces, we cut right to everybody's favorite (the record reviews), and there's lots of 'em. In fact, this zine has lots of everything: full interviews (Trioxin 245, The Fallout, Misery Index, Propagandhi), zine reviews, demo reviews, show reviews, photos, and even some writing of a political nature. Very well-done, and enough to keep you reading 'til the next issue comes out. (CS)
PO Box 342 / Peterborough, ON / K9J 6Z3 / Canada

GIVE ME BACK #51 / $1.50 US, $5 world
8.5 x 11 – printed – 128 pgs
Some amazing folks in Washington, DC, have resurrected *HeartattaCk* zine and breathed new life into its freshly deceased corpse. Yes, this is basically *HeartattaCk* (hence the issue number being 51 instead of 1, even though this is the first issue of *Give Me Back*... yes, it is confusing...) but with a new set of editors and reviewers, and some new columnists. The look and feel are exactly the same, and some of the old columnists remain, like Travis Magoo, Keith Rosson, Hope Amico, and even *HeartattaCk*'s founder Kent McClard. But with so much new blood involved, and an obvious shift towards coverage of more thoughtful, East Coast-based bands and scenesters, it seems wrong that they wouldn't start a whole new zine. I can see how staying tied to *HaC*'s apron strings can help a new zine get off the ground, but hopefully we'll see *GMB* evolved into its own unique entity (and lose the silly numbering system as well). There are excellent, well thought-out interviews in here, including Providence, RI's Tiny Hawks, Dutch veterans Seein Red, Japan's "transformative" Envy, and an interesting conversation with the folks involved in the organizations Philly's Pissed and Philly Stands Up, with an extensive discussion on how to talk about and deal with sexual assault. A zine worth reading cover-to-cover. Great job! (PC)
PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056
www.givemeback.org

GREEN ANARCHY #24 / $4 USA, $5 Canada, $6 Europe, $7 World, free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 – printed – 102 pgs
Whilst flexing your brain on anti-civilization-ism you can also get updates on world events having to do with uprising, prison escape, recruitment office arson, land grabs, and more. I like obfuscating language about navigating oneself through completely destructive culture more than I like new-agey artwork. This magazine is relentlessly full of hopeful calls-to-action, and analysis, including a look at the Situationist International movement's inconsistencies and worthwhile objectives that I found particularly funny, if not interesting. (JB)
Green Anarchy / PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
collective@greenanarchy.org

GRIT & GLITTER #1 / $2 or trades
4 x 7 – copied – 24 pgs
Two queer ladies talking about what it is to be femme. In their stories of femmeness they touch upon: sexism, the way in which we are engendered as children, child abuse, and the pressure to abandon femininity in both the punk and gay community. It sounds dry from my description, but it's not—it's a series of very readable anecdotes that add up to a better understanding (for me at least) of what it is to be femme, or rather to be femme and radical. (AA)
PO Box 12596 / Seattle, WA 98111
neely_ohara@hellokitty.com

GUTTERFLOWER #7 / $1 or 2 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Gutterflower comes from Bakersfield, CA, and features records reviews, a word search (!), suggestions for foods one can use in recipes as an egg replacer, and an article about biotech. It appears that the zinemaker here has poached a fair number of things from other sources, which is kind of a no-no in my book. The original stuff though is pretty good though, so I will have to give *Gutterflower* a passing grade. (AS)
1503 Pacific St. / Bakersfield, CA 93305

HEY RONNIE #1 / $1, $2 overseas
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pages
Reading this really brought me back to when I first started doing zines—the enthusiasm and excitement about HC punk music and the DIY ethics really had me deja-vuing big time as I was also once a 16-year-old ne'er do well in Illinois into HC. Cardiac Arrest, Weekend Nachos, and demo reviews (very cool). Mainly focuses on USHC and '80s-style stuff, but still this is very well done and has a lot of promise here. (NM)
1142 Illini Dr. / O'Fallon, IL 62269
martinpoop@msn.com

HUB CITY OUT OF THE BASEMENT #2 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
A New Brunswick, New Jersey-centric music zine with reviews, interviews, and a bit of editorial writing at the end. It's a neat zine, most of it felt irrelevant to me being across the country, and I was indeed scandalized by the knowledge that there are women afraid to have their period on tour! I mean… really? Anyway, The best piece of writing comes at the end and contends that maybe the music scene in New Brunswick (and all over) would benefit from a more collective approach to sharing music, and a moratorium on demeaning criticism could mean the beginning of a stonger more vibrant scene. This zine totally doesn't suck. (AA)
PO Box 1561 / New Brunswick, NJ 08903
jarrett_d_@hotmail.com

INCOHERENCE #1 / free, trade, or $1 ppd
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Seems to have been put together by someone heavily shroomin', man. A rag-tag-mag... copy of an interview with '80s hardcore band th' Inbred, reviews of some awesome records, and some pretty cool flyer art included too. Short and sweet, I'd say. (CH)
Andy Ford / 622 Seminary - W'Burg Rd. / Collins, MS / 39428

THE INNER SWINE Vol 13, Issue 1 / $2
I've gone back and forth on this one, and honestly, the jury is still out. Sometimes I find it amusing, at other times simply annoying, but overall just kind of silly. But I mean that in a good way. I can say this for *The Inner Swine*: it's definitely more amusing and just sort of succeeds more than most zines. I mean it doesn't aspire to greatness, but rather to only being kind of funny. Which it is. If you've never seen *T.I.S.*, it has nothing to do with punk rock, or with anything, for that matter. But that shouldn't stop you from buying it. Worth a look, for sure. (AS)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.innerswine.com

LAST HOURS #15 / $?
8.5 x 11.5 – glossy – 114 pages
All I can say is holy shit. A full-on glossy mag that reminds me kinda of a British *Doll*. The contents remind me of something of a hybrid of *MRR*, *Clamor*, *Punk Planet*, *Fracture*, *Profane Existence*, and *Big Takeover*. As I like elements of all those zines I have to say this is fucking cool. An emphasis on world news from a revolutionary perspective, radical artists, anti-fascism, anti-parliament—wow there's so much here, it's almost overwhelming. I have never heard of this zine before which suprises me. This issue has a very fascinating article about how anarcho punk compilations have effected how punk defines itself. The music covered runs the gamut from indie rock to crust. Interviews with Seein Red, Strike Anywhere, Dauntless Elite, Defiance Ohio, and many more. Wow. (NM)
PO Box 382 / 456-458 The Strand, London / WC2R 0DZ UK

LOSERDOM #15 / €3 IRL, €3.25 world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 68 pgs
This is the 10th anniversary edition of this Dublin punk fanzine/per-zine. It starts out with a heartwarming comic history of *Loserdom*, which also sort of encapsulates the history of Dublin zines (and zines in general)—the evolution from typewritten cut 'n' paste broadsheet to computer laid-out fanzine in the age of the Internet. The zine's coverage focuses on Ireland and features a long conversation with the Dublin band Redneck Manifesto about anything and everything, and there's a lengthy travel diary about a bike trip around the country. There's also an interesting interview with Guy Picciotto with really good questions (zinesters take note!), and an impressive zine review section. Congrats, guys—keep 'em comin'! (PC)
Anto / 11 Malahide Road / Fairview / Dublin 3 / Ireland
www.loserdomzine.com

MEGANE KUN # 1-4 / postage or trade
4.5 x 5.75 – copied – 16-32 pgs
Bored? Suburban? Do a zine! This is a decent recipe, but a lot of times the first few issues capture a little too much of the boring part. Many standard features are included in these issues, such as movies (kung-fu), bands, song lyrics, traveling, shows, friends and school. The fourth issue, unlike the others, has a good-looking cover that would inspire you to at least pick it up and look through it. A lot of truly terrible zines in this genre find their way to the *Maximum* PO box. These, while not great, are better than that. If you love punk and do a small-ish personal zine, I would recommend trading with this guy. He's French, and speaks Japanese and a bit of other Southeast Asian languages, but the zines are in English. (JM)
Guillaume Mistrot / 6 Allee du Faneur / 77400 St. Thibault Des Vignes / France
maganekun@hotmail.fr

NEXT STOP NOWHERE #1 / $?
8.5 x 6 – printed – 56 pgs
This is a zine from Wales (an area west of England known for seaweed bread and sheep). Exactly half of this zine is Dave's travel journal when he went on tour with Atlanta's Black Cougar Shock Unit. They travel through the dirty dirty to Texas and onwards to California and the Northwest. What makes the journal interesting is seeing the most fucked-up parts of America through the lens of a foreigner. Even though our cultures are so similar they are also very far apart. Things that we take for granted here are hilarious or scary, or utterly bizarre to Dave. This is my favorite part about traveling: picking up on the nuances and finding the humor in subtleties. There is also an interview with Welly of Damaged Records, a vital punk/hardcore record store in central Cardiff. The last part of the zine is comprised of several articles on Scientology and a few pages of record reviews. (DH)
dave@thenewestindustry.com

NOBODY CAN EAT 50 EGGS #'s 29-32 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44ish pgs
I was bombarded with four issues of this zine and it was positively overwhelming to my senses! So much to look at, so much to think about.. fully illustrated and narrated, with great imagination. What I like about

this zine is that the writer goes from very literal topics like mundane bar hangout sessions, to silly stuff like rhino marriage counseling and alligator water-cooler gossip.. filled to the brim with neat drawings, and for every issue the cover is printed in color. They all look great! (CH)
445 1/2 Randolph St. / Meadville, PA 16335
eat_50_eggs@hotmail.com

NOWHERE TO PARK #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This zine offers up some great reading material. The author details his experiences living in Philly and working at a falafel shop. Accompanied with what reminds me of early Christy Road-style drawings, the writing will carry you easily and breezily from beginning to end. (CH)
315 N. Greenwood Cir. / Seattle, WA 98103
nowheretopark@gmail.com

OUT OF ORDER #4 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pages
Very well done garage punk style zine from Davis, CA. This issue has Private Dicks, Night Wounds, Tyvek, and interviews with punk rock roadies (cool idea!). Several record reviews, some comics, and writings on the demise of Tower Records (which has special significance to Davis and Sacramento punks). I lived in Sacto for a while so I can understand. Editor Heather does a good job and seems to be quite busy with several projects including a record label. Cool! (NM)
PO BOX 72775 / Davis, CA 95617
heather@outoforderrecords.com

PISS FACTORY #1 / $1 plus postage
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 25 pgs
Haha, a cool name for a zine. A cool zine, too.. Very simple layout with a mean green cover. Short and abstract stories, left open-ended with a lot of room for interpretation. Anticipating this, the author left two pages blank for you to take notes on.. I thought that was kinda funny, haha! (CH)
3402 Rosewood Dr. / Columbia, SC 29205
www.texty.us

PLASTIC BOMB #58 / 3.5 EUROS
8.5 x 11 – printed – 76 pgs
Glossy, glossy, oh-so-glossy punk magazine from Germany. It's the kind of magazine that comes in a plastic sleeve, and when you tear it open all kinds of subscription cards, mailorder catalogs, and CD samplers fall out onto the floor. Oops. It's got all the standard music mag fare (interviews, reviews, articles) but what is nice is the international punk coverage, but with a German take. Whatev. (AA)
Plastic Bomb / Postfach 100205 / D-4702 Duisberg / Germany
micha@plastic-bomb.de

PRISON FOCUS #27 / $20 for 4-issue sub, prisoners pay $5 for sub or sample issue free, free for California SHU prisoners
8.5 x 11 – printed – 40 pgs
There's a lot of information in here, compared to just a bit of poetry and artwork. Prison Focus is produced in California, but looks at global and national issues just as much as it does things specific to the Golden State. This is one of the best publications I've seen examining prison and its related social dysfunctions. Of course, they are in need of funding and support for this and other projects. Punks hate the pigs, and few things get the pigs as angered as effective prisoner support. (JM)
2940 16th St. / Suite B5 / SF, CA 94103

RAZORCAKE #37 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs
This zine is as ridiculous as Los Angeles itself. It's more light-hearted and poppier than other mags of this genre (columns/interviews/reviews), but it really gets down to the punk rock part of punk rock: embracing hometown shittiness, being an ass, tongue in cheek self-mockery and bowling in bear suites. The columns leave you laughing out loud. Even the reviews are entertaining to read. But the cherry on top is an interview with Joan Jett (!?) wherein they prod her with questions concerning pee popsicles and Manuel Noriega encounters. (DH)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RESISTANCE OF DREAMS #1 / $2, free to prisoners
8.5 x 7 – copied – 52 pgs
Love/hate feeling towards this one... the quintessential "zine" zine. Embarrasingly self-aware zinester trying to ease his feelings of white male guilt by analyzing his every thought and action. Adventures in train-hopping, crossdressing, protesting, and squatting. I have to say, even though this guy got on my nerves sometimes, I think he did a great job putting together a hefty-sized and solid zine. Well-written, and layed out in the traditional typewritten/old-fashioned-line-drawn style. (CH)
Geoff Slagheap / 7 Beelen St. / Pittsburgh, PA 15213

RUNNING FEART #14 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 60 pgs
A nice-looking glossy music zine out of Scotland that is overflowing with interviews of bands like: LOWER CLASS BRATS, THE CRAVATS, SUBHUMANS, THE BOYS, TV SMITH, GOGOL BORDELLO, and on and on. It also has some record, DVD, and zine reviews thrown in for good measure. (AA)
Callum Masson / 12 Crusader Crescent / Stewartton / Ayrshire / SCOTLAND KA3 3BL
cmasson@tinyworld.co.uk

SMILE, HON, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE! #8.5 / $3 US, $5 World
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 56 Pages
Also called *Show Me Yours Show you Mine*. A collection of several Baltimore area writers and photographers telling stories about fucked-up things that have happened to them over the years. Some involving severe injury, too! Pretty clever idea. (NM)
Eight Stone Press / PO BOX 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
www.eightstonepress.com

STRONGER THAN DIRT #001 / $2 US, $3 world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
The cover instantly endeared me to this zine: a photo of the Sacramento skyline. Yes! Sacramento, where the rope swing swings and the dumpsters sing. Then we have a diagram of the pyramid of the capitalist system, under which is scrawled "Ain't it the truth." Uh huh. Next page there's a

drawing of a mushroom cloud and the words, "The last image man will see." Under that is scribbled, "Too fucking true." Alright. On the centerfold we have reduced copies of show fliers from Sacramento and the Bay Area. Ah, the raw nihilism and innocence of youth. Teenage punks roaming the streets, going to shows, pasting together zines. It takes you back. (DH)
10070 Willard Pky Apt 319 / Elk Grove, CA, 95758
aepunx77@yahoo.com

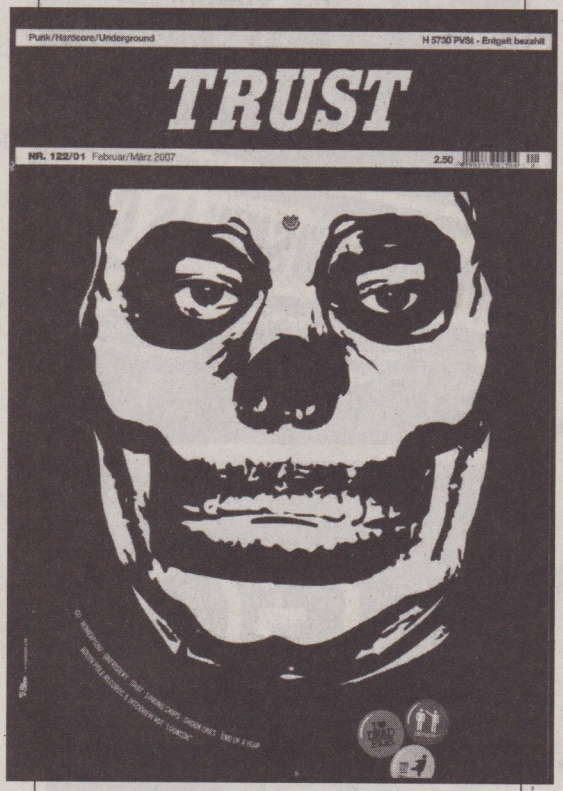
SUSPECT DEVICE #48 / $?
8.5 X 11 – printed – 55 pgs
This zine from Southampton, UK, boasts reviews aplenty as well as interviews with The Phoenix Foundation, Danny Leigh, and a well-done "Brief History of Dorset DIY Punk Rock." A solid zine, definitely worth a look. (AS)
PO Box 295 / Southampton / SO17 ILW / UK

TREBLE HIGH TALENT LOW #2 / $1
8.5 x 7 – copied – 20 pages
One of the better new zines I have seen in some time. This issue has 9 Shocks Terror, The Jury, Gross National Product, and reviews (including the new Neil Diamond CD and donuts), and a very thought-provoking article talking about right wing ideology in punk using excepts from current controversies in the pages of *MRR* (reviews, letters, etc). Editor Brandon has an excellent analysis of things and the interviews are actually entertaining and don't ask the usual boiler plate questions! Excellent! (NM)
6 Stewart Ave / Glen Falls, NY, 12801
brandon_gaffney@yahoo.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #82 / $1 plus 87¢ in stamps, or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
The mix of rock-influenced local club-circuit band coverage, reviews of bigger underground releases (stuff on AT, Century Media, and…Ani DiFranco!), and mainstream liberal politics isn't really up my alley, but than again I don't live in Columbia, Missouri. At least these folks are active and producing a zine about stuff they're into (82 issues no less!). There are a ton of show reviews to be found here, a short article on The Spunks and a long interview with the reformed Zolar X, and music, film, and book reviews. The most blatant area for improvement here is the layout, which is more very straight-forward and not very interesting or eye-catching. (CS)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #122/01 / €2,5
8.5x12 – printed – 64 pgs – German
Jesüs fücking Christ, this zine has more umlauts than *HeartattaCk* and an ikea catalog put together. Well, to be fair, it is from Germany. It's basically the German equivalent of *MRR*, except glossier. You got your columns, your interviews (GO!, Nomeansno, Sinking Ships, South Pole Records, and more), and your reviews, fanzine and music. I wish I could read German better and faster because there's a lot of material here. (DH)
Trust / 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE vol 20 #2 / donation encouraged
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
I'm really glad this paper exists—it strives to cover global issues of oppression across



the board. The opening page has a piece on racist police brutality and Black unity by General T.A.C.O. (a member of the Black Riders Liberation Party) which speaks positively on the work being done to raise consciousness and protect the needs of people in the community. There's also an article making connections between Free Trade and Femicide, as well as a memorial on Harriet Tubman by Mumia Abu-Jamal. The most interesting article for me is an interview with white rap artists AR-15, who are anti-racist MCs who tackle the subject of cultural theft and appropriation with respect to being white kids operating musically in a not only traditionally Black medium but also a largely white-consumed art form. They discuss what their challenges are and what they attempt to accomplish in anti-racist action and racial justice through music but also through fund-raising for organizations that do justice work. I was impressed with the questions raised. (JB)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN? #3 / trade or donation
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 56 pgs
To elaborate on the title, the question revolves around sexual assualt(ers) in radical communities. This zine, which is full of material, utilizes a variety of perspectives. There's a story of a fucked-up guy in a house, who no one ever confronts, and a fucked-up drunk who gets confronted, to no avail. There's a story from a fucked-up guy, who tells how fucked-up he was/is (rather) and how he's trying to be better. Reprinted is some relevant fiction, a piece from the book Transforming a Rape Culture, and a speech delivered by Andrea Dworkin. Cindy Ovenrack elaborates on a piece she wrote in her zine, *Doris*, about women she knows who fought back against sexist behavior. A woman details her experience with the legal system as her assualter was prosecuted and convicted. Lastly, there is a guide to "reflective listening," which is sadly necessary, as so many people are truly shitty at listening and comprehending, as opposed to "listening" which is just waiting to interrupt the speaker. There is a need for one hundred more of these projects, and this one is certainly valuable. The people who compiled this are working on a zine about safer-spaces policies, and ask that you contact them with any information and/or experience you have. Also, if you are broke, they can maybe send you a zine anyway. (JM)
properteaistheft@riseup.net

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #21 / $3 US, $5 world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 64 pgs
Xerography Debt is a most excellent zine all about zines. Mostly reviews, but instead of being an alphabetical collection of zine reviews, like what you're involved with right now, *XD* is divided by columnist, each of whom deal with talking about and/or reviewing zines in a more free-form manner. It makes for more interesting reading that way, and feels more conversational, not like you're just being told what's good and bad. This issue features an article by a former employee of Tower Records (RIP), who was, in his words, "the last major zine buyer in the world." And that's no exaggeration. Read his piece and get an enlightening glimpse behind the scenes of the system that, for better or worse, keeps zines like ours alive. *A+* (PC)
Davida Gypsy Breier / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
www.leekinginc.com

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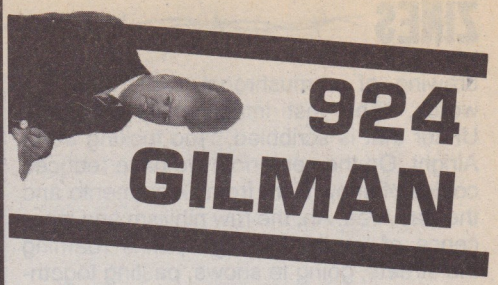

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Friday 11 $6
Whiskey Rebels • Far From Finished (MA)
Los Dryheavers • Red Handed

Saturday 12 $7
Internal Affairs (L.A.) • Never Healed
Trash Talk (WA) • Violation (L.A.) • Heads Up

Sunday 13 $6 (5PM SHOW)
Clorox Girls (OR) • Red Dons (OR) • Sex Tape Scandal

Friday 18
California Love •Drain The Sky (Record Release)
Jesusfuckingchrist • Ritual Of War (OR) • Chromium 6

Saturday 19 $6 - PUNK PROM 2007
Rock And Roll Adventure Kids • Black Fag (L.A.)
Abi Yo Yo's • Floating Corpses • Tulsa

Sunday 20 $7 (5PM SHOW)
Gather (Last Show) • Risen (IN) • 7 Generations (L.A.)

Friday 25 $7
DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Social Unrest • Hellbillys • Static Thought
Bad Samaritans (L.A.) • Pyramid Schemé (PA)

Saturday 26 $7
DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Animosity • As Blood Runs Black • The Faceless (L.A.)
Beneath The Massacre (CAN) • Agenda Of Swine

JUNE

Friday 01
Godstomper • Magrudergrind (D.C.) • I Object (NY)
Noisear (NM) • Superbad (OR) • Acts OF Sedition

Saturday 02
The Heart Attacks (L.A.) • Societys Parasites (L.A.)

Friday 08
Ninja Academy (L.A.) • T.B.A.

Saturday 09 $6-$10
BENEFIT FOR A SAFE PLACE WOMENS SHELTER
The Insaints • Fabulous Disaster • Retching Red
Dynamite 8 • SCBS

Saturday 10 $7 (5PM SHOW)
Have Heart (MA) • Allegiance • Soul Control (RI)

Friday 15
Agression (L.A.) • Shattered Faith (L.A.) • Verbal Abuse
Oppressed Logic • Midnight Bombers

$2 YEARLY MEMBERSHIP
ALL SHOWS ARE ALL-AGES
ALL SHOWS START AT 8PM (UNLESS NOTED)
ARRIVE AN HOUR EARLY TO VOLUNTEER
NO VIOLENCE, DRUGS OR ALCOHOL
NO RACIST, MISOGINIST, OR HOMOPHOBIC BULLSHIT.
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CLASSIFIEDS

ATTENTION CLASSIFIEDS READERS. WHEN RESPONDING TO THESE ADS REMEMBER THAT THE WORLD OF MRR READERS IS NOT A PUNK ROCK UTOPIA WHERE EVERYONE IS LOOKING OUT FOR EVERYONE ELSE AND WE ARE ALL COOL... BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU TELL PEOPLE AND BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SEND MONEY TO. THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE IN PUNKLAND WHO WILL TRY TO RIP YOU OFF EXPLOIT YOU OR MANIPULATE YOU. REALLY. ITS TRUE.

NOISECORE/GRINDNOISE VOCALIST WANTED by UK musician for joint UK/USA totally fuckin insane chaotic NOISE project! Looking for maniac who likes to grunt and scream to the maximum extreme. Pete, 79, Darwin Road, Ealing, London, W54BB, UK FUCK MUSIC!

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MRR'S PUBLIC SAFETY COMP STILL AVAILABLE! 26-band compilation available on LP and CD. Features Strung Up, Pedestrians, Limp Wrist, Framit, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Smalltown, Nightmare, Sunday Morning Einsteins, Regress, Career Suicide, Sin Dios, Signal Lost, No Hope for the Kids, F. Junkies, and more! $10 ppd in the U$A to MRR / PO Box 460760 / San Francisco, CA 94146. You can also order online at: www.maximumrocknroll.com

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ANIMAL RIGHTS is still a hardcore punk issue! Don't forget the needless suffering of the animals. If you're not already, please look into and consider going vegan!

PUNX: Quit complainin' and do something!

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